THE

Retrospective Review.

FOR OUT OF THE OLDE FIELDES, AS MEN SAITHE,
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE CORN FRO YERE TO YERE;
AND OUT OF OLDE BOOKES, IN GOOD FAITHE,
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE SCIENCE THAT MEN LERE.

CHAUCER.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

CHARLES AND HENRY BALDWYN, NEWGATE STREET.

1820.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE accumulation of books has ever been regarded with some degree of jealousy—an inundation of paper and print seems to have been thought as formidable to the ideas of men, as an inundation of water to their houses and cattle. In these latter times, the danger to be apprehended has been deemed so imminent, that various dykes or mud-banks have been established and supported, for the purpose of being interposed between the public and the threatened danger. Reviews have sprung up as rapidly, and as well armed, as the fabled warriors from the teeth sown by Cadmus, to stand in the gap in the hour of need; but it has been "whispered in the state," that, like the same sons of the earth, these self-elected champions, neglecting the public weal, have turned their arms against each other—that, having cleared a ring for themselves under the false pretext of a public cause, they have ceased to exhibit themselves in any other character than that of intellectual gladiators; with literature for an arena—the public for spectators—and weapons poisoned with party malice and personal slander.

However this may be, the "cacöethes scribendi," or rather, "cacöethes imprimendi," is regularly set down as a disease, as urgently demanding medical aid, as a disorder of the frame, a typhus, or a dropsy. The writers of satire, ever since the times of Horace and

Juvenal, have been exclaiming, that all the world were scribbling. That the number of books has been increasing—is increasing—and ought to be diminished—is the deliberate resolution even of those who esteem themselves friendly to literature. That a great book is a great evil, is stamped with the sanction of ages—it has passed into a proverb. If, however, the evil of a book is to be measured by its bulk, the mischief *we* shall do is small; while at the same time, the good we propose to effect, if estimated on a scale of this kind, is such as must call down upon us the approbation of all favourers of the proverb—since it is one of our objects, and indeed no small part of the design of this work, to reduce books to their *natural* size; a process which we apprehend will compress many a distended publication into a very insignificant tenement. Let no man weep, as the Thracians did, over the birth of a child, and cry, "another book is born unto the world!" For the space we shall empty is greater than that which we hope to fill, should even our future labours ever rival the "piled heaps" of the most favoured periodical that exists. Though some books will undoubtedly stand the test of the critical touchstone, which we propose, from time to time, to apply to the productions before us, and appear the brighter for the trial; many a well-looking and well-bound volume will fall into ashes in our hands, as the tempting fruit does, which is said to float on the surface of the Dead Sea; while of others, ponderous and unwieldy, the essential ingredients shall be disengaged from the superfluous matter, and the deposit presented either for the amusement or instruction of our readers.

The only real evil to be apprehended from the enormous increase in the number of books is, that it is likely to distract the attention, and dissipate the mind, by inducing the student to read many, rather than much. The alluring catalogue of attractive title-pages unfixes the attention, and causes the eye to wander over a large surface, when it ought to be intently turned upon a small though fertile spot. It induces a passion for reading as an end, and not as a means—merely to satisfy an appetite, and not to strengthen the system, and enrich the powers of original thinking. It makes learned men, and not wise men. Hobbes, on being asked why he did not read more? answered, if I read as much as other men, I should know as little; his library consisted of Homer, Thucydides, Euclid, and Virgil. As the Caliph that destroyed the literary stores of Alexandria, said of the Koran, so Hobbes thought of his four authors, "if other books contained any thing, which was not in them, then it was naught; if only what was therein contained, then it was needless." True it is, that for the purpose of supplying the place of constant companions, of suggesting never-failing subjects of reflection, and of exercising and gratifying the imagination, a few choice and venerable authors are amply sufficient. "Make," says Bishop Watson, "Bacon then, and Locke, and why should I not add, that sweet child of nature Shakespeare, your chief companions through life; let them be ever upon your table, and when you have an hour to spare, spend it upon them; and I will answer for their giving you entertainment and instruction as long as you live."

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The practice of these times, it is needless to say, is as unlike that here recommended, as it can well be; the British public are almost solely occupied by the productions which daily issue from the press; newspapers, reviews, pamphlets, magazines, the popular poetry, the fashionable romances, together with new voyages and travels, occupy the reading time, and fix the attention of the people.—The old and venerable literature of the country, which has, as much as any thing, tended to make us what we are, is treated with distant reverence—its noble works, which every one is ashamed not to know—which every one pretends to know, and which far too few are acquainted with, are much oftener talked of than read.—Their authors are apotheosized, but seldom worshipped,—their brilliant but temperate lustre neglected for the glaring meteors, which are hanging their short-lived blaze every where in the heavens.—It is time to look back—the enervating effects of a literature of this kind are too obvious—the uncompromising vigor of intellect, and the sturdy and unshrinking adherence to principle, which have been distinguishing characteristics of Englishmen, cannot for any length of time resist the relaxing power of so diluted a diet. Never was education so common as at present—never were books so commonly dispersed, so multifariously read. We present a spectacle of what, perhaps, was never before seen in any age, certainly neither Greek nor Roman, that of a whole nation, employing nearly all its leisure hours from the highest to the lowest rank in *reading*—we have been truly called a READING PUBLIC. The lively Greeks were not a *reading* nation—they were a hearing and a talking people—they fed the mind through the ear,

and not through the eye; historians and poets were not so much read as heard—Homer was recited by rhapsodists—Herodotus read his history at the Olympic games,—the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides were at stated times the objects of sight and hearing. The philosopher who wished to enlighten his countrymen, and circulate his peculiar opinions, did not so frequently write as lecture—he established a school, and his benches were daily crowded by a people who carried on no trade—who lived on the tributes of subject nations, or on the industry of their slaves. The business of the nation was transacted in public by means of orators who addressed the assembled citizens—each man had his mind to make up—and thus they became fond of disputing. Their social hours were spent in the open air—in their groves, gardens, and porticoes—where they busily reviewed the operations of their generals and admirals, canvassed the merits of opposing orators, or listened to the reasoning of philosophers, upon such subjects as the soul, the creation of the universe, its duration, its formation, its sustaining causes, and the purposes of its various parts. Thus they became a thinking, talking, enlightened nation—free of speech, brilliant in wit, restless, active, boasting, audacious, and arrogant—but they were not a *reading* nation. For one library, the Greeks had a hundred theatres for plays, music, spectacles—groves, and academies for disputation—forums for orators—and gymnasia and palæstræ, for exercise and conversation. All other languages but their own they despised—all other nations were accounted and called barbarians. The energetic Greek, with his person perfect, and formed in the finest

mould of nature—his mind filled with the noblest shapes of ideal beauty—his tongue nimble to speak the most melodious of languages, with all his faculties about him, critical, exact, and sensitive—filled with the spirit of enjoyment that proceeds from health, fine climate, free government, and a beautiful country—was raised so high above other men, that he looked with contempt and derision upon the rugged Scythian, the enervated Persian, the depraved Egyptian, the savage and untutored Italian. Thus it was, that all history was uninteresting to them, but what was Greek; that which was not Greek, was to them without the pale of civilization—and this is one main reason why the Greeks, in the time of their prosperity, (for we speak not of the Greeks in their dotage, when "the last of the Greeks" had died) read so little—what related to other nations they cared not for; what related to themselves, it was their constant business to listen to. The Romans of the higher ranks paid more attention to, and depended more for their amusement upon reading, than the Greeks; Homer, and all the Greek authors, were their constant study. We begin to hear in their times, of the student's solitary lamp, and midnight oil—but still literature was confined to the upper ranks. "The Romans conquered the world without the help of books, and lost it after they knew the use of them." The middle ages are proverbially dark—it was the *torpid* time for the great authors of antiquity—like bats and moles, they slept away this winter of literature, in the cold and gloomy cells of monasteries, till the dawning of better times shot revivifying light into these recesses of ignorance and superstition. The invention of paper

in the eleventh, and of printing in the fifteenth, century, was as cheering to the lovers of humanity, as the sea-birds and sea-weeds, signs of approaching land, are to the wearied and despairing navigator, who is darkly tracking an unknown and pathless ocean. The fertile and luxurious crop of modern literature then appeared above the earth—the richness of the soil, which had lain fallow for so long a time, during which it had only borne the rank weeds of scholastic subtlety, mingled indeed with the wild but romantic flowers of chivalrous feudality, as well as the greenness and freshness of the productions themselves, all encouraging animating hopes of an abundant harvest. Since that time, books have become a common and current coin; every city and every town has its mint—they are almost numberless. A catalogue of all the books that have been printed, would of itself fill a little library. The knowledge of their external qualities, and the adventitious circumstances attending their formation or history, has become a science—professors devote their lives to it, with an enthusiasm not unworthy of a higher calling—they have earned the name of *bibliomaniacs*. Vast collections of books are esteemed the pride and glory of the countries or cities fortunate enough to possess them. The Vatican boasts its millions—the Laurentian, Ambrosian, and other libraries of Italy, the Bibliothèque du Roi at Paris, the enormous collection at the British Museum, our university and college libraries, particularly the Bodleian, while they are proud monuments of the ingenuity and all-reaching, all-fathoming, mind of man; yet must strike the heart of the student that enters them with despair, should he aim at

attaining universal knowledge through the medium of books. Life is too short for wading through many of the sets of ten folios, such as the *Opera* of the old scholars used to be collected in, unlike the diminutive quartos and octavos of these book-making times.

> Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise—
> Such men as live in these degenerate days.

Fortunately it is not necessary, though at the same time, a general acquaintance with all that has been written, with the reigning pursuits of different ages, with the different modes and different degrees of talent, with which particular individuals and schools have followed them, are not only highly gratifying to a liberal curiosity, but essentially necessary to the accomplished scholar. No study is more interesting, and few more useful, than the history of literature,—which is, in fact, the history of the mind of man. This observation leads us to the chief object of this introduction, namely, a more particular statement of our views in sending forth the "Retrospective Review," one of whose most valuable and important departments, it is the intention of the editors to assign to the history of literature.

The design of this Review of past literature, had its origin in the decisively modern direction of the reading of the present day—it is an attempt to recal the public from an exclusive attention to new books, by making the merit of old ones the subject of critical discussion. The interesting form and manner of the present Reviews it is intended to preserve; though, from the nature of the work, and from our unfeigned horror of either political or personal invective, we shall neither pamper the depraved appetites of listless readers, by

piquant abuse—nor amuse one part of the public, by holding up another to scorn and mockery;—at any rate, we shall not be driven to a resource of this description through a paucity of interesting matter which we may legitimately present to our readers. While the present Reviews are confined to the books of the day, *we* have the liberty of ranging over the whole extent of modern literature. Criticism, which, when able and just, is always pleasing, we shall combine with copious and characteristic extracts, analyses, and biographical accounts, so as in some measure to supply the dearth of works on the history of literature in our own language; for it is to be lamented, that except the unfinished work of Warton, and a few detached Essays, we have no regular history of English poetry—and that of the prose writers, their language, style, spirit, and character, there exists no account at all.* A deficiency as striking occurs with respect to the literature of neighbouring nations; unless from native or foreign works, we are entirely in the dark respecting the national literature of Spain, Germany, Italy, even France, and the northern nations. Mr. Berington, indeed, has done good service to this department, by his "Literary History of the Middle Ages," but his subject was too extensive for the space he has allowed it to occupy, and perhaps required more research, combined with a philosophical and generalizing power of mind, than often falls to the lot of a single individual. His sketch of Arabian literature

* We must not, however, omit to mention, that this department is eminently indebted to the elegant productions of Dr. Drake, his "Essays on Periodical Literature," and other Works.

is, however, particularly valuable, and opens to the view a rich and dazzling mine of unexplored genius. That Arabian learning should be extensively cultivated in England is, perhaps, as little to be desired as expected—though we promise ourselves a favourable reception to an attempt to convey to theEnglish reader, an accurate idea of the spirit of the extraordinary writers who flourished in Spain and other countries, at a time when the rest of Europe was immersed in darkness—criticisms upon whom, accompanied by a selection of translated extracts, will occasionally form a part of our future labours.

The Moorish authors in Spain were succeeded by no unworthy descendants. Spanish literature is far from being familiar, to the generality even of the scholars of this country—Cervantes is highly and duly appreciated —a few poets also have met their deserved reputation, but the animated, clear, and spirited Spanish writers in prose, are comparatively unknown. The beautiful ballads in which the Spaniards perhaps excel even the Scotch and English, as well as the higher departments of poetry, with the prose works of fiction, are likely to afford a number of new and interesting articles to our Critical Miscellany. The literature of Germany, Italy, and France, is in a general way well known to the majority of those who devote their attention to literature; though we have the presumption to hope we shall lead some to a more particular acquaintance with many delightful companions, whom it is intended to introduce to their notice. Some whose names have been bruited abroad, but whose qualities have been mistaken or misunderstood — some who, though not pleasing in the

whole, and undesirable as inmates and partners of the society of our most retired and sacred hours, yet have their bright passages and inspired moments, the spirit of which may be caught and transferred;—others again whose merits no kind hand has yet unveiled and presented to the public view, but who

> like some sequester'd star
> That rolls in its Creator's beams afar,
> Unseen by man; till telescopic eye,
> Sounding the blue abysses of the sky,
> Draws forth its hidden beauty into light,
> And adds a jewel to the crown of night.
>
> MONTGOMERY.

The literature, however, of our own country, the most rich, varied, and comprehensive, of any in the world, and replete with more interest to the English reader than any other, will have peculiar claims on our attention—and to it will the pages of the "Retrospective" be zealously devoted;—not, however, to that portion of it whose sole recommendation is its antiquity, although we shall avail ourselves of such bibliographical information as will in any manner illustrate the history of art, or the grand, though slow and silent, march of mind. We shall not pay exclusive homage to the mighty in intellect—to those of heavenly mould, who, like the giants of old, are the offspring of the gods and the daughters of men—far from it—many others less imposing, whether in philosophy, poetry, or general literature, from which any thing original in design, profound in thought, beautiful in imagination, or delicate in expression, can be extracted, will be considered worthy of a place in this work. There are few of the productions of mind, as well as of nature, which do not possess some

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useful or valuable properties—many ponderous volumes, however tedious as a whole, frequently contain something useful or beautiful, but the road to which is as arid and fatiguing as journeying through the desert of Arabia, to the green spots and fresh waters with which it is sprinkled: to those green spots and fresh waters, we shall shorten the way. [In our neglected or forgotten poetry in particular, we are often surprised, in the midst of dull passages or quaint conceits, with fine ideas, lofty flights of imagination, or sparkling expressions, which are too good to be lost, and too much encumbered with worthless matter to be sought for by general readers. In other works, in which the good is so diffused amidst the bad as to render it difficult, if not impossible, to separate the different parts, we shall present our readers with an analysis, which is often more agreeable, and as useful as the originals. We shall also, by a careful selection of particular extracts, not only endeavour to give an idea of the mode of thought and style of individual authors, but to furnish a collection of specimens of the greatest part of our writers, so as to exhibit a bird's-eye view of the rise and progress of our literature. The utility of such a work to the student, in abridging his labour, and thereby increasing his gratification, is obvious—whilst to him who reads only for his own amusement, it will have the attraction of a various literary miscellany, without exacting from him a too rigid attention; and, as it is our design to mingle the useful with the agreeable in due proportions, it may not be to him even without its value and instruction.

It may be proper, before we conclude this *entretien* with our readers, in this the vestibule of our edifice, to say

something of the works which have already appeared, of a nature bearing any resemblance to the present attempt. [The design, of the execution of which this number is a specimen, is in our opinion an original one—at least, we can say with certainty, that it is unlike any other that has fallen within the limits of our observation—it owed its birth to no imitation of any other previous publication, but from the mere want of such a work—from a constantly recurring feeling of the absence of a review and critical miscellany, which was not precariously fed upon the literature of the day, but should live securely and competently upon the never-failing income derivable from the treasures which men of genius, in all countries, have been long creating and accumulating for our use.]

The lovers of old English literature are considerably indebted to the bibliographical works of Sir Egerton Brydges, who combines the two apparently inconsistent characters of a bibliographer and a man of taste and genius; who in a publication, far the greater part of which is mere compilation and transcription, has contrived to interest the reader in his own habits and feelings—and who, through the mist of black-letter, dates, title-pages, and colophons, clearly shines an amiable man and elegant writer. His "Censura Literaria," which at first sight might be supposed to bear a near resemblance to the "Retrospective," is however essentially different, though many of the articles taken separately are a good deal on the same plan. The "Censura" was never intended, or at least very ill calculated, to become a favourite with the public—had the number of copies printed, which was very limited, been more extensive, the nature of its contents must have

prevented it from ever becoming generally read—it being almost entirely adapted to the purposes of the curious book-collector, or literary antiquary. It has, however, had and always will have, its use—its collection of title-pages, its discussion on the age of the old writers, its bibliographical notices, and its quotations, which though not often selected for their beauty, are frequently introduced, all have their value, and confer important advantages on the student of English literature. Although we should be sorry to lose the original productions of Sir Egerton's own pen, yet we cannot but lament the striking inconsistency of introducing his own literary papers and poetry, together with obituaries and biographies of contemporary writers, into a publication whose avowed object was to recal the taste of the public from modern trash to ancient treasures.*

Of the "British Librarian" of Oldys, only one volume was published. It appeared monthly, and met, it is said, with a most favourable reception.—The plan of this work is more similar to ours, than that of any other, though still very different. The object of the British Librarian was to give an abstract, rather than a critical account, of the work which it notices, while the articles of the "Retrospective" will consist of both, sometimes jointly and sometimes separately—the books that chiefly attracted his notice, were valuable works in their respective departments, which ought to be read,

* The title of the "Censura," is as follows—Censura Literaria, containing titles, abstracts, and opinions, of old English books, with original disquisitions, articles of biography, and other literary antiquities.

and commonly were read, by the student in that department—on the contrary, many books will occur in our selection, which neither are read in the whole, nor deserve to be read, but from which we hope to extract the valuable part, and exhaust them, as it were, of their vitality, in a receiver.—Had this work been continued, it would, in all probability, have contained an accurate and important account of a very curious and valuable collection of English books: it ceased, however, at the end of the sixth monthly number; when Mr. Oldys could neither be persuaded by the entreaty of his friends, nor the demands of the public, to continue the labour. Some extracts from the preface to his work we shall here transcribe, by way of conclusion, because they are as applicable to our design, as to that to which they were prefixed, and because they are well worthy of being read, for their intrinsic merit:—

"For through the defect of such intelligence, in its proper extent, how many authors have we, who are consuming their time, their quiet, and their wits, in searching after what is past finding, or already found? Or admiring at the penetrations which themselves have made, though to the rind only, in those very branches of science which their forefathers have pierced to the pith? And how many who would be authors, as excellent as ever appeared, had they but such plans and models laid before them, as might induce them to marshal their thoughts into a regular order; or did they but know where to meet with concurrence of opinion, with arguments, authorities, or examples, to corroborate and ripen their teeming conceptions."—Page i.

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"Lastly: Again, how many readers, who would not be glad of attaining to knowledge the shortest way, seeing the orb thereof is swollen to such a magnitude, and life but such a span to grasp it! How many who have not some curiosity to know the foundations of those tenets upon which they so securely trust their understandings? or where the footsteps of those opinions and precedents may be found, which have given direction to so many modern performances? Who would not embrace the most likely means to detect the vile grievance of plagiarism, and deter so many disadvantageous repetitions of the same thing? What reader would not think it convenient to be apprised of the worth of authors, before he gave them place in his study or esteem, by some previous character, or little analysis of what is comprised in them? and who would not find it commodious to have the opportunity of revising the library of which he has been or may be possessed, in faithful portraits thereof, at such times and places, and in which he cannot come at the originals? In a word, if he be ignorant, who would not covet to enlarge his knowledge? If he be knowing, who would not willingly refresh his memory? And yet all the expedients we have to accommodate the curious with so many desiderata are only some superficial catalogues, either of authors rather than their works, or of the works of authors only, in some one peculiar place of education, or in some single science; or else those which have been most curiously taken of some particular libraries, and also a few extracts, limited to the recommendation only of some modern writers."—P. ii.

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The following quotation will clearly exhibit the difference between our work and that of Oldys:

"Our business therefore cannot be so much to delight Readers with the *flowers* of books, or satisfy them with a smooth contexture of all the reasons and arguments in them, as to point out those heads and topics which, like so many streams and rivulets that severally arise in the provinces of literature, may best direct them to the fountains themselves, where every reader will extract those parts and those proportions, which no epitomist can do for him:—So that by this compendium of hints and advertisements concerning the most observable persons and places, times and things, which have been spoken of in the writings of men, is intended a *promptuary* only to the search of those writings, as the best means to expedite the attainment of what every one is seeking; for, as the excellent Lord Bacon complains, 'learned men want such inventories of every thing in nature and art, as rich men have of their estates.'"

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THE

Retrospective Review.

Vol. I. Part I.

Art. I. *The Tragedies of the last Age, considered and examined by the Practice of the Ancients, and by the Common Sense of all Ages, in a Letter to* Fleetwood Shepheard, Esq. *by* Mr. Rymer, *Servant to their Majesties. Part I. London,* 1692. *Second Edition.*

A short View of Tragedy; its original Excellency, and Corruption, with some Reflections on Shakespear, *and other Practitioners for the Stage. By* Mr. Rymer, *Servant to their Majesties. London,* 1693.

These are very curious and edifying works. The author (who was the compiler of the *Fœdera*) appears to have been a man of considerable acuteness, maddened by a furious zeal for the honour of tragedy. He lays down the most fantastical rules for the composition which he chiefly reveres, and argues on them as "truths of holy writ." He criticizes Shakespear as one invested with authority to sit in judgment on his powers, and passes on him as decisive a sentence of condemnation, as ever was awarded against a friendless poet by a Reviewer. We will select a few passages from his work, which may be consolatory to modern authors, and useful to modern critics.

The chief weight of Mr. Rymer's critical vengeance is wreaked on *Othello*. After a slight sketch of the plot, he proceeds at once to speak of the *moral*, which he seems to regard as of the first importance in tragedy.

"Whatever rubs or difficulty may stick on the bark, the moral use of this fable is very instructive. First, this may be a caution to all maidens of quality, how, without their parents' consent, they run away with blackamoors. Secondly, this may be a warning to all good

wives, that they look well to their linen. Thirdly, this may be a lesson to husbands, that before their jealousy be tragical, the proofs may be mathematical."

Our author then proceeds happily to satirize Othello's colour. He observes, that "Shakespear was accountable both to the eyes and to the ears." On this point we think his objection is not without reason. We agree with an excellent modern critic in the opinion, that though a reader may sink Othello's colour in his mind, a spectator can scarcely avoid losing the mind in the colour. But Mr. Rymer proceeds thus to characterize Othello's noble account to the Senate of his whole course of love.

"This was the charm, this was the philtre, the love-powder that took the daughter of this noble Venetian. This was sufficient to make the Blackamoor white, and reconcile all, though there had been a cloven foot into the bargain. A meaner woman might as soon be taken by Aqua Tetrachymagogon."

The idea of Othello's elevation to the rank of a general, stings Mr. Rymer almost to madness. He regards the poet's offence as a kind of misprision of treason.

"The character of the state (of Venice) is to employ strangers in their wars; but shall a poet thence fancy that they will set a Negro to be their general; or trust a Moor to defend them against the Turk? With us, a Blackamoor might rise to be a trumpeter, but Shakespear would not have him less than a lieutenant-general.—With us, a Moor might marry some little drab or small-coal wench; Shakespear would provide him the daughter and heir of some great lord, or privy counsellor; and all the town should reckon it a very suitable match: yet the English are not bred up with that hatred and aversion to the Moors as the Venetians, who suffer by a perpetual hostility from them,

"*Littora littoribus contraria.*"

Our author is as severe on Othello's character, as on his exaltation and colour.

"Othello is made a Venetian general. We see nothing done by him, nor related concerning him, that comports with the condition of a general, or, indeed, of a man, unless the killing himself to avoid a death the law was about to inflict upon him. When his jealousy had wrought him up to a resolution of his taking revenge for the supposed injury, he sets Iago to the fighting part to kill Cassio, and chuses himself to murder the silly woman his wife, that was like to make no resistance."

Mr. Rymer next undertakes to resent the affront put on the army by the making Iago a soldier.

"But what is most intolerable is Iago. He is no Blackamoor soldier, so we may be sure he should be like other soldiers of our acquaintance; yet never in tragedy, nor in comedy, nor in nature, was a soldier with his character;—take it in the author's own words:

———— some eternal villain,
Some busie and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, couzening slave, to get some office.

"Horace describes a soldier otherwise,—*Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.*

"Shakespear knew his character of Iago was inconsistent. In this very play he pronounces,

"If thou deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.——

"This he knew, but to entertain the audience with something new and surprising against common sense and nature, he would pass upon us a close, dissembling, false, insinuating rascal, instead of an open hearted, frank, plain dealing soldier, a character constantly worn by them for some thousands of years in the world."

Against "the gentle lady married to the Moor," Mr. Rymer cherishes a most exemplary hatred. He seems to labour for terms strong enough to express the antipathy and scorn he bears her. The following are some of the daintiest:

"There is nothing in the noble Desdemona, that is not below any country kitchen-maid with us."—"No woman bred out of a pig-stye could talk so meanly."

Yet is Mr. Rymer no less enraged at her death than at her life.

"Here (he exclaims in an agony of passion) a noble Venetian lady is to be murdered by our poet, in sober sadness, purely for being a fool. No Pagan poet but would have found some machine for her deliverance. Pegasus would have strained hard to have brought old Perseus on his back, time enough to rescue this Andromeda from so foul a monster. Has our Christian poetry no generosity, no bowels? Ha, ha, Sir Launcelot! Ha, Sir George! Will no ghost leave the shades for us in extremity, to save a distressed damsel?"

On the "*expression*," that is, we presume, the poetry of the work, Mr. Rymer does not think it necessary to dwell; though he admits that "the verses rumbling in our ears, are of good use to help off the action." On those of Shakespear he passes this summary judgment:—"In the neighing of an horse, or in the growling of a mastiff, there is a meaning, there is as lively expression, and may I say more humanity, than many times in the tragical flights of Shakespear." Having settled this trivial point, he invites the reader "to step among the scenes, to observe the conduct in this tragedy."

In examining the first scene of *Othello*, our critic weightily reprehends the sudden and startling manner in which Iago and Roderigo inform Brabantio of his daughter's elopement with the Moor. He regards their abruptness as an unpardonable violation of decorum, and by way of contrast to its rudeness, informs us, that

" In former days there wont to be kept at the courts of princes somebody in a fool's coat, that in pure simplicity might let slip something, which made way for the ill news, and blunted the shock, which otherwise might have come too violent on the party."

Mr. Rymer shews the council of Venice no quarter. He thus daringly scrutinizes their proceedings.

" By their conduct and manner of talk, a body must strain hard to fancy the scene at Venice, and not rather at some of our Cinque ports, where the baily and his fishermen are knocking their heads together on account of some whale; or some terrible broil on the coast. But to shew them true Venetians, the maritime affairs stick not on their hand; the public may sink or swim. They will sit up all night to hear a Doctors' Commons matrimonial cause; and have the merits of the cause laid open to 'em, that they may decide it before they stir. What can be pleaded to keep awake their attention so wonderfully."

Here the critic enters into a fitting abuse of Othello's defence to the senate; expresses his disgust at the " eloquence which kept them up all night," and his amaze at their apathy, notwithstanding the strangeness of the marriage. He complains, that

" Instead of starting at the prodigy, every one is familiar with Desdemona, as if he were her own natural father; they rejoice in her good fortune, and wish their own daughters as hopefully married. Should the Poet (he continues) have provided such a husband for an only daughter of any peer in England, the Blackamoor must have changed his skin to look our House of Lords in the face."

Our critic next complains, that, in the second Act, the poet shews the action, (he " knows not how many leagues off") in the Island of Cyprus, without " our Bayes," (as he pleasantly denominates Shakespear) having made any provision of transport ships for the audience. The first scene in Cyprus is then " cut up" in a way, which might make the most skilful of modern reviewers turn pale with envy. After noticing the preliminary dialogue, Mr. Rymer observes, " now follows a long rabble of Jack Pudden farce between Iago and Desdemona, that runs on with all the little plays, jingle, and trash, below the patience of any country kitchen maid with her sweet-heart. The Venetian Donna is hard put to it for pastime; and this is all when they are newly got on shore from a dismal tempest, and when every moment she might expect to hear her Lord (as she calls him) that she runs so mad after, is arrived or lost." Our author, therefore, accuses Shakespear of " unhallowing the theatre, profaning the name of tragedy, and, instead of representing men and manners, turning all morality, good sense, and humanity, into mockery and derision."

Mr. Rymer contends, that Desdemona's solicitations for Cassio were in themselves more than enough to rouse Othello's jealousy. "Iago can now, (he observes) only *actum agere*, and vex the audience with a nauseous repetition." This remark introduces the following criticism on the celebrated scene in the third act, between Othello and Iago, which is curious, not only as an instance of perverted reasoning, but as it shews, that in the performance, some great histrionic power must have been formerly exerted, not unlike the sublime energy of which we, in witnessing this tragedy, have been spectators.

"Whence comes it then, that this is the top scene; the scene that raises *Othello* above all other tragedies at our theatres? It is purely from the *action;* from the mops and the mows, the grimace, the grins, and gesticulation. Such scenes as this have made all the world run after Harlequin and Scaramoucio.

"The several degrees of *action* were amongst the ancients distinguished by the cothurnus, the soccus, and the planipes. Had this scene been represented at Old Rome, Othello and Iago must have quitted their buskins; they must have played *barefoot:* for the spectators would not have been content without seeing their podometry; and the jealousy work out at the very toes of them. Words, be they Spanish or Polish, or any inarticulate sound, have the same effect, they can only serve to distinguish, and, as it were, beat time to the action. But here we see a known language does woefully encumber and clog the operation: as either forced, or heavy, or trifling, or incoherent, or improper, or most improbable. When no words interpose to spoil the conceit, every one interprets, as he likes best; so in that memorable dispute between Panurge and our English Philosopher in *Rabelais*, performed without a word speaking, the Theologians, Physicians, and Surgeons, made one inference; the Lawyers, Civilians, and Canonists, drew another conclusion more to their mind."

Mr. Rymer thus objects to the superlative villainy of Iago, on his advising Desdemona's murder.

"Iago had some pretence to be discontent with Othello and Cassio, and what passed hitherto was the operation of revenge. Desdemona had never done him any harm; always kind to him, and to his wife; was his countrywoman, a dame of quality. For him to abet her murder, shews nothing of a soldier, nothing of a man, nothing of nature in it. The Ordinary of Newgate never had the like monster to pass under his examination. Can it be any diversion to see a rogue beyond what the Devil ever finished? or would it be any instruction to an audience? Iago could desire no better than to set Cassio and Othello, his two enemies, by the ears together, so that he might have been revenged on them both at once; and chusing for his own share the murder of Desdemona, he had the opportunity to play booty, and save the poor harmless wretch. But the poet must do every thing by contraries; to surprise the audience still with something horrible and prodigious, beyond any human imagination. At this rate, he must outdo the Devil, to be a poet in the rank with Shakspear."

Mr. Rymer is decorously enraged, to think that the tragedy should turn on a handkerchief. "Why," he asks in virtuous indignation, "was not this called the tragedy of the handkerchief? what can be more absurd than (as Quintilian expresses it) *in parvibus (sic) litibus has tragedias movere?* We have heard of Fortunatus his purse, and of the invisible cloak long ago worn thread-bare, and stowed up in the wardrobe of obsolete romances; one might think that were a fitter place for this handkerchief than that it, at this time of day, be worn on the stage, to raise every-where all this clutter and turmoil." And again, "the handkerchief is so remote a trifle, no booby on this side Mauritania could make any consequence from it."

Our author suggests a felicitous alteration of the catastrophe of *Othello*. He proposes, that the handkerchief, when lost, should have been folded in the bridal couch; and when Othello was stifling Desdemona,

"The fairy napkin might have started up to disarm his fury, and stop his ungracious mouth. Then might she (in a trance for fear) have lain as dead. Then might he (believing her dead) touched with remorse, have honestly cut his own throat, by the good leave, and with the applause, of all the spectators; who might thereupon have gone home with a quiet mind, admiring the beauty of providence, fairly and truly represented on the theatre."

The following is the summing up and catastrophe of this marvellous criticism:

"What can remain with the audience to carry home with them from this sort of poetry, for their use and edification? How can it work, unless (instead of settling the mind and purging our passions) to delude our senses, disorder our thoughts, addle our brain, pervert our affections, hair our imaginations, corrupt our appetite—and fill our head with vanity, confusion, *tintamarre*, and jingle-jangle, beyond what all the parish clerks of London, with their Old Testament farces and interludes, in Richard the Second's time, could ever pretend to? Our only hopes, for the good of their souls, can be that these people go to the play-house as they do to church—to sit still, look on one another, make no reflection, nor mind the play more than they would a sermon."

"There is in this play some burlesk, some humour, and ramble of comical wit, some shew, and some *mimicry* to divert the spectators; but the tragical part is clearly none other than a bloody farce, without salt or savour."

Our author's criticism on *Julius Cæsar* is very scanty, compared with that on *Othello*, but it is not less decisive. Indeed, his classical zeal here sharpens his critical rage; and he is incensed against Shakespear, not only as offending the dignity of the tragic muse, but the memory of the noblest Romans. "He might," exclaims the indignant critic, "be familiar with

Othello and Iago, as his own natural acquaintance, but Cæsar and Brutus were above his conversation; to put them in fools' coats, and make them Jack Puddens in the Shakespear dress, is a sacrilege beyond any thing in Spelman. The truth is, this author's head was full of villainous, unnatural images—and history has furnished him with great names, thereby to recommend them to the world, by writing over them—*This is Brutus, this is Cicero, this is Cæsar.*" He affirms, "that the language Shakespear puts into the mouth of Brutus would not suit or be convenient, unless from some son of the shambles, or some natural offspring of the butchery." He abuses the poet for making the conspirators dispute about day-break—seriously chides him for not "allowing the noble Brutus a watch-candle in his chamber on this important night, rather than puzzling his man, Lucius, to grope in the dark for a flint and tinder box to get the taper lighted"—speaks of the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius, as that in which "they are to play a prize, a trial of skill in huffing and swaggering, like two drunken Hectors of a twopenny reckoning." And finally, alluding to the epilogue of Laberius, forced by the Emperor to become an actor, he thus sums up his charges:

"This may shew with what indignity our poet treats the noblest Romans. But there is no other cloth in his wardrobe. Every one must wear a fool's coat that comes to be dressed by him; nor is he more civil to the ladies—Portia, in good manners, might have challenged more respect; she that shines a glory of the first magnitude in the gallery of heroic dames, is with our poet scarce one remove from a natural; she is the own cousin-german of one piece, the very same impertinent silly flesh and blood with Desdemona. Shakespear's genius lay for comedy and humour. In tragedy he appears quite out of his element; his brains are turned—he raves and rambles without any coherence, any spark of reason, or any rule to controul him, to set bounds to his phrenzy."

One truth, though the author did not understand it, is told in this critique on *Julius Cæsar;* that Shakespear's "senators and his orators had their learning and education at the same school, be they Venetians, Ottamites, or noble Romans." They drew, in their golden urns, from the deep fountain of humanity, those living waters which lose not their sweetness or their inspiration in the changes of man's external condition.

These attacks on Shakespear are very curious, as evincing how gradual has been the increase of his fame. Their whole tone shews that the author was not advancing what he thought the world would regard as paradoxical or strange. He speaks as one with authority to decide. We look now on his work amazedly; and were it put forth by a writer of

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our times, should regard it as "the very extacy of madness." Such is the lot of genius. However small the circle of cotemporary admirers, it must "gather fame" as time rolls on. It appeals to natural beauty and feeling, which cannot alter. The minds who once have deeply felt it, can never lose the impression it first made upon them—they transmit it to others of a kindred feeling, by whom it is extended to those who are worthy to treasure it within their souls. Its stability and duration at length awaken the attention of the world—it acknowledges the sanction of time, and professes an admiration for the author, which it only feels for his name. We should not, however, have thus dwelt on the attacks of Rymer, had we regarded them merely as objects of wonder, or as proofs of the partial influence of Shakespear's genius. They are far from deserving unmingled scorn. They display, at least, an honest, unsophisticated hatred, which is better than the maudlin admiration of Shakespear, expressed by those who were deluded by Ireland's forgeries. Their author has a heartiness, an earnestness almost romantic, which we cannot despise, though directed against our idol. With a singular obtuseness to poetry, he has a chivalric devotion to all that he regards as excellent, stately, and grand. He looks on the supposed errors of the poet as moral crimes. He confounds fiction with fact—grows warm in defence of shadows—feels a violation of poetical justice, as a wrong conviction by a jury—moves a Habeas Corpus for all damsels imprisoned in romance—and if the bard kills those of his characters who deserve to live, pronounces judgment on him as in case of felony, without benefit of clergy. He is the Don Quixote of criticism. Like the illustrious hero of Cervantes, he is roused to avenge fictitious injuries, and would demolish the scenic exhibition in his disinterested rage. He does more honour to the poet than any other writer, for he seems to regard him as an arbiter of life and death—responsible only to the critic for the administration of his powers.

Mr. Rymer has his own stately notions of what is proper for tragedy. He is zealous for poetical justice; and as he thinks that vice cannot be punished too severely, and that the poet ought to leave his victims objects of pity, he protests against the introduction of very wicked characters. "Therefore," says he, "among the ancients we find no malefactors of this kind; a wilful murderer is, with them, as strange and unknown as a parricide to the old Romans. Yet need we not fancy that they were squeamish, or unacquainted with any of those great *lumping* crimes in that age: when we remember their Œdipus, Orestes, or Medea. But they took care to wash the viper, to cleanse away the venom, and with

such art to prepare the morsel: they made it all junket to the taste, and all physic in the operation."

Our author understands exactly the balance of power in the affections. He would dispose of all the poet's characters to a hair, according to his own rules of fitness. He would marshal them in array as in a procession, and mark out exactly what each ought to do or suffer. According to him, so much of presage and no more should be given—such a degree of sorrow, and no more ought a character to endure; vengeance should rise precisely to a given height, and be executed by a certain appointed hand. He would regulate the conduct of fictitious heroes as accurately as of real beings, and often reasons very beautifully on his own poetic decalogue. "Amintor," says he, (speaking of a character in the *Maid's Tragedy*) "should have begged the king's pardon; should have suffered all the racks and tortures a tyrant could inflict; and from Perillus's bull should have still bellowed out that eternal truth, that *his promise was to be kept*—that he is true to Aspatia, that he dies for his mistress! Then would his memory have been precious and sweet to after ages; and the midsummer maidens would have offered their garlands all at his grave."

Mr. Rymer is an enthusiastic champion for the poetical prerogatives of kings. No courtier ever contended more strenuously for their divine right in real life, than he for their pre-eminence in tragedy. "We are to presume," observes he gravely, "the greatest virtues, where we find the highest rewards; and though it is not necessary that all heroes should be kings, yet undoubtedly all crowned heads, by poetical right, are heroes. This character is a flower, a prerogative, so certain, so indispensably annexed to the crown, as by no poet, or parliament of poets, ever to be invaded." Thus does he draw out the rules of life and death for his regal domain of tragedy: "If I mistake not, in poetry no woman is to kill a man, except her quality gives her the advantage above him; nor is a servant to kill the master, nor a private man, much less a subject to kill a king, nor, on the contrary. Poetical decency will not suffer death to be dealt to each other, by such persons whom the laws of duel allow not to enter the lists together." He admits, however, that "there may be circumstances that alter the case: as where there is sufficient ground of partiality in an audience, either upon the account of religion (as Rinaldo or Riccardo in Tasso, might kill Soliman, or any other Turkish king or great Sultan) or else in favour of our country, for then a private English hero might overcome a king of some rival nation." How pleasant a master of the ceremonies is he in the regions of fiction—regulating the niceties of murder like the decorums of a dance—with an amiable preference for his own religion and country!

These notions, however absurd, result from an indistinct sense of a peculiar dignity and grandeur essential to tragedy—and surely this feeling was not altogether deceptive. Some there are, indeed, who trace the emotions of strange delight which tragedy awakens, entirely to the love of strong excitement, which is gratified by spectacles of anguish. According to their doctrine, the more nearly the representation of sorrow approaches reality, the more intense will be the gratification of the spectator. Thus Burke has gravely asserted, that if the audience at a tragedy were informed of an execution about to take place in the neighbourhood, they would leave the theatre to witness it. We believe that experience does not warrant a speculation so dishonourable to our nature. How few, except those of the grossest minds, are ever attracted by the punishment of capital offenders! Even of those whom the dreadful infliction draws together, how many are excited merely by curiosity, and a desire to view that last mortal agony, which in a form more or less terrible all must endure! We think that if, during the representation of a tragedy, the audience were compelled to feel vividly that a fellow-creature was struggling in the agonies of a violent death, many of them would retire—but not to the scene of horror. The reality of human suffering would come too closely home to their hearts, to permit their enjoyment of the fiction. How often, during the scenic exhibition of intolerable agony—unconsecrated and unredeemed—have we been compelled to relieve our hearts from a weight too heavy for endurance, by calling to mind that the woes are fictitious! It cannot be the highest triumph of an author, whose aim is to heighten the enjoyments of life, that he forces us, in our own defence, to escape from his power. If the pleasure derived from tragedy were merely occasioned by the love of excitement, the pleasure would be in proportion to the depth and the reality of the sorrow. Then would *The Gamester* be more pathetic than *Othello*, and *Isabella* call forth deeper admiration than *Macbeth* or *Lear*. Then would *George Barnwell* be the loftiest tragedy, and the *Newgate Calendar* the sweetest collection of pathetic tales. To name those instances, is sufficiently to refute the position on which they are founded.

Equally false is the opinion, that the pleasure derived from tragedy arises from a source of individual security, while others are suffering. There are no feelings more distantly removed from the selfish, than those which genuine tragedy awakens. We are carried at its representation out of ourselves, and "the ignorant present time,"—by earnest sympathy with the passions and the sorrows, not of ourselves, but of our nature. We feel our community with the general heart of man. The encrustments of selfishness and low passion are rent asunder, and the

warm tide of human sympathies gushes triumphantly from its secret and divine sources.

It is not, then, in bringing sorrow home in its dreadful realities to our bosoms, nor in painting it so as to make us cling to our selfish gratifications with more earnest joy, that the tragic poet moves and enchants us. Grief is but the means—the necessary means indeed—by which he accomplishes his lofty purposes. The grander qualities of the soul cannot be developed—the deepest resources of comfort within it cannot be unveiled—the solemnities of its destiny cannot be shadowed forth—except in peril and in suffering. Hence peril and suffering become instruments of the Tragic Muse. But these are not, in themselves, those things which we delight to contemplate. Various, indeed, yet most distinct from these, are the sources of that deep joy that tragedy produces. Sometimes we are filled with a delight not dissimilar to that which the Laocoon excites—an admiration of the more than mortal beauty of the attitudes and of the finishing—and even of the terrific sublimity of the folds in which the links of fate involve the characters. When we look at that inimitable group, we do not merely rejoice in a sympathy with extreme suffering—but are enchanted with tender loveliness, and feel that the sense of distress is softened by the exquisite touches of genius. Often in tragedy, our hearts are elevated by thoughts "informed with nobleness"—by the view of heroic greatness of soul—by the contemplation of affections which death cannot conquer. It is not the depth of anguish which calls forth delicious tears—it is some sweet piece of self-denial—some touch of human gentleness, in the midst of sorrow—some "glorious triumph of exceeding love," which suffuses our "subdued eyes," and mellows and softens our hearts. Death itself often becomes the source of sublime consolations: seen through the poetical medium, it often seems to fall on the wretched "softly and lightly, as a passing cloud." It is felt as the blessed means of re-uniting faithful and ill-fated lovers—it is the pillow on which the long struggling patriot rests in undying glory. Often it exhibits the noblest triumph of the spiritual over the material part of man. The intense ardour of a spirit that "o'er-inform'd its tenement of clay"—yet more quenchless in the last conflict, is felt to survive the struggle, and to triumph even in the victory which power has achieved over its earthly frame. In short, it is the high duty of the tragic poet to exhibit humanity sublimest in its distresses—to dignify or to sweeten sorrow—to exhibit eternal energies wrestling with each other, or with the accidents of the world—and to disclose the depth and the immortality of the affections. He must represent humanity as a rock, beaten, and sometimes overspread, with the mighty waters of anguish, but still unshaken. We look to him for hopes, principles,

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resting places of the soul—for emotions which dignify our passions, and consecrate our woes. A brief retrospect of tragedy will shew, that in every age when it has triumphed, it has appealed not to the mere love of excitement, but to the perceptions of beauty in the soul—to the yearnings of the deepest affections—to the aspirations after grandeur and permanence, which never leave man even in his errors and afflictions.

Nothing could be more dignified or stately than the old tragedy of the Greeks. Its characters were demi-gods, or heroes; its subjects were often the destinies of those lines of the mighty, which had their beginning among the eldest deities. So far, in the developement of their plots, were the poets from appealing to mere sensibility, that they scarcely deigned to awaken an anxious throb, or draw forth a human tear. In their works, we see the catastrophe from the beginning, and feel its influence at every step, as we advance majestically along the solemn avenue which it closes. There is little struggle; the doom of the heroes is fixed on high, and they pass, in sublime composure, to fulfil their destiny. Their sorrows are awful,—their deaths religious sacrifices to the power of heaven. The glory that plays about their heads, is the prognostic of their fate. A consecration is shed over their brief and sad career, which takes away all the ordinary feelings of suffering. Their afflictions are sacred, their passions inspired by the gods, their fates prophesied in elder time, their deaths almost festal. All things are tinged with sanctity or with beauty in the Greek tragedies. Bodily pain is made sublime; destitution and wretchedness are rendered sacred; and the very grove of the Furies is represented as ever fresh and green. How grand is the suffering of Prometheus,—how sweet the resolution of Antigone,—how appalling, yet how magnificent, the last vision of Cassandra,—how reconciling and tender, yet how mysteriously awful, the death of Œdipus! And how rich a poetic atmosphere do the Athenian poets breathe over all the creations of their genius! Their exquisite groups appear, in all the venerableness of hoar antiquity; yet in the distinctness and in the bloom of unfading youth. All the human figures are seen, sublime in attitude, and exquisite in finishing; while, in the dim back ground, appear the shapes of eldest gods, and the solemn abstractions of life, fearfully embodied—"Death the skeleton, and time the shadow!" Surely there is something more in all this, than a vivid picture of the sad realities of our human existence.

The Romans excelled not in tragedy, because their love of mere excitement was too keen to permit them to enjoy it. They had "supped full of horrors." Familiar with the thoughts

of real slaughter, they could not endure the philosophic and poetic view of distress in which it is softened and made sacred. Their imaginations were too practical for a genuine poet to affect. Hence, in the plays which bear the name of Seneca, horrors are heaped on horrors—the most unpleasing of the Greek fictions (as that of Medea) are re-written and made ghastly—and every touch that might redeem and soften is carefully effaced by the poet. Still the grandeur of old tragedy is there—still " the gorgeous pall comes sweeping by"—still the dignity survives, though the beauty has faded.

In the productions of Shakespear, doubtless tragedy was divested of something of its external grandeur. The mythology of the ancient world had lost its living charm. Its heroic forms remained, indeed, unimpaired in beauty or grace, in the distant regions of the imagination; but they could no longer occupy the foreground of poetry. Men required forms of flesh and blood, animated by human passion, and awakening human sympathy. Shakespear, therefore, sought for his materials nearer to common humanity than the elder bards. He took also, in each play, a far wider range than they had dared to occupy. He does not, therefore, convey so completely as they did one grand harmonious feeling, by each of his works. But who shall affirm, that the tragedy of Shakespear has not an elevation of its own, or that it produces pleasure only by exhibiting spectacles of varied anguish? The reconciling power of his imagination, and the genial influences of his philosophy, are ever softening and consecrating sorrow. He scatters the rainbow hues of fancy over objects in themselves repulsive. He nicely developes the " soul of goodness in things evil" to console and delight us. He blends all the most glorious imagery of nature with the passionate expressions of affliction. He sometimes in a single image expresses an intense sentiment in all its depth, yet identifies it with the widest and the grandest objects of creation. Thus he makes Timon, in the bitterness of his soul, set up his tomb on the beached shore, that the wave of the ocean may once a day cover him with its embossed foam—expanding an individual feeling into the extent of the vast and eternal sea; yet making us feel it as more intense, from the very sublimity of the image. The mind can always rest without anguish on his catastrophes, however mournful. Sad as the story of Romeo and Juliet is, it does not lacerate or tear the heart, but relieves it of its weight by awakening sweet tears. Their joys, indeed, are nipped in early blossom; but the flower that is softly shed on the earth, yet puts forth undying odours. We shriek not at their tomb, which we feel has set a seal on their loves and virtues, but almost long with them there " to set up our everlasting rest." We do not feel unmingled agony

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at the death of Lear;—when his aged heart, which has beaten so fearfully, is at rest—and his withered frame, late o'erinformed with terrific energy, reposes with his pious child. We are not shocked and harrowed even when Hamlet falls; for we feel that he is unfit for the bustle of this world, and his own gentle contemplations on death have deprived it of its terrors. In Shakespear, the passionate is always steeped in the beautiful. Sometimes he diverts sorrow with tender conceits, which, like little fantastic rocks, break its streams into sparkling cascades and circling eddies. And when it must flow on, deep and still, he bends over it branching foliage and graceful flowers—whose leaves are seen in its dark bosom, all of one sober and harmonious hue—but in their clearest form and most delicate proportions.

The other dramatists of Shakespear's age, deprived like him of classical resources, and far inferior to him in imagination and wisdom, strove to excite a deep interest by the wildness of their plots, and the strangeness of the incidents with which their scenes were crowded. Their bloody tragedies are, however, often relieved by passages of exquisite sweetness. Their terrors, not humanized like those of Shakespear, are yet far removed from the vulgar or disgusting. Sometimes, amidst the gloom of continued crimes, which often follow each other in stern and awful succession, are fair pictures of more than earthly virtue, tinted with the dews of heaven, and encircled with celestial glories. The scene in *The Broken Heart*, where Calantha amidst the festal crowd, receives the news of the successive deaths of those dearest to her in the world, yet dances on—and that in which she composedly settles all the affairs of her empire, and then dies smiling by the body of her contracted lord—are in the loftiest spirit of tragedy. They combine the dignity and majestic suffering of the ancient drama, with the intenseness of the modern. The last scene unites beauty, tenderness, and grandeur, in one harmonious and stately picture—as sublime as any single scene in the tragedies of Æschylus or of Shakespear.

Of the succeeding tragedians of England, the frigid imitators of the French Drama, it is necessary to say but little. The elevation of their plays is only on the stilts of declamatory language. The proportions and symmetry of their plots are but an accordance with arbitrary rules. Yet was there no reason to fear that the sensibilities of their audience should be too strongly excited, without the alleviations of fancy or of grandeur, because their sorrows are unreal, turgid, and fantastic. *Cato* is a classical petrifaction. Its tenderest expression is, "Be sure you place his urn near mine," which comes over us like a sentiment frozen in the utterance. Congreve's *Mourning*

Bride has a greater air of magnificence than most tragedies of his or of the succeeding time; but its declamations fatigue, and its labyrinthine plot perplexes. *Venice Preserved* is cast in the mould of dignity and of grandeur; but the characters want nobleness, the poetry coherence, and the sentiments truth.

The plays of Hill, Hughes, Philips, Murphy, and Rowe, are dialogues, sometimes ill and sometimes well written—occasionally stately in numbers, but never touching the soul. It would be unjust to mention Young and Thomson as the writers of tragedies.

The old English feeling of tender beauty has at last begun to revive. Lamb's *John Woodvil*, despised by the critics, and for a while neglected by the people, awakened those gentle pulses of deep joy which had long forgotten to beat. Here first, after a long interval, instead of the pompous swelling of inane declamation, the music of humanity was heard in its sweetest tones. The air of freshness breathed over its forest scenes, the delicate grace of its images, its nice disclosure of consolations and venerablenesses in the nature of man, and the exquisite beauty of its catastrophe, where the stony remorse of the hero is melted into child-like tears, as he kneels on the little hassock where he had often kneeled in infancy, are truly Shakspearian. Yet this piece, with all its delicacies in the reading, wants that striking scenic effect, without which a tragedy cannot succeed on the stage. The *Remorse* of Coleridge is a noble poem; but its metaphysical clouds, though fringed with golden imaginations, brood too heavily over it. In the detached scenes of Barry Cornwall, passages of the daintiest beauty abound—the passion is every where breathed tenderly forth, in strains which are "silver sweet"—and the sorrow is relieved by tenderness the most endearing. Here may be enjoyed "a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets, where no crude surfeit reigns."—In these—and in the works of Shiel, and even of Maturin—are the elements whence a tragedy more noble and complete might be moulded, than any which has astonished the world since *Macbeth* and *Lear*. We long to see a stately subject for tragedy chosen by some living aspirant—the sublime struggle of high passions for the mastery, displayed—the sufferings relieved by glorious imaginations, yet brought tenderly home to our souls—and the whole conveying one grand and harmonious impression to the general heart. Let us hope that this triumph will not long be wanting, to complete the intellectual glories of our age.

ART. II. *Itinerarium Germaniæ, Galliæ, Angliæ, Italiæ: scriptum à Paulo Hentznero, J. C.* &c. *Breslæ*, 1627. *A Journey into England, by Paul Hentzner, in* 1598. *Printed at Strawberry Hill*, 1757. *Re-printed at the private press of T. E. Williams. Reading*, 1807.

Books of travels, especially in the neighbouring countries of Europe, are now-a-days a history of the personal adventures of the traveller. Sheer information is no longer an object—we have become too well acquainted with our neighbours to tolerate a mere description of their habits—we require high-seasoned private histories, extraordinary incidents interspersed with agreeable anecdotes, not to forget philosophical sketches of national character, sparkling with wit and humour. Things were not so in Paul Hentzner's time—people were content with staying at home—the absence of international communication separated countries from each other more effectually than the physical boundaries of mountains, forests, and rivers. Honest Paul Hentzner sets down the peculiarities of an Englishman with the same accuracy that Captain Hall describes the new found inhabitants of the Loo Choo Islands. His end was to communicate the knowledge of manners and objects, of which it is manifest his countrymen had formed no previous idea. He borrows no aid from the adventitious interest of personal narrative. Paul himself seldom appears; but what appeared to him, was instantly put down as it occurred, with the scrupulous fidelity of a tradesman taking stock. All is fresh to him, and the result is, that the description which he gives comes as fresh upon us.

The travels of a German tutor in England in 1598, must indeed be matter of curiosity, to those who wish to know what impressions the manners, habits, and amusements, and the general character of their country, made upon a foreigner more than two hundred years ago. To a stranger thus circumstanced, the commonest things would be novelties, and the oldest and most trifling customs, subjects of wonder—which would exact as much attention, and excite as much interest, as the most important—for the mind of the traveller, struck with the contrast, would seize with avidity the things most opposed to his peculiar modes of thinking and acting. The portraits or descriptions of ourselves thus sketched out from the feeling of the moment, surprise us by the new light in which we are exhibited—we not only wish to know what we really are, but what others think of us. There is no part of our history which

has been more the theme of panegyric, or the source of our national pride, than the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was in "the golden age of great Eliza" that this matter-of-fact traveller landed on our shores; and we think our readers will be glad to see what he said of that illustrious sovereign and her subjects, with the other curious particulars we shall extract from his book.

"We arrived next at the Royal Palace of Greenwich, reported to have been originally built by Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, and to have received very magnificent additions from Henry VIII. It was here Elizabeth, the present Queen, was born—and here she generally resides, particularly in summer, for the delightfulness of the situation. We were admitted by an order Mr. Rogers had procured from the Lord Chamberlain, into the presence chamber, hung with rich tapestry, and the floor, after the English fashion, strewed with hay,* through which the Queen commonly passes in her way to the chapel. At the door stood a gentleman dressed in velvet, with a gold chain, whose office was to introduce to the Queen any person of distinction that came to wait on her: it was Sunday, when there is usually the greatest attendance of nobility. In the same hall were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, a great many Counsellors of State, Officers of the Crown, and Gentlemen who waited the Queen's coming out—which she did from her own apartment, when it was time to go to prayers, attended in the following manner:

"First, went Gentlemen, Barons, Earls, Knights of the Garter, all richly dressed and bare-headed; next came the Chancellor, bearing the seals in a silk purse, between two, one of which carried the Royal sceptre, the other the sword of state in a red scabbard, studded with golden Fleurs-de-Lis, the point upwards; next came the Queen, in the fifty-sixth year of her age, (as we were told,) very majestic; her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant,; her nose a little hooked, her lips narrow, and her teeth black, (a defect the English seem subject to, from their too great use of sugar); she had in her ears two very rich pearls with drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small crown, reported to have been made of some of the gold of the celebrated Lunebourg table; her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it till they marry; and she had on a necklace of exceeding fine jewels; her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately, her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk shot with silver threads; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a marchioness; instead of a chain, she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels. As she went along in all this state and magnificence, she spoke very graciously, first to one, then to another, (whether foreign

* Probably, rushes.

ministers, or those who attend for different reasons) in English, French, and Italian; for besides being well skilled in Greek and Latin, and the languages I have mentioned, she is mistress of Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch. Whoever speaks to her, it is kneeling; now and then she raises some with her hand. While we were there, William Slawator, a Bohemian Baron, had letters to present to her, and she, after pulling off her glove, gave him her right hand to kiss, sparkling with rings and jewels, a mark of particular favour. Wherever she turned her face as she was going along, every body fell down on their knees. The ladies of the court followed next to her, very handsome and well shaped, and for the most part dressed in white. She was guarded on each side by the Gentlemen Pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle-axes. In the anti-chamber next the hall, where we were, petitions were presented to her, and she received them most graciously, which occasioned the acclamation of GOD SAVE THE QUEEN ELIZABETH! She answered it with, I THANCKE YOUE MYNE GOOD PEUPEL. In the chapel was excellent music; as soon as it and the service was over, which scarce exceeded half an hour, the Queen returned in the same state and order, and prepared to go to dinner.

"A gentleman entered the room bearing a rod, and along with him another bearing a table cloth, which, after they had both kneeled three times with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table, and after kneeling again they both retired; then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a salt-seller, a plate and bread; when they had kneeled as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they too retired with the same ceremonies performed by the first; at last came an unmarried lady, (we were told she was a Countess) and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting knife; the former was dressed in white silk, who when she had prostrated herself three times, in the most graceful manner approached the table, and rubbed the table with bread and salt, with as much awe as if the Queen had been present. When they had waited there a little while, the yeomen of the guard entered, bare headed, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn a course of dishes, served in plate, most of it gilt—these dishes were received by a gentleman in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the lady taster gave to each guard a mouthful to eat of the particular dish he had brought, for fear of any poison. During the time that this guard (which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, being carefully selected for this service) were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettle drums made the hall ring for half an hour together. At the end of all this ceremonial a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who with particular solemnity lifted the meat from the table, and conveyed it to the Queen's inner and more private chamber, where after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of the Court."

"The Queen dines and sups alone, with very few attendants; and it is very seldom that any body, foreigner or native, is admitted at that time, and then only at the intercession of somebody in power." p. 138.

This is a true Dutch painting.

Our traveller, mentioning the tower which formerly stood on London Bridge, adds a curious fact.

"Ponti Londinensi turris inedificata est, in cujus summitate reorum læsæ majestatis et patriæ proditorum capita, perticis affixa conspiciuntur, *ultra triginta nos horum numeravimus.* Anno 1598." 115.

The literary reputation of this country seems to have been established among foreigners, even at this early period.

"Mira eruditissimorum virorum cum in universa Britannia, tum in hac potissimum Urbe semper extitit fertilitas, qui inter Scriptores celebratissimi enituerunt." p. 159.

At the time of Paul Hentzner's visit to London, all the six gates of the city were standing. He thus describes Ludgate:

"*Ludgate,* a Luddo rege, omnium antiquissima, cujus nomen etiamnum hodie, supra portum incisum extat; sive *Flutgate* quorundam opinione, a fluviolo subjecto, (ut porta Fluentana Romæ) nunc a Regina Elisabethâ renovata, cujus statua, ab altera quoque parte videtur." 116.

Such will be the future speculations, minute descriptions, and ingenious etymologies, of antiquaries yet to come, when London becomes what Rome is.

Paul Hentzner attended Bartholomew fair, and describes the sports of the mob, and the state of the mayor, to whom he seems to look up with great reverence. It is amusing to find, that in those early times the light-fingered knights of the post were as active as in these days of crime and punishment.

"While we were at this shew (says Paul) one of our company, Tobias Solander, had his pocket picked of his purse, with nine crowns du soleil, which, without doubt, was so cleverly taken from him by an Englishman who always kept very close to him, that the Doctor did not in the least perceive it."

We wish that our traveller had said more of the theatres; at the time he visited London, it is probable Shakespear's first productions were being daily exhibited.

"Without the city are some theatres, where English actors represent *almost every day* tragedies and comedies to very numerous audiences; these are concluded with excellent music, variety of dances, and *the excessive applauses of those that are present.*"

"At these spectacles and every where else, the English are constantly smoaking tobacco in this manner: they have pipes on purpose, made of clay, into the farther end of which they put the herb, so dry that it may be rubbed into powder; and putting fire to it, they draw the smoak into their mouths, which they puff out again through their nostrils, like funnels, along with plenty of phlegm and defluxion from the head. In these theatres, fruits, such as apples, pears, and nuts,

according to the season, are carried about to be sold, as well as ale and wine." p. 132.

The following is the author's description of the manners of the English:

"The English are serious, like the Germans,—lovers of shew,—liking to be followed wherever they go by whole troops of servants, who wear their master's arms in silver, fastened to their left arms, and are not undeservedly ridiculed for wearing tails hanging down their backs. They excel in dancing and music, for they are active and lively, though of a thicker make than the French: they cut their hair close on the middle of the head, letting it grow on either side: they are good sailors, and better pirates; cunning, treacherous, and thievish. Above three hundred are said to be hanged annually in London; beheading with them is less infamous than hanging. They give the wall as the place of honor. Hawking is the general sport of the gentry. They are more polite in eating than the French; devouring less bread, but more meat, which they roast in perfection. They put a good deal of sugar in their drink: their beds are covered with tapestry, even those of farmers. They are often molested with the scurvy, said to have first crept into England with the Norman conquest. Their houses are commonly of two stories, except in London, where they are of three and four, though but seldom of four; they are built of wood, those of the richer sort with bricks; their roofs are low, and, where the owner has money, covered with lead. They are powerful in the field,—successful against their enemies,—impatient of any thing like slavery,—vastly fond of great noises that fill the ear, such as the firing of cannon, drums, and the ringing of bells; so that it is common for a number of them, that have got a glass in their heads, to go up into some belfry, and ring the bells for hours together, for the sake of exercise. If they see a foreigner very well made, or particularly handsome, they will say, *It is a pity he is not an* ENGLISHMAN." p. 156.

With the above whimsical passage, we conclude our extracts from Paul Hentzner, who has certainly noted some particulars which are not to be found elsewhere, and which are equally curious and amusing. We have only to add, that the translation we have made use of, except in one instance of mistranslation, is from the pen of Mr. R. Bentley, once the friend and favorite of Horace Walpole. It is asserted in the preface of the latter, that there are not above four or five copies of the original in England. Mr. Williams reprinted only fifty copies of Bentley's translation of the part relative to England.

XUM

ART. III. *Pharonnida, a Heroic Poem, by* William Chamberlayne, *of Shaftesbury, in the County of Dorset.*

Ἴσχει ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγων ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοια.

Hom. Odess. lib. 21.

Printed for Robert Clavel, at the sign of the Stag's Head, near St. Gregorie's Church, in St. Paul's Church Yard, 1659, 8vo. pp. 371.

Whilst the stream of time carries down so many of the productions of human ingenuity into total oblivion, it deposits a few, which deserve to be kept in remembrance, upon its silent shores, where they remain until some lucky wanderer discovers, and holds them up to the admiration of the world. Long did the flower to which we now draw the attention of the public, 'waste its sweetness on the desert air,' before any industrious bee settled upon its leaves, and extracted a portion of its collected sweets. Until very recently indeed, it has obtained no other notice than a passing recognition of its having existed. We claim not, however, the merit of having first discovered its value; nor have we any title to be so considered, for our readers are aware, that one living author* at least has already given us such a taste of the honey, as to induce us to wish for a more copious supply. Of William Chamberlayne little more is known, than that he was a physician at Shaftesbury in the reign of Charles the First, whose cause during the civil wars he espoused; and, as is to be inferred from the conclusion of the third book, was present at the second battle of Newbery.† However rich he might be in the gifts of nature, he was not very plentifully endowed with those of fortune, as we collect from the beginning of the first book, where he complains of poverty, and the bad reception his poem had met with. In the preface of the poem also he informs us, that fortune had placed him in too low a sphere to be happy in the acquaintance of the age's more celebrated wits. He died on the 11th of January, 1689, having lived to the age of 70 years,

* Mr. Campbell; who states that he has found no other mention of Chamberlayne than what is contained in Langbaine. He is, however, noticed by Winstanley, Jacob, Wood, and Grainger, but without any farther information than that he was the author of this poem, and the play mentioned in the text; and without any comment upon either.

† His poetical labours, in all probability, suffered some interruption from his more warlike occupations, and this supposition is strengthened by the circumstance of the two last books commencing with a new paging, and being printed in a different type.

and was buried at Shaftesbury, in the church-yard of the Holy Trinity, where his son, Valentine Chamberlayne, erected a monument to his memory. Besides this poem he wrote a tragi-comedy,* called "Love's Victory," which was afterwards acted under the title of "Wits led by the nose, or a Poet's Revenge." Langbaine, in his account of this play, mentions Pharonnida, adding, that though it had nothing to recommend it, yet it appeared in prose in the year 1683, as a novel, under the name of "Eromena, or the noble Stranger." We think, however, that when our readers have perused the abstract of the story which we propose to give, and the different extracts with which it will be interspersed, they will totally dissent from the judgment pronounced by this useful but tasteless author. The garb, indeed, in which the poem is clothed, is sufficiently uninviting; the materials, to be sure, are rich, but the workmanship is awkward and ungraceful. Yet notwithstanding this inauspicious covering, and the obstructions which the involved and unharmonious diction, and the poverty and insignificance of the rhyme,† present to the complete enjoyment of the poem, there is a pure and tender strain of feeling and morality, and a richness of imagery, that cannot fail to interest the heart and please the imagination of every lover of poetry. How far it is entitled to the name of a heroic poem, we leave to others to determine; but we cannot help observing, that the vigorous conception of the story, the unity and symmetry of the design, and the sustained dignity of the personages and of the sentiments, make out a claim to that title, which we are by no means inclined to dispute. The main story is carried on with deep and varied interest, and developed with great, but unequal, power; and every incident which might, by possibility, be considered as improbable, is accounted for from plausible causes, with a scrupulousness and care which is very remarkable, when contrasted with the singular carelessness which distinguishes some other parts of the poem. Upon the whole, the work is somewhat too long, arising perhaps, from the absurd and pedantic determination of the author to extend it to precisely five books, each containing the same number of cantos. In a few of the latter cantos, his muse soars with a comparatively feeble wing, but she soon resumes her vigour, and again mounts into the sublime regions of impassioned poetry. The genius of Chamberlayne, however, is rather tender and pathetic, than strong and

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* Published in 1658.

† To these may be added, the inaccurate printing and erroneous punctuations, which incessantly occur.

lofty; his narrative rather calm and equable, than rapid and overpowering; but it is at the same time diversified with occasional bursts of deep pathos, of glowing and vehement passion. He delights to wander into the unknown regions of space and eternity; contemplates with solemn pleasure the soul of man, disrobed of its earthly covering, and speculates with earnestness upon its ethereal nature and future destiny. But the more grave and serious parts of this delightful poem are enlivened and adorned with all the exuberance of a rich and inexhaustible fancy, pure, sparkling, and luminous, as the earth with the dew of heaven. The characters of the personages of the poem are rather general than individual; they are painted with broad shades, rather than with distinct and minute touches. Those of Pharonnida and Argalia, the heroine of the story, and her lover, are of a noble and dignified description; and although a pitch above the tone of the ordinary feelings and actions of humanity, are beings of flesh and blood;—that of Pharonnida, a lofty but gentle minded female, whose irrepressible passion for Argalia leaves no room in her full heart for the operation of other feelings, is touched off with a fine and delicate pencil. But the character of Almanzor possesses more individuality and fire, than any other in the poem, — ambitious, bold, impetuous, resolute, and unscrupulous of the means necessary to accomplish his objects; he is also cunning, secret, and undermining—he is audaciously wicked, or sanctimoniously virtuous, as it suits his purpose; he possesses, as occasion requires, the savage and unrelenting ferocity of the tiger, or the wily and dangerous stillness of the serpent.—But we will no longer delay introducing our readers to the poem itself. The outline of the story is as follows:

As Ariamnes, a Spartan Lord, and a noble train, were one day hunting on the shores of the "far famed Bay of Lepanto," their attention was attracted to a fierce engagement between a Turkish and a Christian ship. Victory was inclining to the side of the Turks, when the combat was suddenly interrupted by a violent storm, which, however, soon subsided, and left the "uncurled ocean" spotted only with the wrecks of the lately contending ships. The fury of the elements had not abated the ardour of such of the hostile parties as escaped, and the battle was renewed on shore. The hunters, on coming down to the beach, were struck with the sight of a single Christian, defending himself against a party of the Infidels, by whom he was almost overpowered. They flew to the assistance of this brave warrior, and rescued him from his foes, whom they put to flight. Ariamnes conveyed Argalia, (for such was the name of the stranger,) with his wounded friend

Aphron, to his palace, where the latter soon recovered from his wounds. The two friends were about to take leave of their noble host, when he was summoned to attend his sovereign, the King of the Morea. The strangers were invited, and promised to accompany him to court, but they were prevented from performing this promise, by the unexpected illness of Aphron. One day, during the convalescence of Aphron, Argalia strayed into a neighbouring forest; and whilst he was reclining under the shade, two females passed at a short distance before him:

> "A pair of virgins, fairer than the spring;
> Fresher than dews, that, ere the glad birds sing
> Their morning carols, drop."——

Almanzor, a Spartan noble, happened to enter the grove which shrouded the two damsels; and no sooner did he behold, than he advanced towards them, but with such speed as to excite their alarm and immediate flight. Almanzor pursued, and seized one of them, whose name was Florenza. He first attempted to seduce her; but, failing in that attempt, he had recourse to violence, and had nearly accomplished his purpose, when Florenza's lover, who was at no great distance, hearing her shrieks, came to her assistance, and fell in endeavouring to effect her rescue. In the mean time Florenza again fled, but in vain; her pursuer again seized her, who

> ——"with her shrieks did fill
> The ambient air, struck lately with the still
> Voice of harmonious music."—

Argalia, roused from the slumber into which he had fallen, hurried to the spot from which the shrieks proceeded. Almanzor, doubly enraged at being a second time baffled, impetuously assailed him; but his blind fury was no match for the temperate valour of Argalia, under whose hand he would certainly have fallen, but for the interference of his followers, who opportunely arrived in search of their master. They fell upon Argalia, and, with the loss of two of Almanzor's relatives, had nearly overpowered him, when a second troop came up: finding Almanzor wounded, they very wisely concluded Argalia to have been the aggressor, and seized and conveyed him to the king's palace as a murderer. In this part of the narrative, the poet has introduced a short episode, which, as it contains some exceedingly beautiful lines, we do not choose to omit.

The Queen of the Morea had died in giving birth to an only daughter, whom, with her dying words, she desired might be called Pharonnida. Before she expired, she addressed the King in the following beautiful lines, breathed from the bottom of a soft and tender soul:

"This, this is all that I shall leave behind,
An earnest of our loves here thou may'st find;
Perhaps my image may'st behold, whilst I,
Resolving into dust, embraced do lie
By crawling worms, followers that nature gave
T' attend mortality, whilst the tainted grave
Is ripening us for judgment: O, my Lord,
Death were the smile of fate, would it afford
Me time to see this infant's growth, but oh!
I feel life's cordage crack, and hence must go
From time and flesh,—like a lost feather, fall
From the wings of vanity, forsaking all
The various business of the world, to see
What wondrous change dwells in eternity."

This only child was the darling and solace of the royal widower, amidst "woes that would have shaken his soul to earth,"

"Had not this comfort stopp'd them, which beguiles
Sorrow of some few hours, those pretty smiles
That dress'd her fair cheek, like a gentle thief,
Stealing his heart through all the guards of grief."

When Pharonnida arrived at woman's estate, her father chose a palace in the Vale of Ceres, near to his capital of Corinth, for her residence, and assigned her a guard of one hundred noble Spartan youths, the command of which, he gave to Almanzor, the bold, haughty, and ambitious man before mentioned. Whenever the king visited this favored daughter, (which he was at this time doing) there was a peculiar custom that she should sit in judgment on all cases that occurred during the time of his visit.—Before her tribunal, the accused Argalia was fated to appear;—the day of his trial having come on, the Princess ascended the seat of justice,—the prisoner was brought forth, who

"In this low ebb of fortune did appear,
Such as we fancy virtues that come near
The excellence of angels; fear had not
Rifled one drop of blood, nor rage begot
More colour in his cheeks—his soul in state—
Thron'd in the medium, constant virtue sat."

The wrongful charge was made, but

"His noble soul still wings itself above
Passion's dark fogs; and like that prosperous dove,

The world's first pilot for discovery sent,
When all the floods that bound the firmament
O'erwhelm'd the earth, conscience' calm joy t' increase,
Returns, fraught with the olive branch of peace."

He attempted to defend himself; but, false witnesses being produced to prove the accusation, he saw it would be vain to make any farther defence. An ominous silence intervened—Pharonnida, struck with admiration at the demeanour and appearance of Argalia, could not refrain from tears—and she at the same time made a deep impression upon the heart of the prisoner.

———" Yet in this high
Tide of his blood, in a soft calm to die,
His yielding spirit now prepares to meet
Death, clothed in thoughts white as his winding sheet."

One of the assistant judges at length pronounced the fatal sentence, which was received by the prisoner with calm attention.

" His ev'ry look, so far
From vulgar passions, that unless amaz'd
At beauty's majesty, he sometimes gaz'd
Wildly on that, as emblems of more great
Glories than earth afforded, * * his fixed soul had not
Been stirred to passion. * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * no harsh frown
Contracts his brow, nor did his thoughts pull down
One fainting spirit, wrapt in smother'd groans,
To clog his heart."

At the instant the court was rising, and the jailors hurrying Argalia away, Ariamnes arrived. Having related so much of the stranger's story as he was acquainted with, he prevailed upon the princess to suspend the execution of the sentence, until he had an opportunity of investigating the truth of the charge. The court was a second time about to break up, and was a second time interrupted by the abrupt entrance of Aphron, who, having been alarmed at the absence of his friend, had quitted his sick bed in search of him. He menaced the Court, if they dared to spill the blood of one so well allied in the adjacent state of Epirus; but all the grace that could be obtained was a reprieve for three days. There were at this time ambassadors from Epirus at the Spartan Court—Pharonnida sent for them, and discovered that Aphron was the son, and Argalia the adopted son, of one of them. The three days had expired,

and preparations were made for the execution of the noble prisoner.

Sorrow reigned in the heart of the princess—sad and alone, she remained in a room which overlooked the place of execution, and continually repaired to the window to take a last look at the engaging prisoner. The silence with which the spectators were waiting for the last fatal ceremony was suddenly broken, and Ariamnes, at the head of a troop of clowns, rushed through the crowd accompanied by Florenza, who had been beset and prevented from coming sooner by Almanzor, Florenza was called upon for her evidence, which the poet introduces in the following happy and delicate lines:

> "And here vain art
> Look on and envy, to behold how far
> Thy strict rules (which our youth's affection are)
> Nature transcends, in a discourse which she
> With all the flowers of virgin modesty,
> Not weeds of rhetoric, strewed; to hear her miss,
> Or put a blush for a parenthesis,
> In the relating that uncivil strife
> Which her sad subject was—so near the life
> Limns lovely virtue.

Argalia was of course set at liberty; and Almanzor, having disobeyed a summons for his appearance, was condemned to perpetual banishment. The curiosity of the king was excited by the novel scene which he had witnessed, and he requested the ambassador would relate the history of his adopted son, which he did in substance as follows:

One day, "about the birth o' th' sluggish morning, when the crusted earth was tinselled o'er with frost, and each sprig clad in winter's wool," Argalia, then an infant, was brought by two strangers to a cottage in the neighbourhood of the Epirot's country seat. The cottager's wife agreed to take charge of the infant, and they accordingly left it with her, having first suspended a rare and costly jewel round its neck. Here it was that Argalia, as he grew up, attracted the notice and gained the affection of the kind Epirot; and a brave achievement which he performed, called that "affection into useful action." The Epirot took him from his foster parents, and placed him in his own house as a companion to his son. The secret of his birth, however, still remained unknown. Such was the story of Euriolus.—The ambassadors, with the two young friends, being about to return to their own country, Molarchus (the Spartan admiral) invited them previous to their departure to a marine fête, to be given to the court on board his own ship, of which

the poet has introduced a splendid and gorgeous description. Whilst the guests were in their full career of mirth, and unsuspicious of treachery, the admiral weighed anchor and set sail. The attendants at first imagined this to be a mere frolic to amuse the king, but observing the ship was doubling the cape, they began to suspect all was not right—they immediately rushed upon deck, where they were encountered by the armed crew, and a sharp contest took place between them. Meanwhile the admiral, under cover of the night, carried off the princess in a boat. The rest of the crew having taken care to bore such holes in the ship as would ensure her destruction, also betook themselves to the boats, and the ship soon afterwards went down. Argalia and his friend Aphron seized one of the crew's boats, and after a hard contest, in which Aphron was killed, got possession of it. Argalia rescued the king and Euriolus from a watery grave, but his noble friend Ariamnes perished. Guided by a friendly light, Argalia and his companions landed on a rocky island, where they found an empty boat, in which they learned the admiral had arrived with the princess, and retired to a castle on the island. Argalia, having manufactured a ladder out of the ropes of a decayed ship which was laid on the strand, immediately proceeded to the castle, scaled the walls, surprised and slew Molarchus, and carried off the princess in triumph to her father. The king,a s a token of his gratitude, appointed Argalia captain of the princess's guard; and returned to Corinth; while Pharonnida and Argalia retired to the vale of Ceres, where they spent some months in happy seclusion and free delights, which nourished and strengthened their mutual but unavowed attachment, the gentle and gradual progress of which, is described in a passage of great richness and beauty. In the midst of this delightful intercourse, Pharonnida was one night visited by a dream, from which, as it is distinguished by its vigorous conception and lofty strain of poetry, we shall venture to present our readers with an extract.

> "A strong prophetic dream,
> Diverting by enigmas nature's stream,
> Long hovering through the portals of her mind
> On vain phantastic wings, at length did find
> The glimmerings of obstructed reason, by
> A brighter beam of pure divinity
> Led into supernatural light, whose rays
> As much transcended reason's, as the day's
> Dull mortal fires, faith apprehends to be
> Beneath the glimmerings of divinity.
> Her unimprisoned soul, disrob'd of all
> Terrestrial thoughts, (like its original

In heaven, pure and immaculate) a fit
Companion for those bright angels' wit
Which the gods made their messengers, to bear
This sacred truth, seeming transported where,
Fix'd in the flaming centre of the world,
The heart o' th' mycrocosm, about which is hurl'd
The spangled curtains of the sky, within
Whose boundless orbs, the circling planets spin
Those threads of time, upon whose strength rely
The pond'rous burthens of mortality.
An adamantine world she sees, more pure,
More glorious far than this—fram'd to endure
The shock of dooms-day's darts."

This shadowy picture exhibited danger threatening Argalia and herself under a variety of fortunes; but terminated with the following happy prospect:

" A golden cloud did bow
From heav'n's fair arch, in which, Argalia seem'd,
Clad in bright armour, sitting, who redeem'd
Her from approaching danger; which being done,
The darkness vanish'd, and the glorious sun
Of welcome light display'd its beams, by which
A throne the first resembling, but more rich
In its united glory, to the eye
Presents its lustre, where in majesty,
The angels that attend their better fate,
Plac'd her and brave Argalia—in which state,
The unbarr'd portals of her soul let fly
The golden slumber."

In the morning, whilst the princess was brooding over her midnight joys, Argalia brought her a packet from her father, intimating that nothing would contribute more to the security of his kingdom, than her marriage with the Epirot prince Zoranza. The packet also contained Zoranza's picture, and a blunt letter of courtship from him. Pharonnida deeply afflicted at these communications, as Argalia was withdrawing to convey her answer to Epirus, although not out of hearing, burst into a strain of vehement and eloquent passion, which we cannot forbear extracting.

" ' Unhappy soul! born only to infuse
Pearls of delight with vinegar, and lose
Content for honor; is't a sin to be
Born high, that robs me of my liberty?

Or is't the curse of greatness to behold
Virtue through such false opticks as unfold
No splendour, 'less from equal orbs they shine?
What Heaven made free, ambitious men confine
In regular degrees. Poor Love must dwell
Within no climate but what's parallel
Unto our honor'd births; the envied fate
Of princes, oft these burthens find from state,
When lowly swains, knowing no parent's voice
A negative, make a free happy choice.'—
And here she sighed; then with some drops, distill'd
From Love's most sovereign elixir, fill'd
The chrystal fountains of her eyes, which ere
Dropp'd down, she thus recals again. ' But ne'er,
Ne'er, my Argalia, shall these fears destroy
My hopes of thee: Heaven! let me but enjoy
So much of all those blessings, which their birth
Can take from frail mortality; and Earth,
Contracting all her curses, cannot make
A storm of danger loud enough to shake
Me to a trembling penitence; a curse,
To make the horror of my suffering worse,
Sent in a father's name, like vengeance fell
From angry Heav'n, upon my head may dwell
In an eternal stain,—my honor'd name
With pale disgrace may languish,—busy fame
My reputation spot,—affection be
Term'd uncommanded lust,—sharp poverty,
That weed that kills the gentle flow'r of love,
As the result of all these ills, may prove
My greatest misery,—unless to find
Myself unpitied. Yet not so unkind
Would I esteem this mercenary band,
As those far more malignant powers that stand,
Arm'd with dissuasions, to obstruct the way
Fancy directs; but let those souls obey
Their harsh commands, that stand in fear to shed
Repentant tears: I am resolved to tread
Those doubtful paths, through all the shades of fear
That now benights them. Love, with pity hear
Thy suppliant's prayer, and when my clouded eyes
Shall cease to weep, in smiles I'll sacrifice
To thee such offerings, that the utmost date
Of death's rough hands shall never violate."

p. 86, end of B. 1.

Meanwhile, the rebel Almanzor had been plotting treason against the princess, and

" Consultations did
Whisper rebellion in soft airs, forbid
To live in louder language, until like
Inevitable thunder, it could strike
As swift, as secret, and as sure as those
Heaven's anger hurls."———
" Time, treason's secret midwife, did produce
No birth like this."—

The gold of this ambitious subject had gained him more friends than his merit, and had a considerable effect upon Amphibia, one of the princess's ladies; but when joined with a certain jealousy, which she had conceived at the favour shewn to Florenza, (whom Pharonnida had taken into her service,) it became too potent to be resisted, and she became his creature. A mask was concerted between them, and the scheme being ripe for execution, Almanzor and a party of maskers, disguised as Amazons, one night entered the palace of the princess, amidst antick harmony; and having completed the first part of the exhibition, a trumpet was sounded, and the false viragoes drew their swords, dispersed the guards, and carried off the princess and Florenza.

Pharonnida's attendants immediately roused the neighbouring villagers, whose confusion and dismay are very happily described. A party of those rustics having met the coach in which Almanzor was carrying off the princess, fell upon the guards. The chieftain finding, after a desperate struggle, that farther contest would only increase his danger, broke through the assailants, and left his attendants to their fury.

" Sweet mercy's healing balm
Is the extraction of brave spirits, which
By innate valour rarefied, enrich
With that fair gem the triumphs of success,
Whilst cowards make the victors' glory less;
Their highest flame of rage being but dull earth,
Fir'd into tyranny."

Almanzor now appeared in open rebellion, seconded by a considerable army, and surprised the castle of Alcithius, which however was soon retaken by the king, who conveyed thither his daughter and his treasures.

The two armies at length prepared for battle:

" Such variety
Present the eye with, that whilst the sad thought

Beholds them but as falling branches brought
To the decay of time, their view did bring
In all the pleasures of the chequer'd spring,
Like a large field, where being confined unto
Their sev'ral squares, here blushing roses grow,
There purple hyacinths; and near to them
The yellow cowslip bends its slender stem."

The king made the first assault; and after those alternations of fortune which a field of battle usually displays, victory declared in favour of the rebel chief.

The king, under the obscurity of night,

" When dreadful shadows had the field o'erspread,
As darkness were a hearse-cloth for the dead,"

retreated to the castle of Alcithius to recruit his shattered forces, and obtain assistance from the Epirots. Almanzor pursued and invested the castle; and here he avowed his reasons for taking up arms, had at first been his love for Pharonnida; and since, in justice to his country, to prevent it from being enslaved by a foreign alliance. Provisions grew short in the garrison of Alcithius, and every hand was unnerved by want. In this extremity, the King, assembling his brave band, advised them to consult their safety in Almanzor's clemency. They decidedly refused, and came to an heroical resolution to die in defence of their prince.

" The sluggish morning, sick
Of midnight surfeits, from her dewy bed
Pale and discolour'd rose."——

An alarm was sounded, but as the garrison were issuing from the portals of the castle, they met an advanced detachment of the Epirot army, under the command of Argalia, by whom the rebels had been driven from the field; their defeat was afterwards completed by the main body, but Almanzor escaped. The King and his army, accompanied by the Epirots, returned in triumph to Corinth, where all was joy, and gaiety, and pleasure. Zoranza was called away by domestic affairs, and the Princess retired to a mansion within sight of the walls of Corinth, but yet participating of all rural beauties. The landscape around the palace is designed with picturesque effect, and painted with rich and glowing colours. The site on which it stood was

" Divided from the continent, by th' wide
Arms of a spacious stream, whose wanton pride
In cataracts from the mountains broke, as glad
Of liberty to court the valley, had

Curl'd his proud waves, and stretch'd them to enclose
That type of paradise, whose crown-top rose
From that clear mirror, as the first light saw
Fair Eden 'midst the spring of Havilah."

In this retreat, time stole away on downy feet—the cup of joy was full; but Amphibia, bent on the ruin of the two lovers, stepped in, and dashed it aside—by heightening Argalia's deserts with excessive praise, she contrived to infuse jealousy into the mind of the old King, who resolved to remove the cause of it. Pretending that he was invited by a friendly league to assist the Prince of Epirus, he conferred the command of his army on Argalia. Pharonnida having read the mandate, containing this intelligence,

" trembling fear
Plucks roses from her cheeks, which soon appear
Full blown again with anger, red and white
Did in this conflict of her passions fight
For the pre-eminence."

Ignorant of the cause of her perturbation, Argalia endeavoured to soothe her. Here follows a scene, which, for dramatic effect, deep feeling, and tender sentiment, and for the uncontroulable and overwhelming energy of passion, cannot, we think, be exceeded in poetry. Pharonnida, after struggling with her grief for some time, exclaimed,

" Is thy abode
Become the parent of suspicion? look
On this, Argalia, there hath poison took
Its lodging, underneath those flowers, whose force
Will blast our hopes—there, there, a sad divorce
'Twixt our poor loves is set, ere we more near
Than in desires have met."

Argalia, though conscious that it was but an honourable policy to get rid of him, replied,

" This honor, which
Your royal father pleases to enrich
My worthless fortunes with, will but prepare
Our future happiness—the time we spare
From feeding on ambrosia, will increase
Our wealthy store, when the white wings of peace
Shall bear us back with victory; there may,
Through the dark chaos of my fate, display
Some beam of honor; though compar'd with thine

(That element of living flame) it shine
Dim as the pale-fac'd moon, when she lets fall
Through a dark grove her beams—thy virtues shall
Give an alarum to my sluggish soul,
Whene'er it droops—thy memory controul
The weakness of my passions.—When we strive
I' th' heat of glorious battle, I'll revive
My drooping spirits with that harmony
Thy name includes—thy name, whose memory
(Dear as those relicks a protecting saint
Sends humble vot'ries) mention'd, will acquaint
My thoughts with all that's good. Then calm again
This conflict of thy fears, I shall remain
Safe in the hail of death, if guarded by
Thy pious pray'rs—Fate's messengers, that fly
On wings invisible, will lose the way
Aim'd at my breast, if thou vouchsafe to pray
To heav'n for my protection.——But if we
Ne'er meet again—yet, Oh! yet let me be
Sometimes with pity thought on."—

Both wept; and it was some time before Pharonnida recovered strength to utter the following lines:

" Wilt, O wilt thou do
Our infant love such injury, to leave
It ere full grown? When shall my soul receive
A comfortable smile to cherish it,
When thou art gone?—They're but dull joys that sit
Enthron'd in fruitless wishes; yet I could
Part with a less expence of sorrow, would
Our rigid fortune only be content
With absence—but a greater punishment
Conspires against us. Danger must attend
Each step thou tread'st from hence; and shall I spend
Those hours in mirth, each of whose minutes lay
Wait for my life? When fame proclaims the day
Wherein your battles join, how will my fear
With doubtful pulses beat, until I hear
Whom victory adorns! Or shall I rest
Here without trembling, when, lodg'd in thy breast,
My heart's expos'd to ev'ry danger that
Assails thy valour, and is wounded at
Each stroke that lights on thee—which absent I,
Prompted by fear, to myriads multiply.
* * * * * * * * * * * *

" The sea through which we sail
Works high with woe, nor can our prayers prevail
To calm its angry brow—the glorious freight
Of my unwelcome honours, hangs a weight
Too pond'rous on me for to steer the way
Thy humbler fortunes do; else, ere I'd stay
To mourn without thee, I would rob my eyes
Of peaceful slumbers, and in coarse disguise,
Whilst love my sex's weakness did controul,
Command my body to attend my soul.
Look now a bright and glorious morning, which
The youthful brow of April doth enrich,
Smiles, till the rude winds blow the troubled clouds
Into her eyes, then in a black veil shrouds
Herself and weeps for sorrow—so wept both
Our royal lovers—each would, and yet was loth
To bid farewell, still stubborn time enforc'd
Them to that task. First his warm lips divorc'd
From the soft balmy touch of hers; next parts
Their hands, those frequent witnesses o' th' heart's
Indissoluble contracts; last and worst,
Their eyes——their weeping eyes——
* * * * * * * * he is gone;
Sweet, sad, Pharonnida's left—left alone."

Not long after this tender separation, the Princess was surprized, reading a letter from Argalia, by her father, who had been asleep in a neighbouring grove,

" Where he had pluck'd from off the wings of time
Some of its softest down."——

The King, silent with passion, for awhile regarded her ere he blamed the frailty of affection; but his anger gathering additional force by being impeded, burst forth in the following energetic lines:

——————" And must, O must that prove
My greatest curse, on which my hopes ordain'd
To raise my happiness? Have I refrain'd
The pleasures of a nuptial bed, to joy
Alone in thee; nor trembled to destroy
My name, so that, advancing thine, I might
Live to behold my sceptre take its flight
To a more spacious empire? Have I spent
My youth till, grown in debt to age, she hath sent
Diseases to arrest me, that impair

XUM

My strength and hopes e'er to enjoy an heir
Which might preserve our name: which only now
Must in our dusty annals live; whilst thou
Transferr'st the glory of our house on one,
Which, had not I warm'd into life, had gone,
A wretch forgotten of the world, to th' earth
From whence he sprung? But tear this monstrous birth
Of fancy from thy soul, quick as thou'dst fly
Descending wrath, if visible—or I
Shall blast thee with my anger, till thy name
Rot in my memory; not as the same
That once thou wert behold thee, but as some
Dire prodigy, which to foreshew should come
All ills, which through the progress of my life
Did chance were sent. I lost a queen and wife,
(Thy virtuous mother) who for goodness might
Have here supplied, before she took her flight
To heaven, my better angel's place; have since
Stood storms of strong affliction; still a prince
Over my passions until now, but this
Hath prov'd me coward. Oh! thou dost amiss
To grieve me thus, fond girl."

Pharonnida clung to her father, and appealed to all his dearest and most tender feelings, but in vain—she could make no impression on him—he tore himself from her grasp, muttering threats of vengeance against Argalia. The princess, overpowered by contending feelings, sunk on the ground in a swoon. The King immediately despatched a messenger to Zoranza, to whom he intimated that Argalia was aiming both at his crown and life, and hinting, that it was equally the interest of the Epirot, as of himself, that such a rival should be disposed of. Little was necessary to set the growing envy of Zoranza in a blaze, and he entered into the scheme with alacrity. The better to effect his purpose, he conferred the government of the town of Ardenna upon Argalia, at the same time giving secret instructions to the deposed governor to murder him. The intended victim was at midnight awakened by a band of assassins, who seized and bound him; they did not, however, attempt to murder him in his chamber, for there was an old traditional prophecy, that when the rights of hospitality should be violated within the town, it should be surprised by foes. To cozen this prophecy, therefore, they carried him to a neighbouring hill, which overlooked the sea, but at the moment they were preparing to fulfil their instructions, they were surprized by a party of Turks. They left their prisoner and fled into the town, whither

the Turks pursued them, and planted their standards on the walls. The latter, however, were soon driven back, and retreated hastily to their ships, taking Argalia with them. The scheme for the destruction of Argalia having thus failed, the King did not think Pharonnida's present residence sufficiently secure, and he accordingly removed her, amidst the murmurs of his subjects, to a sort of high-treason prison, called the prince's tower, within the walls of the city. Her old guard was discharged, and replaced by a band of mountain soldiers, commanded by Brumachus, a hard unpolished barbarian. Meanwhile the Turks, after encountering a tremendous storm, joined some other Turkish ships, which were soon afterwards attacked by a Rhodian fleet. A bloody engagement followed, and the Rhodians having begun to give way, Argalia contrived to free himself, and the rest of the Christians, who had been chained to the oar, and unexpectedly turning upon the Turks, decided the fate of the day in favour of their enemies. Argalia accompanied the victors to Rhodes, which the Turks, in order to revenge their defeat at sea, soon after invaded, and laid siege to the city. During the siege many brave single combats were fought between the hostile parties, amongst whom a Turkish warrior had highly distinguished himself in three successive victories. To combat this redoubted Turk, Argalia was selected. They fought, and the infidel fell. The Turks, enraged at the defeat of their champion, made an attack upon the Rhodians in breach of the truce, and surprized and took the town.

Amongst the captives was Argalia, whom the Turkish commander sent to his wife Janusa, that she might sacrifice him to the manes of her brother, the deceased champion.—Janusa no sooner beheld, than she became enamoured of the prisoner; she appointed a day for his execution; she repented, and had him lodged within the castle, under pretence of inflicting greater torments. One day Janusa's confidential woman, Manto, came to his prison, and conducted him to a room,

"In whose delights joy's summer seem'd to bloom;"

where, amidst costly baths, rich wines, and splendid apparel, she left him. Having refreshed himself and changed his garments, he was introduced to Janusa; she was beautiful, and received him in all the voluptuousness of languishing passion, and with a magnificence that outdid the Koran tales of paradise. Argalia repulsed her advances with disdain, and was carried back to prison. The fair infidel was dreadfully afflicted at her disappointment. "The rose had lost his ensigns on her cheek," and "the lilly set his pale banners up." Manto, fearing this passion might prove of fatal consequence to her mistress, wrote her a letter in Argalia's name, in which he blamed himself for his first uncivil denial.

This had the desired effect—and joy,

> " On the wings
> Of airy hope (that wanton bird that sings
> As soon as fledg'd) advanc'd her to survey
> The dawning beauties of a long'd-for day."

Ammurah, her husband, unexpectedly making his appearance at this time, Janusa fainted, and the letter dropped from the bed. Ammurah hastened to question Manto on the subject of this letter, who, being taken by surprise, made a full confession. Under the pretext of unavoidable absence, Ammurah left home, but immediately returned, and was concealed by Manto in a closet, from which he could see into Janusa's room. Amidst all the fascinations of eastern luxury, Argalia was again introduced to the fair Janusa, and he again slighted the gilded pomp. Finding all her blandishments fruitless, she threw herself at his feet; and in this situation was surprised by her husband, who plunged his scymitar into her bosom. Struck with the virtue of Argalia, Ammurah gave him his signet to facilitate his escape —he then stabbed himself. Argalia having contrived to assemble the Christians in the Bassa's name, as if intended for execution, set them at liberty, recovered the city, and was chosen Prince by the Senate. A fleet was prepared, and the new-elected Prince departed on a voyage to some neighbouring powers to form alliances. They had not been long at sea before they saw two Christian galleons chased by a Turkish squadron. The Rhodian ships made towards the Turks, who, imagining them to be friends, from the crescent which they had hoisted, were not prepared for such an attack.

> " Sudden and swift
> As inundations, whose impetuous drift
> Swallows a sleeping city,"

did Argalia bear down upon the Turkish squadron—and with almost as much speed vanquished them. This timely assistance, it appeared, was afforded to Amindor, the young Prince of Cyprus, then on his way to the Spartan court to seek Pharonnida in marriage. Argalia accompanied him to Cleander's court, where the scars which he had received in his several recent encounters completely effected his object of remaining unknown. One day Amindor spoke so largely to the princess in his praise, that she requested to see him. Amindor accordingly took an opportunity of gratifying that wish—Argalia approached the princess with great emotion; but she did not recognize him, until the well-known jewel caught her eye.

> " But the rushing tide

O'erflows so much, that love's fresh rivers glide
Over sweet nature's banks."—

The Cyprian prince, seeing their confusion at having betrayed their mutual passion, generously resolved to sacrifice love to friendship, and offered them his assistance. Glad of the co-operation of so powerful a friend, they immediately began to contrive plans for their escape; "but fear doth oft untie the golden webs of fancy"—they had but slight hopes of deceiving the vigilance of her surly guardian. On the day on which a tournament takes place,

"The black-brow'd night, to court the drowsy world,
Had put her starry mantle on—and hurl'd
Into the sea (their spacious breasted mother)
Her dark attendants."——

Argalia, attended by Amindor, swam the fosse of the tower in which Pharonnida was confined: and after disposing of the sentries, made a vigorous attack upon the guards, in which the Cyprian prince was desperately wounded. The alarm was given; but whilst the citizens were hastening towards the castle, they were diverted by a fire which had broken out in the Cyprian's tent, and which was fast spreading over the whole city.

Meanwhile Argalia, favoured by the confusion produced by this event, made his way to the princess, and seizing a boat half hid amongst the willows, escaped with her.

The successful lovers having called for Florenza, who was then with her father, fled through 'untrod paths' until they reached a sequestered valley;

"Where every bough
Maintain'd a feather'd chorister to sing
Soft panegyrics, and the rude wings bring
Into a murmuring slumber, whilst the calm
Morn on each leaf did hang her liquid balm,
With an intent, before the next sun's birth,
To drop it in those wounds which the cleft earth
Receiv'd from's last day's beams."

They sat down near a ruined temple of Ceres, where

"With mournful majesty,
A heap of solitary ruins lie,
Half sepulchred in dust, the bankrupt heir
To prodigal antiquity. * * * * * * *
* * * * * The world's first man did woo
The blushing offspring of his side, the first

Unpractick virgin, with as great a thirst
Of blood as theirs, when in the safe defence
Of paradise, each act was innocence."
" Whilst she
Slept 'mongst the rose beds of security,
Exalted far above the gross mistakes
Of vulgar love—cloth'd in such thoughts as shakes
Ripe souls from out their husks of earth, to be
Pick'd up by angels, joy's stenography
In their embraces met."—

Danger drew near; the lovers were awakened from their sweet repose by the sudden approach of a band of robbers, whom they at first mistook for the king's troops, sent in search of them.

" Silence,
By rude noise banish'd from her solemn throne,
Did in a deep and hollow echo groan."—

Argalia attempted to defend himself; his sword broke, and he fell.

" Not the powerful prayer
Of her, whose voice had purified the air
To a seraphic excellence, the sweet
Heav'n-lov'd Pharonnida,"

could infuse pity into these rude inhabitants of the wilderness. The banditti carried off the two ladies, but left the wounded Argalia to his fate. After travelling some time they arrived at a barren rock, through which they descended into a golden valley, at the end whereof was what externally appeared a hill covered with ivy—but internally displayed a gorgeous palace hewn out of the living stone. On their entrance, the chieftain of the gang, who to their surprise and dismay was no other than Almanzor, appeared before them. He was equally surprised, and better pleased. Enraged at failing in all his attempts to regain the good opinion of the princess, he resolved to " mew the royal eaglet" and her companion in separate apartments. Having learned through his spies the name of their brave defender, and finding that the fear of personal ills could not subdue Pharonnida, he determined to try what her affection for Argalia would effect. In pursuance of this scheme, one night the curtains of her bed were withdrawn by a matronly lady, who is introduced in some lines, which breathe such a tender and solemn air, as might usher in some sainted abbess, who had arisen from her ashes, and re-assumed her human form.

XUM

"[Of] Grief from the sullen world conceal'd, to turn
The troubled stream—as if the silent urn
Of some dead friend, to private sorrow had
Summon'd her thither, enter'd was a sad
And sober matron; in her hand she bore
A light, whose feeble rays could scarce restore
The sick successor of the day unto
A cheerful smile. Sad pilgrims that renew
Acquaintance with their better angels by
Harsh penitence, have of humility
Less in their looks than she—her habits shew'd
Like costly ruins that their fashion ow'd
To elder pride."—

This semblance of virtue, having gained the confidence of Pharonnida, unfolded the object of her mission: which was, that Almanzor meant to make the possession of the princess's person the condition of his granting life to a wounded stranger, who now sent the very ring with which she had plighted her troth to Argalia, as a token that he released her from her vows.

"Pharonnida, whose fears confirm'd, did need
No more to wound a fancy that did bleed
At all the springs of passion, being by
The fatal present taught, whose liberty
Her love's exchange must purchase, with a sad
Reverse of th' eye beholding it, unclad
Her sorrow thus: 'And did, Oh did this come
By thy commands, Argalia? No; by some
Unworthy hand thou'rt robb'd of it—I know
Thou sooner would'st be tempted to let go
Reliques of thy protecting saint—Oh cease,
Whate'er you are, to wrong him; the calm peace
He wears t' encounter death in, cannot be
Scatter'd by any storm of fear. Would he,
That hath afforded death in ev'ry shape
Of horror, tamely yield unto the rape
Of 's virgin's honor, and not stand the shock
Of a base tyrant's anger? But I mock
My hopes with vain fantasmas; 'tis the love
He bears to me, carries his fear above
The orb of his own noble temper, to
An unknown world of passions, in whose new
Regions ambitious grown, it scorns to fall
Back to its centre, reason—whither all
The lines of action until now did bend

From's soul's circumference; yet know, his end,
If doom'd unto this cursed place, shall tell
The bloody tyrant that my passing-bell
Tolls in his dying groans, and will ere long
Ring out in death—if sorrow, when grown strong
As fate, can raise the strokes of grief above
The strength of nature; which if not, yet love
Will find a passage, where our souls shall rest
In an eternal union—whilst opprest
With horror, he by whose command he dies,
Falls to the eternal powers a sacrifice.
If that your pity were no fiction, to
Betray my feeble passions, and undo
The knots of resolution, tell my friend
I live but to die his, and will attend
Him with my pray'rs (those verbal angels) 'till
His soul's on the wing; then follow him, and fill
Those blanks our fate left in the lines of life
Up with eternal bliss, where no harsh strife
Of a dissenting parent shall destroy
The blooming springs of our conjugal joy.'"

Dreadful was the revenge meditated by the old hag and her master—in the dead silence of night, the princess was alarmed by the sound of groans "deep as death's alarms;" and through the grates of her prison beheld, by the faint rays of a lamp, a dying figure habited like her "gentle love;" immediately afterwards a band of ruffians entered her apartment, and hurried her into the place where this unfortunate person was entombed,

"Whom she must embrace
In death's dark lodgings; and ere life was fled,
Remain a sad companion of the dead—
Confining beauty, in youth's glorious bloom,
To the black prison of a dismal tomb,
Where fast enclos'd, earth's fairest blossom must
Unnaturally be planted in the dust;
Where life's bright star, heav'n's glorious influence,
Her soul, in labour with the slow suspense
Of lingering torments, must expecting lie
'Till famine nature's ligatures untie."—

For almost a whole day Pharonnida remained a living tenant of the grave, when two prisoners, confined in the next dungeon, seeing through a chink in the wall, the lamp suspended over the tomb, forced their way to it, in hopes of escape—

their farther progress was stopped, and as they were about to return, they were arrested by a deep groan. After a pious adjuration, the unfortunate lady exclaimed, that she was there entombed alive.

> "My spirit were
> Blest if resolv'd to air; but here it must
> A sad companion, in the silent dust,
> To loath'd corruption be, until the pale
> Approaching fiend, harsh famine, shall exhale
> In dews of blood, the purple moisture, that
> Fed life's fresh springs."

The two prisoners attempted to release her, but their efforts were fruitless—the ponderous marble over the tomb was not to be removed. Whilst they were thus engaged, the old woman and her gang entered the sepulchre to see how their work proceeded—the former was seized by one of the prisoners, and her coadjutors disposed of by the other. In order to save her life, the woman directed them to a spring, by touching which the tomb flew open, and Euriolus (for it was he and his friend Ismander) in amazement beheld the princess—they compelled the old woman to point out the prison of Florenza, whom they liberated; and putting the old gentlewoman in the princess's place, they seized some horses, fled the castle, and soon arrived at the hospitable mansion of Ismander. The story now returns to the wounded Argalia, who was found by a monk, whose assistance Argalia's page had besought, struggling with death—

> ———"Whilst his dim eyes,
> Like a spent lamp, which, ere its weak flame dies,
> In giddy blazes glares, as if his soul
> Were at those casements flying out, did roll
> Swifter than thought, their blood-shot orbs, his hands
> Did with death's agues tremble—cold dew stands
> Upon his clammy lips."

Being removed to a monastery, he was soon cured of his wounds. The attention of a monk, who had been one day dressing his wounds, was casually attracted by the jewel suspended on Argalia's neck, and knowing the matchless gem, he discovered, on enquiry, that the owner was the son of his old master, the king of Ætolia. From him, Argalia first learned the secret of his birth: the account given by the monk was as follows: The town of Enna, in which the Ætolian king had taken refuge, having been besieged and captured by his rebellious subjects, he fled with his infant son, (in childbed of whom the queen had died,) accompanied only by a faithful counsellor,

(the friar) and left his son with the cottagers, as before related. The king and his friend retired to the monastery, where, after having reposed for a long time, the king called to mind a vow he had formerly made of a pilgrimage to the town of Enna. Accompanied by the monk he accordingly set off, and arriving near the town, sought protection in an adjacent monastery, where he was recognized by an old minister. By him he was informed of the state of his kingdom, and that the people having expressed a desire to see the old line restored, the usurper, Zarrobrin, had brought forward a pretended son of his. The king having been persuaded to appear once more in the world, an army was raised to support his rights—a battle was fought—he was conquered, and taken prisoner by the usurper, and at that time remained in prison. To confirm this story, the monk opened the jewel by a secret spring, and shewed Argalia the picture of his father.

Pharonnida, not being able to learn any tidings of her lover, had formed the resolution of retiring to a monastery, near Ismander's palace: thither she was escorted by her friends in solemn procession; and the ceremonies of profession were not gone through before

> "The day was, on the glittering wings of light,
> Fled to the western world, and swarthy night
> On her black empire thron'd."—

As the princess was pronouncing the last confirming vow, a troop of armed men entered, and seized her and Florenza. Pharonnida was placed in a litter, and in this manner was conveyed, with the greatest speed, and in the most profound silence, to her father's capital. The author of this outrage the princess had found out to be Almanzor, who, now apparelled as a hermit, conducted her through the city to the king's palace. The chief, by his reverend appearance, gained an unquestioned entrance to the king; and having persuaded him that he had converted the wild bandits to obedience, he began, in language whose emollient smoothness gained easy credence, to frame a petition in favour of a distressed damsel, whom he had brought with him, and in whom the king discovered his loved and long-sought daughter. Almanzor, thinking this a favourable opportunity, discovered himself, and not only obtained pardon, but rose to higher favour and honours than before his rebellion.

During these transactions, Argalia had proceeded to the confines of Ætolia, and offered his services to Zarrobrin, who was then at war with the Epirots. By the usurper (to whom his name was a sufficient welcome) he was received with respect, and entrusted with the command of a choice troop of horse. In a skirmish between two out-parties, Euriolus was taken pri-

soner by Argalia, who had long been the object of his search, and to whom he related what had happened to Pharonnida until she took refuge in the monastery.

Zarrobrin, with the assistance of his new commander, soon triumphed over the Epirots. Dissatisfaction at his government, however, still prevailed, and in order to suppress it, he determined to put the old king to death, and this too under the colour of justice. He was brought to a mock trial, which terminated in his being condemned to death: but as they were about to carry the sentence into execution, Argalia rushed upon the scaffold and rescued him; the foreign troops, under the command of Argalia, in the meanwhile seized and secured Zarrobrin and his friends. Argalia having explained to the people the cause of his apparent breach of their laws, the relation was supported by the friar, who had been the companion of the king in his flight, and was confirmed by the production of the jewel. Zarrobrin was brought to trial, but the people, impatient of delay, tore him and the supposed son of the king to pieces, and exterminated all that were allied to him. The king relinquished the crown in favour of his son, and soon after died.

Euriolus, whom Argalia had sent to free Pharonnida from her religious captivity, on learning what had subsequently happened, proceeded to her father's capital; and on his return, Argalia determined to send ambassadors, to demand her in marriage. The ambassadors having been received with great disrespect by the Spartan monarch, quitted the court with indignation.

To gain the approbation of the king, who breathed nothing but war against Argalia, Zoranza raised an army, and, in conjunction with the Spartan troops, commanded by Almanzor, carried on the war with various success;—before, however, a final effort was made to crush Argalia, old Cleander resolved to unite his daughter to Zoranza. Amindor, who had all along opposed the violent measures taken against Argalia, concerted a plan for the escape of the Princess in disguise, accompanied by Euriolus and Florenza;—the plan was overheard by Amphibia, and revealed to Almanzor, who was already forming schemes to prevent the intended union.

It happened that at this time the King was visited by an old complaint, for the cure of which there was but one specific, and that known only to Pharonnida, to whom an aged friar, who had applied it until the time of his death, had communicated the secret of its composition—this cordial the Princess prepared as usual, and gave to Amphibia to take to her father. Almanzor, having prevailed upon Amphibia to mix poison with the potion, pretended he was going to join the army, but secretly returned

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with a confidant to the cave, where Amindor had deposited the disguises for the intended flight. Almanzor and his attendant, having put on two of the male habiliments, concealed themselves near a walk frequented by Zoranza, who presently came with one of his train, to take his accustomed exercise; Almanzor rushed upon and assassinated the Prince, and severely wounded his attendant; he then returned to the cave, put off and replaced his disguise, and fled to the army.

On the morning of the expected nuptials, the lifeless body of Zoranza having been found, one of the noblemen, more eager than the rest, hurried to the chamber of the King, to communicate the intelligence, and with horror beheld a corpse,

> ——— Which form, whose heavenly art
> Tunes motion into the faculties of life,
> Had now forsook."——

The absence of the Princess being at the same time discovered, Almanzor was sent for to assist in the choice of a person, to fill the vacant throne. The physicians having investigated and reported the King's death to have been caused by poison, and suspicion arising of its having been administered in the cordial, Almanzor hastened to the cave appointed for the first retreat of Pharonnida and her friends, surprised and brought them before the judicial authorities, to take their trial for the double murder of the King and Zoranza. A curtain was withdrawn, displaying the two dead bodies, the sight of which was too much for Pharonnida—and she fainted. The habits in which the murderers of Zoranza were disguised, being proved by the wounded Epirot lord to be the same as the male prisoners now wore, they were all sentenced to die, unless a champion should, within twenty days, appear on their behalf, and vanquish Almanzor in single combat.

Before the court rose, the Princess made a dignified, but fruitless appeal in favour of the Cyprian Prince, although she disdained to ask a subject's mercy for herself.—Almanzor thinking Argalia might appear as the champion of Pharonnida, contrived to heighten the colouring of her supposed crime, which soon reached Argalia, with "such doubtful circumstances as shook his noble soul."—Confirmed as these circumstances were, by the messengers he had sent to Corinth, his passion had

> "near unclad
> His soul of all its robes of flesh:"—
> "Could earth e'er conquer, or had it within
> The power of whatsoe'er is mortal, been
> T' have wrought disorders of amazement, where

The noble soul such true consent did bear
With the harmonious angels, (he in all
His acts like them appears, or, ere his fall,
Perhaps like man, that he could only be
Distinguish'd from some hallow'd hierarchy,
By being cloth'd in the specific veil
Of flesh and blood,) this grief might then prevail
Over his perfect temper, but he bears
These weights as if unfelt—on his soul wears
The sable robes of sorrow, whilst his cheek
Is dress'd in scarlet smiles—no frown his sleek
And even front contracts, like to a slow
And quiet stream, his obscur'd thoughts did flow,
With greater depths, than could be fathom'd by
The beamy lines of a judicious eye."

Notwithstanding the situation of his kingdom, and the opposition of his council, Argalia formed the resolution of rescuing Pharonnida—and selecting some veteran troops, he forced a passage through the army by which he was invested, and threw them into such confusion as promised an early raising of the siege. On his arrival at the Monastery, where he had formerly been so kindly succoured, he retired with his friend the Friar, by whose dispassionate advice he was persuaded to visit the prisoners with him, in the character of a confessor.

The Friar applied himself to Amindor, Argalia to Pharonnida, (at the sight of whom he is nigh forgetting his priestly office) and having "read the sad story of her life," was satisfied of her innocence. Throwing off his monastic robes with

"Near as much speed
As incorporeal substances, that need
But will for motion,"

he appeared in the lists—Almanzor was vanquished.—The innocence of the prisoners being established by the confession of the vanquished champion, Argalia, as the choice of the princess, was elected king of the Morea, and, at the same time, received the crown of Epirus.

We have, in the above abstract of the poem, attempted to give the reader some idea of the spirit and poetry of the original. All attempts of this kind must necessarily be in some measure imperfect. If, however, we have succeeded in exciting his interest in favour of this beautifully planned poem, we shall be abundantly rewarded. It may be proper, however, to notice a few of its most glaring defects, in addition to those already

mentioned. The author lays the scene at one time in Greece, and at another in Sicily; and with a strange and whimsical forgetfulness describes the king's capital as being at one moment in the Morea, and in the next, without the least warning, we find it placed in the island; thus he transports us from one to the other, with the most ludicrous gravity and unconcern. The confusion occasioned by this ubiquity of his dramatis personæ, may be easily conceived. Ariamnes is indifferently designated by that name, and by the name of Aminander, and we learn towards the conclusion of the poem, rather abruptly, and with some surprize, for the first time, that the king of the Morea is called Cleander. We shall content ourselves with these specimens, without pointing out other inaccuracies and instances of pedantry which are to be found in the work; but, with all its defects, we should be sorry to see it continue in unmerited neglect; for we think that, under the superintendance of a judicious editor, it might be reprinted with advantage, and would add one more to the many enjoyments of the lover of the most delightful of all arts.

ART. IV. *Danielis Heinsii Poemata. Ex Officina Joannis Janssonii.* 1649. 24mo. pp. 666.

The age of modern Latin poetry, as of prose, is now past. There was a time when the languages of modern Europe were little more than the languages of conversation, and when their yet unformed and unrefined state rendered them but ill adapted to the enunciation of abstract truths, the embodying of the suggestions of imagination, or the preservation of historical facts. It was natural in such a state of things, that all which deserved the name of polite literature should be written in the only language, then understood, which was capable of transmitting it; the language of religion, the language of the last eminent literary nation, and the language, more or less, of those former inhabitants of the European countries, from whom the barbarian invaders received their civilization. In the course of ages, however, from a variety of causes, these noble dialects gradually developed their native powers, and finally became to their respective nations what the Greek and Latin had been to the people of antiquity—the medium of intercourse between cultivated minds, the vehicles of controversy, the records of past and present events, the propagators of opinion, and the moulds in which the visible forms of imagination were cast. In proportion as this great change unfolded itself, the use and importance of the Latin, as a written tongue, of course declined.

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It was not to be supposed, however, that this revolution could take place immediately or simultaneously. The use of the native dialects could only be established gradually; and some of them would remain in their uncultivated state longer than others. The epoch, moreover, of this revolution (an epoch more fruitful than any other in great events) was also that in which the talents of mankind, from causes on which it is needless to speculate, began to develope themselves more freely and favourably than during many preceding centuries; and among others, the faculty of poetry. That modern Latin poetry should partake, in a minor degree, of the genial influence which had descended upon all the branches of science and literature, was but natural. Italy accordingly leading the way, the nations of Europe swarmed with a generation of Latin poets, as numerous, perhaps, as those of the ages of Augustus and Trajan. Cardinals and reformers, statesmen and scholars, disported themselves in heroics, elegiacs, sapphics, iambics, and hendecasyllabics; the doctrines of natural philosophy were embodied in didactic poems, theological triumphs were celebrated in verse, the historical facts of Scripture formed the ground-work of epics and tragedies, the animosities of hostile critics vented themselves in satire, and the births and marriages of princes, and the great events of the age, regularly called forth a tribute of classical dolour or exultation. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries may be esteemed the great age of modern Latin poetry. Its cultivation, through causes which will easily suggest themselves to the reader, has declined; and while England and France, Holland, Italy, and Scandinavia, send forth poets, historians, philosophers, and theologians, in their native languages, Latin prose has become, in a great measure, confined to the commentaries and treatises of classical scholars, and Latin verse to prize poems and school exercises.

We do not intend here to speculate either upon the causes or the consequences of this decadence. That Latin composition will cease to be cultivated in the modern nations of Europe, we do not apprehend; circumstances appear to render it impossible; and certainly it would not be desirable. But we have no time to dwell on the various topics which the subject suggests to us.

Daniel Heinsius, best known as a critic, was, in his own time, of no small repute as a Latin poet. He was acquainted with many, or most, of the great scholars of his time; and the small closely printed volume, containing his poems, has, at the end, by way of colophon, a gay pendant of laudatory verses by the Grotiuses, Dousas, and Scaligers, of that age. He imitated almost all the Latin poets in turn, and seems more formed for a kind of free imitation than for original composition. His ex-

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cellence consists in a small, but visible, portion of talent, which pervades his verses, and gives to their best parts a pleasing and equable, though never a surpassing beauty. Like some others, he seems every now and then, to be for a moment on the verge of excellence, but disappoints the reader by forthwith sinking. There is a sprinkling of individual feeling in some of his pieces, which makes them not uninteresting.

His largest work is a didactic poem, in four books, "De Contemptu Mortis." The subject was a noble one, and it has in some degree elevated the writer. A solemnity pervades his expositions of the Platonic and the Christian tenets, concerning death and the soul, which operates as a charm to those who are sensible to the grandeur of the subject.

The following lines, on the exalted nature of the soul, may be quoted as a fair specimen.

> "Ergo, non stellarum orbes, non lucidus æther,
> Nec Lunæ albentes radii, aut Titanius orbis,
> Quamquam igni illustris formoso ac cornibus aureis,
> Et picturatum toties decurrit Olympum,
> Quantum animus, possunt, nec se illi aut sedula tellus
> Audeat, aut vasti facies componere ponti.
> Nec verò, immensus quanquam in se vertitur orbis
> Ætheris aurati, terramque amplectitur omnem,
> Quamquam tot populos urbisque ingentibus ulnis
> Continet, includit meditantem assurgere, supra
> Cœlum omne, & proprium naturæ accedere fontem,
> Æternum cœli regem, vitæque parentem.
> Præcipue, quoties altæ penetralia mentis
> Ascendit, quoties in se divertitur ipse,
> Aversatus opum splendorem, & commoda vitæ,
> Et quos ambitio mendax suspirat honores." p. 264.

The first lines of the following passage remind us strongly of a description of Young:

> "Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
> In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
> Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
> Silence, how dead; and darkness, how profound!
> Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;
> Creation sleeps," &c.

> "Nonne vides, quoties nox circumfunditur atra
> Immensi terga Oceani terramque polumque.

Cum rerum obduxit species obnubilus aër,
Nec fragor impulsas aut vox allabitur aures,
Ut nullo intuitu mens jam defixa, recedit
In sese, & vires intra se colligit omnes?
Ut magno hospitio potitur, seque excipit ipsa
Totam intus: ceu jussa Deûm discumbere mensis.
Nam neque sic illam solido de marmore tecta,
Nec cum porticibus capiunt laquearia centum
Aurea, tot distincta locis, tot regibus apta,
Quæsitæque epulæ, Tyrioque instructus ab ostro:
Ut gaudet sibi juncta, sibique intenditur ipsa,
Ipsa sibi tota incumbens, totamque pererrans,
Immensa, immensam spatio, longeque patentem.
Seu dulces inter latebras Heliconis amœni,
Et sacram Phœbi nemorum divertitur umbram,
Fœcundum pleno exercens sub pectore numen:
Seu magno qui jam in populo dicturus, inerteis
Explorat voces, & verba decentia nectit,
Cuncta animo sæpe explorans, cuncta ante pererans,
Quam linguæ temere officio committit, & oris.
Seu causas rerum occultas & semina volvit,
Et queis fœderibus conspiret maximus æther,
Neptunusque pater, tellusque, atque omnia gignant:
Siccaque concurrant liquidis, frigentibus ignea,
Quæ nunquam passa interitum volvuntur eodem
Ex aliis: eademque manent, mutataque surgunt,
Sive altum virtutis iter subducit, & almas
Molitur leges, queis fortunata juventus
Pareat, ac pace imperium tutetur & armis."

The same book (the first) contains a happy imitation of Virgil's "Primus ego," &c.

"Hoc opus, illustres animæ, dum corpore clausæ
Degitis, exercete, hoc jam considite portu,
Huc versam pelago è medio subducite puppim:
Heic supra populorum undas, & inertia vota,
Et regum solia, & dominorum assuescite sceptra,
Ire viam, terræ ignotam, & mortalibus ægris.
Primus ego, magna ingrediens sacraria vates,
Arboribus clausa, & circum obnubentibus umbris,
Aoniam qua nulla notant vestigia rupem,
Instituam lustrare animos rationis egentes,
Et secum exortam cœlo secedere mentem,
Præcipiam, licet in media tellure vagantem.

Atque heic depictæ facies in limine primo
Astabunt, fractis immanes cornibus amnes,
Cocytus, tristisque ardor Phlegethontis avari,
Et leti tremor, & nigri vis pallida leti.
Tum pulchri quæcunque animos sub nomine ducunt
Intexam, dum vita manet, dum corpus inane
Volvimus & primo ignari deflectimus ortu;
Clari ingens operis vixque enarrabile textum."

The following description of Paradise is from Book IV.

" Illic sub tremulis argutæ frondibus auræ
Assidue suspirabant, & odoriferum ver
Spargebat tellus, spargebat lacteus aër.
In medio, fons purus aquæ, niveæque videri
Crystallo similis, formoso natus in horto;
Quatuor hinc totas atque hinc obeuntia terras,
Flumina fundebat, latis solatia campis.
Quippe illinc, musco virides, interque lapillis
Distincti niveis, certabant currere rivi,
Et tutos summo suadere in margine somnos.
Quorum temperie madidasque aspergine ripas,
Herbarum partu assiduo ridere putares.
Ridebant ripæ, ridebat roscida tellus.
Nec pictæ florum facies, cantusque volucrum,
Usquam aberant, vallesque cavæ, collesque supini.
Ipsi autem, nullo contacti corda dolore,
Et vacui curarum, aut circum in gramine læto
Plaudebant choreas, aut fontes propter opacos,
Ignaros operum condebant carmine soles:
Aut rerum perculsi animo novitate, recentem
Naturæ genium, & magni primordia mundi,
Lustrabant, pictosque oculos flammantis Olympi:
Quotque dies, tanto surgentem corpore Solem,
Quantus cœlo ardet, flagrantem lampada, volvens
Per spatium mundi immensum, vultumque comantem.
Necnon & terras animalia sparsa per omnes
Tum primum, primaque omnes ab origine causas.
At nimbos segetum, quos terra inculta ferebat,
Ambrosiæ tinctos succo & vitalibus auris,
Afflabant Zephyri errantes, messemque perennem,
Non sulco genitam, non curvæ falcis egentem,
Et sponte ex ipso manabant aëre mella." p. 325.

The work concludes with an address to Christ, which we will extract.

" Nam quamquam neque Tarpeias bellator ad acres
Ibis ovans, procul augusto comitante Senatu,
Murali neque tormento Mavortia rumpes
Mœnia, nec clusas perrumpes ariete portas:
At raucum tonitru, quo fractus dissilit orbis
Terrarum pontusque tuum est. Tu, ardentibus astris
Transfixum, multo percurris fulmine mundum.
At Boreas tibi servit, at igni armatus & auro
Orion. At Pleïades, septemque Triones,
Nocte atra, sedesque tuas & limina servant.
At vero quacunque pedum vestigia figes,
At tua perculsi cessabunt nomina morbi,
Et cœco Pluton animas dimittet Averno.
At te, terribilis lethi Ditisque potentem,
Aërias equitantem auras, nubesque secantem,
Circum acies fusa aligerûm, atque exercitus omnis
Cœlorum, qui nascenti se junxerat ante,
Æterna evectum Capitoli in sede locabit.
Excipietque iterum venientem, & nube serena
Fulgentem, nostrosque humeros, nostrosque lacertos.
Tum, simul horrisono fremitu tua buccina Gangen
Percurret gelidamque Helicen, mors tota remittet
Pallentes populos, & dulci luce carentes.
Salve autor, salve omnipotens, qui sanguine nobis
Effuso patriam peperisti, & munera vitæ.
Salve ingens lethi domitor: quem corpore toto,
Tertia lux nigris venientem excepit ab umbris.
Continuo fractam senserunt omnia mortem,
Jamque triumphatum penitus penitusque subactum
Audacem colubrum, morti qui vincula primus
Laxavit, totumque Erebo dimisit in orbem.
Hinc, lethi immemores, venturo incumbimus ævo,
Et vitæ egressi tenebris, donamur Olympo." p. 330.

His minor poems present a variety of metres and subjects, through part of which alone we have made our way—a book of satires in iambic metre, several books of elegies, poems on the nuptials of Grotius, the death of Turnebus, &c. &c. &c. The following ode is a pleasing imitation of Horace.

Ad Reinerum Bontium, amicorum suavissimum, hospitem suum, discessurus: invidiam pasci in vivos, mortuis parcere.

" Jam ter benignum ver aperit caput,
Et ter nivali sidere Jupiter
Decussit arbustis honorem,
Et viridem foliis juventam;

Ex quo beatis otia ducimus
Inscripta Musis, optime Reineri,
Et dura curarum perosi, et
Carnifices animi dolores.
Sæpe innocenti lætitia diem
Et non severi munera Liberi
Traxisse tecum, sæpe totas
Dulcibus eloquiis recordor
Junxisse noctes; candidus ingenî,
Et si quam amica fata dabunt viam,
Nec inclytæ pulchræque laudis,
Nec decoris moriturus expers.
Sed livor altis ceu comes additus
Incumbit ausis, nec timet igneas
Tentare victurasque mentes,
Dum superest, patiturque cerni
Mortale corpus. Mox ubi corpori
Tardo superstes spiritus, æthera
Perrupit, & victrix sepulchri
Calcat humum, populosque fama
Volat per omnes; stat procul & premit
Os turpe vulgus: nec tumulum petit,
Nec tangit æternos honores,
Et cinerem prope consecratum,
Favetque rapto. Sic Semeles puer
Sævam Lycurgi sustinuit manum;
Sic magnus Alceides, supremum
Comperit invidiam domari
Non ante bustum. Mors rabiem domat,
Redditque seris præmia manibus
Non ante concessura vivo
Gloria, quod dabit interempto.
Hic ordo rerum est. Non ego quem vides,
Amice Bonti, dedecus aut pudor
Egisse sub tectis iisdem
Arguar, aut male notus hospes.
Seu me beatum Socraticæ ferent
Vixisse chartæ, seu tibi credita
Stagira, seu duri Cleanthis
Porticus, & rigidi Catonis:
Seu diva Golgon quæ colit & Paphon,
Olim juventæ pars melior meæ,
Transmittet in seros nepotes
Innocuum lepidumque nomen;
Seu quicquid olim moliar arduum,

Phœbi sacerdos immeritus mori:
Nec Tænarum post fata & urnam,
Nec tacitum subiturus amnem.
Non si trecentis invida sibilis
Attollat ora imbellis inertia,
Quam vertere in se cogit arma
Impatiens popularis auræ
Laudumque virtus; consilii tenax,
Solamque honesti currere semitam
Persuasa: nec cessura retro
Plebis ad arbitrium volentis.
At tu, nihil quo candidius polum,
Pulchramque Phœbi conspicit orbitam,
Quem fata disjungunt dolentem,
Pectore constituas amicum.
Nec auspicati fœderis immemor,
Ventis amorem trade rapacibus,
Quem posteri discent, nec uno
Fama loquax celebrabit ævo.
Hac lege, mensam sæpe sub ultimam,
Cum vina regnant, totaque mens patet,
Infunde crateræ capaci
Dulcis amicitiæ liquorem.

The preceding ode, in praise of Venice, begins majestically.

" Diva, quam cœlo generatus alto
Trous Antenor, patriæ superstes
Fixit, æternamque dedit profundo incumbere ponto."

The following description of Hugo Grotius's first love may amuse the reader.

" Ille inscius ora,
Et risus faciles, nec duram in virgine formam,
Diligit, incipiens, & adhuc securus amorum;
Nollet abesse tamen. Batavis discedere certa est
Finibus, & rursus patrias defurtur in oras.
Aspicit absentem, totusque in imagine formæ
Vertitur, & ventos animo metitur & undas.
Paulatim gemitus, paulatim vota sequuntur,
Et quicquid plebs læsa solet. Mox carmina manant,
Et doctæ lachrimæ: lachrimæ de vulnere manant,
Victurusque dolor. Sic quondam Cous & Umber,

Et si quem Veneri læsum dilexit Apollo,
Quisque suas seros lachrimas dimisit in annos.
Ergo omnes Mariæ complentur nomine ceræ,
Felicem tabulæ, Mariam chartæque loquuntur.
Cœperat infelix majores volvere curas,
Et Tragicos tentare modos: ter pulpita Cypris
Fregit, & audaces fluxerunt crinibus hydri,
Delapsisque hederis frontem mitissima myrtus
Circuit, & Paphiæ velarunt tempora vittæ.
Ah quoties mœstos ad læta negocia vultus
Transtulit, & cœcos celando prodidit ignes,
Ardoresque suos turbataque civibus ora,
Et gestus quos suasit Amor! jam displicet illi
Si quæ visa fuit reliquis præstantior olim,
Et formæ subeunt fastidia. Vota relinquunt
Finitimas urbes, patriæque excedit imago
Sensibus attonitis. Pelago mens errat, & undæ
Fluctibus abripitur, propriosque in pectore versat."

We conclude with a short "*elegia,*" and a copy of Greek verses on a whimsical subject.

" Divini saltus, & saltibus æmula ripa,
Fessarum sedes humida Naïadum,
Et lauri fragiles, & quæ superimpendentes
Solis oberrantes excipitis radios
Intonsæ myrti; quæque alto è culmine lapsa
Innocuo serpis murmure, lenis aqua;
Heinsius has vobis, si quicquam dulce putatis,
Exuvias vestris pendit ab arboribus,
Hanc zonam, strophiumque, laboratamque corollam,
Quam mea lux manibus texuit ipsa suis,
Collapsam de temporibus, cum forte, sub illa
Arbore, jucundis compositam violis
Grata quies blando deceperat illice vento,
Et nunquam tacitæ garrulus humor aquæ.
Quam Zephyrus lentis pendentem assibilet alis,
Et tepidis tingat humida nox lachrymis,
Mane novo: cum sideribus jam pene peractis
Lucifer Eoo fulgurat in thalamo.
Quod si forte suos huc verterit improba vultus,
Atque iterum vestris occubet in foliis,
Dulci victa sopore, & euntis murmure rivi;
Depositum præsto sentiat esse suum.
Vos critis testes, Zephyrus pater, auraque fontis.
Perfidiæ testes non decet esse Deos."

" *In pulices & culices à se interfectos, cum ab iis totam noctem Swindrechti exagitatus esset.*

Ἐνθάδε κωνώπεσσιν ὅλην τὴν νύκτα παλαίων
Ψύλλαις τ' ἀγχιμάχοις εὗδε ποθ' Εἰνσιάδης·
Αὐτὰρ ἀνιστάμενος συγερῆς ἐξ ὄρθριος ευνῆς,
Πολλὰς εὗρεν ἐπ' χειρὶ κατακταμένας.
Περσεφόνη, σὺ δὲ δέξαι ἀναρσια φῦλα καμόντων,
Νυκτιλάλας, ὕπνων ἡμετέρων φθορέας."

ART. V. *Poems, by the Rev.* James Hurdis, *D. D. late Fellow of* Magdalen *College, and Professor of Poetry in the University of* Oxford*.

The appearance of Cowper in English poetry, was one of those literary phenomena which betoken the approach of a new age. The taste of the public mind, and the employment of the poetical talent of Britain, had for some time been gradually, and almost unconsciously, from causes upon which we will not here speculate, assuming a new direction; old tastes and prepossessions were melting away; and a poet of eminent abilities only was wanting, to break down formally the barriers of prejudice, and to sign, as it were, the warrant by which coming geniuses might be authorised to develope themselves in a different manner from their predecessors. Cowper has perhaps as good a title as any other writer to the distinction mentioned. His great contemporary Burns may have had much more eventual influence on the poetry of the succeeding generation; but that of Cowper was more ostensible, and, if we may so speak, more palpable. He was not the originator of the present age of poetry; but he was the morning-star which preceded its rising. The delightful freedom of his manner, so acceptable to those who had long been accustomed to a poetical school of which the radical fault was constraint; his noble and tender morality; his fervent piety; his glowing and well expressed patriotism; his descriptions, unparalleled in vividness and accuracy since Thomson; his playful humour, and his powerful satire; the skilful construction of his verse, at least in *The Task*, and the refreshing variety of that fascinating poem,—altogether conspired to render him highly popular, both among the multitude of common readers, and among

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* Our extracts are made from a collected edition of his works, published at the Oxford University Press.

those who, possessed of poetical powers themselves, were capable of more intimately appreciating those of a real poet. Even his faults were not, perhaps, without effect; the somewhat tasteless manner in which he occasionally introduces theological discussion, might gratify a few worthy religionists, who, pleased to see the truths which they perhaps justly hold dear, occupying an honourable place in a collection of fashionable poetry, overlooked the unseasonableness of their introduction: his partial asperity, and coarseness of satire, possessed a recommendation for some minds, which the writer never intended; and the slight human tinge of party-politics, which mingled itself with his noble common-places of patriotism, and his sketches of existing manners, was exactly accommodated to the prevailing opinions of the day. His more obvious and his more recondite merits, conspired alike to make him popular; and thus recommended, it is not wonderful that his writings became the text-book of the patriot, as well as the Christian, and the precursors of a new æra of poetry.

It was natural that success like his should attract imitators; and there was something in the freshness and apparent ease of his manner, which tempted imitation. Among the most successful of his followers, is to be enumerated the subject of the present article; a poet resembling him partially in genius, and more in disposition; and who, though not a mere imitator of his illustrious friend (no man of genius was ever a mere imitator), had yet imbibed so much of his manner and spirit, as to entitle him, without much inaccuracy, to the title of a disciple of Cowper.

The poem by which he is best known, and which is among the most characteristic of his talents and his manner, his beauties and defects, is *The Village Curate*. This piece embraces a description of the pursuits and amusements of the retired pastor throughout the year. It is in fact a portrait of his own life, in his happy seclusion as a curate, surrounded by the beauties of nature, and blessed in the society of an amiable family of sisters. The matter is composed of lively description, and animated sentiment; the style, with much wilful and fore-purposed prose, contains a sufficiency of vigour, and a frequent "curiosa felicitas," which has a pleasing effect. His resemblances to Cowper are more visible here than in some of his other works. Far inferior to his master in genius, he yet has some of his power, and much of his accuracy of painting, together with a playfulness resembling his, and an elevation, and a kindliness of sentiment, which reminds us irresistibly of *The Task*. The constitutional melancholy, which, though it seldom or never taints Cowper's feelings, as expressed in his poetry, frequently shews itself through them, finds no place in Hurdis; there is a

gentle and cheerful, as well as a courteous spirit, diffused through his poem, which is unfailingly agreeable. On the other hand, his religion is less defined, and his piety (if we may say so without unkindness toward so benevolent a spirit) apparently less *Christian;* and we can fancy that we see a certain want of seriousness and grandeur in his sentiments, when compared to those of the remarkable writer with whom we have associated him.

Of *The Village Curate,* as it is better known than any of his other productions, we will only give one or two specimens. The following is the exordium of the second part.

> " Ye gentle Pow'rs, (if any such there be,
> And, if there be not, 'tis a sweet mistake
> To think there be) that day by day, unseen,
> Where souls, unanimous and link'd in love,
> In sober converse spend the vacant hour,
> Hover above, and in the cup of life
> A cordial pour which all its bitter drowns,
> And gives the hasty minutes as they pass
> Unwonted fragrance; come and aid my song.
> In that clear fountain of eternal love
> Which flows for aye at the right hand of him,
> The great Incomprehensible ye serve,
> Dip my advent'rous pen, that nothing vile,
> Of the chaste eye or ear unworthy, may
> In this my early song be seen or heard."

The subjoined address to the nightingale is from the same section.

> —— " Now I steal along the woody lane,
> To hear thy song so various, gentle bird,
> Sweet queen of night, transporting Philomel.
> I name thee not to give my feeble line
> A grace else wanted, for I love thy song,
> And often have I stood to hear it sung,
> When the clear moon, with Cytherean smile
> Emerging from an eastern cloud, has shot
> A look of pure benevolence and joy
> Into the heart of night. Yes, I have stood
> And mark'd thy varied note, and frequent pause,
> Thy brisk and melancholy mood, with soul
> Sincerely pleas'd. And O, methought, no note
> Can equal thine, sweet bird, of all that sing
> How easily the chief! Yet have I heard
> What pleases me still more—the human voice

In serious sweetness flowing from the heart
Of unaffected woman. I could hark
Till the round world dissolv'd, to the pure strain
Love teaches, gentle modesty inspires."

Our last extract immediately follows a description of the employments of the "garden-loving maid," intended for his favourite sister Catharine.

" In such a silent, cool, and wholesome hour,
The author of the world from heaven came
To walk in Paradise, well pleas'd to mark
The harmless deeds of new-created man.
And sure the silent, cool, and wholesome hour
May still delight him, our atonement made.
Who knows but as we walk he walks unseen,
And sees, and well approves, the cheerful talk
The fair one loves. He breathes upon the pink,
And gives it odour; touches the sweet rose,
And makes it glow; beckons the evening dew,
And sheds it on the lupin and the pea:
Then smiles on her, and beautifies her cheek
With gay good humour, happiness, and health.
So all are passing sweet, and the young Eve
Feels all her pains rewarded, all her joys
Perfect and unimpair'd. But who can love,
Of heav'nly temper, to frequent your walks,
Ye fashion-loving belles? The human soul
Your pestilent amusements hates; how then
Shall he approve, who cannot look on guilt?

The second poem in the same volume is of a narrative description, and entitled *Adriano, or the first of June*. It is perhaps (not even excepting his tragedy, which will be noticed afterwards), the most eccentric of all his poems. The peculiarity alluded to consists in the fearless admixture of *prose* ideas, circumstances, and expressions, with poetical ones. The fault (so far as it is a fault) is, not that his images and descriptions are familiar, but that they are *too* familiar for poetry. Still it is a truly pleasing composition—we ourselves, at least, have not spent many half hours more agreeably than that which we past in its perusal. The story need not be detailed—suffice to say, that the prominent events are a birth-day, a wreck, two rescues, the annunciation of a legacy, and a couple of weddings, (with the anticipation of a third,) all occurring within the space of one day, and for the most part delightfully told in the semi-

colloquial manner of the writer, with the occasional interposition of long moral discussions in the form of dialogue. We give one specimen, descriptive of the feelings of the dramatis personæ on a supposed domestic calamity.

> " O grief, thou blessing and thou curse, how fair,
> How charming, art thou, sitting thus in state
> Upon the eyelid of ingenuous youth,
> Wat'ring the roses of a healthful cheek
> With dews of silver! O for Lely's art,
> To touch the canvas with a tender hand,
> And give a faithful portrait of thy charms,
> Seen through the veil of grief, sweet maid, Sophia.
> O for the pen of Milton, to describe
> Thy winning sadness, thy subduing sigh,
> Gentle Maria; to describe thy pains,
> Assiduous Fred'rick, to alleviate grief,
> And hang a smile upon thy Anna's brow;
> To paint the sweet composure of thy looks,
> Experienc'd Adriano, thy attempt
> To waken cheerfulness, and frequent eye
> Stealing aside in pity to Maria.
> " Be comforted," he said, and in the sound
> Was music ev'ry ear was pleas'd to hear.
> But thy availing voice was not like his,
> Who bade the deep be still, and it obey'd.
> A transient gleam of peace one moment shone,
> But sorrow came the next."

His tragedy of *Sir Thomas More* is written, for the most part, in the same style as the poems just mentioned. Though it does not, as may be easily supposed, rank with our higher dramas, yet it contains much of tenderness and beauty, and many graceful passages; and the admirable character of Sir Thomas More,

> ——— " Journeying on life's common way
> In cheerful godliness,"———————

is obviously delineated *con amore*.

The poem which opens the third volume, entitled, *Tears of Affection*, was written on the death of his favourite sister. It is full of innocent tenderness—yet we cannot help observing, though unwillingly, that it displays an unmanly despondency, an extravagance of grief, to which the author's principles ought surely to have applied a corrective. He has fallen into the same fault as Young, whose continued and somewhat unworthy complaints injure the effect of his animated morality

and religious aspirations. We quote the following as a specimen of the author's imitations of Cowper.

" Therefore shall you,
Ye gentle doves, familiar to the hand,
Whom goodness long experienc'd has made tame
And nothing fearful of the touch of man,
Under my roof still live, and still enjoy
Provision plenteous. Isabel your lives
Redeem'd for pity, and the debt forgave:
Dying herself, your liberty she ask'd
Of thirsty violence; and ye shall fall,
When nature pleases, without shedding blood.
And thou too, tabby fav'rite, tho' thy eye,
Stranger to tears, no sorrow has express'd,
Still sporting on the hearth, tho' Isabel,
Thy fond protectress, is thy friend no more,
Thou, gentle kitten, shalt no morning-meal
With slender tone petitionary ask,
But I will yield it. Sit upon my knee,
And whisper pleasure, gratitude, and love,
For favour well bestow'd: thy silky neck
Still offer to the pressure of my hand,
And fear no evil: frisk upon the floor,
And cuff the cushion or suspended cork
Till riot make thee weary: slumber then
In the warm sunbeam on the window's ledge,
Till from thy fur the spark electric spring;
Or dose upon the elbow of my chair,
Or on my shoulder, or my knee, while I,
Lost in some dream of happiness deceas'd,
Steal from reflection, pleasure, and beguile
A morning's march across the vale of life
By musing upon comforts now no more.
Or if sweet sleep not please thee, with the cord
And dangling tassel of the curtain play,
Or seize the grumbling hornet, or pert wasp,
Intruding ever, while I smile remote
At danger brav'd by vent'rous ignorance,
And anger ill-escap'd."

The inscription written by the author for his sister's monument, is quoted from the biographical sketch prefixed to the volumes.

" Farewell, sweet maid! whom, as bleak Winter sears
The fragrant bud of Spring too early blown,

Untimely death has nipt. Here take thy rest,
Inviolable here! while we, than thou
Less favour'd, through the irksome vale of life
Toil on in tears without thee. Yet not long
Shall death divide us—Rapid is the flight
Of life, more rapid than the turtle's wing,
And soon our bones shall meet. Here may we sleep!
Here wake together! and, by his "dear might,"
Who conquer'd Death for sinful man, ascend
Together hence to an eternal home!"

The Favorite Village, the last in order of our author's poems, and which, on account of its peculiar nature, we have reserved for the most copious extracts, is occupied with a description of the varied beauties and pleasures of the author's sequestered place of habitation, and its surrounding district, as diversified by the successive seasons of the year; resembling a good deal in its plan the poem of *The Village Curate*, but differing from it in its prevailing character, which is almost exclusively of description. Its style is more neat, equable, and polished, than that of any of his other works; and the author, being engaged among his favorite objects, and being, from the nature of his design, secure from interruption in his pursuit, writes with an ease and a zest which generally secure success to his endeavours.

The first extract which we shall give is in the author's bolder manner. (Canto I.)

"How awful this proud height, this brow of brows,
Which every steep surmounts, and awes sublime
The subject downs below! Nature wears here
Her boldest countenance. The tumid earth
Seems as of yore it had the phrensy fit
Of ocean caught, and its uplifted sward
Perform'd a billowy dance, to whose vast wave
The proudest surges of the bellowing deep
Are little, as to his profounder swell
The shallow rippling of the wrinkled pool.
Enormous family, gigantic host,
Nation of mountains, sublime people, say,
At what great festival did your high brows
And ample foreheads dignify the dance?
When welcom'd ye rebounding the great God
In mercy present? Or, if wrath came down,
When boil'd so furiously your molten sward,
Fus'd at the touch of his indignant foot?
When did the God, departing, with a frown

Congeal and frost-fix your prodigious limbs,
Leaving remembrance, which no time can 'rase,
Of ire omnipotent here dealt around?
Or if at first with wonder-working hand
He form'd you thus, say where is the vast scoop,
By which these ample vales and combs profound
Were hollow'd? Where is the stupendous axe
Which cleft the shoulders of yon bulky cliffs?
Who the vast host of precipices link'd,
To fetter frantic ocean to his seat?
Where is the mighty delving tool that pil'd
High as the clouds this lofty mount supreme,
And you his twin companion, way between
To the neat stream permitting, as she trips
To wed her sober spouse the tranquil Ouse?
Where is the car that bore the hills away
To make yon ample basin, bowl immense,
Vast amphitheatre of sky-crown'd downs,
Where oft the hurried waters lose their way,
And spreading wide become an inland sea
Land-lock'd by mountains? Where is the strong bar
Which loosen'd seaward the contiguous hills,
Hove them aside, and gave to Ouse between
Sufficient space for his meand'ring stream
To wind and wander, and to many a farm,
Village, and steeple, visitation pay,
Or e'er he pours into the distant deep,
Through the wide fauces of yon giant cliffs,
Th' obsequious lake that urges him along?"

The following lively description of swimming (*ib.*) will remind the reader, in part, of the concluding stanza in Lord Byron's address to the ocean. (*Childe Harold,* Canto iv. st. cxxxiv.)

If noon be fervid, and no zephyr breathe,
What time the new-shorn flock stands here and there
With huddled head, impatient of the fly—
What time the snuffling spaniel, as he runs,
Pants freely, and laps often at the brook,
To slake the fervour of his fev'rous tongue—
What time the cow stands knee-deep in the pool,
Lashing her sides for anguish, scaring off,
With sudden head revers'd, the insect swarm
That basks and preys upon her sunny hide—
Or when she flies with tufted tail erect

The breeze-fly's keen invasion, to the shade
Scampering madly—let me wind my way
Tow'rd the still lip of ocean. Seated there,
Soon let me cast habiliment aside,
And to the cool wave give me. Transport sweet!
Pleasure thrice-delicate! O, let me plunge
Deep in the lucid element my head,
And, rising, sportful on the surface play.
Oh joy, to quit the fervid gleam of earth,
Leave a faint atmosphere, and soon recruit
Exhausted energy, suspended thus
Upon the bosom of a cooler world!
Oh recreation exquisite, to feel
The wholesome waters trickle from the head,
Oft as its saturated locks emerge!
To feel them lick the hand, and lave the foot!
And when the playful and luxurious limb
Is satiated with pastime, and the man
Rises refresh'd from the voluptuous flood,
How rich the pleasure to let Zephyr chill
And steal the dew-drops from his panting sides!
Let e'en the saucy and loud Auster blow,
Be but his sea not fierce, nor, save at shore,
The frothy breaker of displeasure shew,
Yet will I court the turbulent embrace
Of thee, thou roaring deep: yes, and will share
The bather's richest pleasure, when the foot
Of fear might hesitate, nor dare invade
The thund'ring downfall of the billowy surge.
How joys the bold intruder, then, at large
To flounder porpoise-like, wave after wave
Mounting triumphant, hoisted by the swell—
How climbs with ease, descends, and climbs again
Th' uplifted summit, high as it may seem,
Of the sublimest wave! What if lost earth
Each moment disappear, as the sunk head
Swims through the yawning hollow of the flood;
As often shall it greet the watchful eye,
Seen from the wave-top eminent."

Our author has attempted, after Virgil and Thomson, a description of the signs which precede a storm; how he has succeeded, the reader will judge from the following passage. (Canto iii.)

"As, when the daw throng on the steeple perch,
Ambitious of its loftiest vane, and smoke

Shot upwards from the funnel mounts erect,
Fair day succeeds; so when the turbid stream,
That issues from the chimney, falls depress'd,
And travels fog-like o'er the dewy field,
While at a distance the loud western bell
Distinctly sings, day foul and pluvious comes,
Dim the nocturnal sky; its feebler lights
Lost in the dense profound, its brighter gems
Obscurely visible. If chance the moon
Cross the quench'd Empyrean, her sad orb
Shines with abated beam, and seems to wear
A misty atmosphere. Far in the void
An ample circle with capacious zone
Her central disc encloses. Spiritless
At his round table sits the farmer lord;
A drowsy yawn his pipe-inhaling jaws
Relaxes often. At his foot the cur
Sleeps on the hearth o utstretch'd,and yelping dreams,
Or lifts his head, astonish'd at the dance
Of frisking puss, who on the sanded floor
Gambols excessive. Such ere close of day
Were the wild antics of the frantic herd,
(Alike prophetic of the morrow storm,)
Who leap'd and rac'd, and bellow'd in the mead,
And clash'd their horny foreheads, staring fierce.
Dim in the socket burns the sulky wick,
Nor heeds the trimming hand, which oft divides
The kindled fibres of its nape in vain,
And to the oil redundant, that would drown
Its feeble flame, relieving sluice affords."

This is followed by an animated picture of the storm, and a whimsical recital of the damage which ensued from a sudden inundation, to the humble dwelling of

——————"Response-pronouncing sage,
The village-clerk parochial, nothing rich." (p. 115, &c.)

A pleasing passage on the sun and moon occurs in p. 118—122. The following is from canto iv.

"From your uplifted summit, when the sun
Of March, high-mounted, wears a moody smile.
Indulgent only to these winnow'd brows,
What time the partial storm in sullen pomp
Sails o'er the prostrate weald, let me look down
And see the murky cloud prone deluge shed,

And every town and steeple, dim-discern'd,
Curtain in gloom terrific. At such time,
What if the lightning bolt, long laid aside,
Amid the grim procession chance to gleam,
And thunder, surly to be rous'd so soon,
Mutter reluctant from his stormy couch?
It shall but solemn render the slow march
Of the dark tempest, through its gloomy brows
Frowning meridian night, and wake no dread,
No wish of flight, no sense of peril here.
No! I shall eye it safely as it steals
In gloomy state away, and leaves behind
The freshen'd landscape leisurely dismiss'd.
Lo! in the glowing east the cloud sublime
Lifting its arduous and illumin'd head
High above the highest earth, a pile superb
Of vapour, wrapping in its smoky skirts
Heav'n's ever-during threshold, and the beam
Of day's clear orb resplendent from its folds
Reflecting glorious. With the falling sun
Slow sinks the pomp away, and while his orb
In flaky redness sets, and fills the west
With fiery fragments of departed cloud,
The last-apparent summit of the storm
The ruddy hue imbibes, and sanguine glows;
Till, day withdrawn and the vex'd ether hush'd,
The tempest all subsides and dies away,
And the pure heav'n displays an ardent moon
Swimming self-balanc'd through the blue profound."

We quote part of the succeeding paragraph.

" On this commanding summit let me stand,
To see the vernal equinoctial orb
Fresh from his chambers in the deep ascend.
Arise, bright leader of the beauteous year,
Sweep thy long fingers o'er the shadowy vale,
And smite the hill-tops. Nature at thy soft
Reviving touch with concord exquisite
Shall to her center vibrate. Total earth
Shall ring sweet unison from hill and dale.
My bosom, like the fabled lyre of old
Memnonian, or the harp that woos the breeze,
Shall sing with ecstasy, and pour around
Spontaneous sweet effusion, mellow verse,
Ode best expressive of the grateful soul;

XUM

Here let me stand, and o'er the level weald,
That, like a spacious chart, outstretch'd beneath
Lies chequer'd, cast an aching eye, to mark
Each well-known object in the misty skirt
Of the long-drawn perspective."

Again:

" What time the sun has from the west withdrawn
The various hues that grac'd his cloudy fall—
When the recumbent ruminating fold
Greets with peculiar odour the fond sense
Of the lone wand'rer—when the recent leaf
Of clover 'gins to sleep, and, white with dew,
Closes its tender triple-finger'd palm
Till morning dawn afresh—when the moon wears
Nor hood nor veil, nor looks with cold regard
Through the fine lawn of intervening cloud,
But lifts a fair round visage o'er the vale,
And smiles affection which no bard can sing,
No painter with poetic pencil paint—
When the dark cloud that couches in the west
Seems to imbibe the last pale beam of eve,
Absorbing in its dun and gloomy folds
The feeble residue of dying day—
Is it not pleasure, with unbended mind
To muse within or meditate abroad,
While either hand in the warm bosom sleeps,
And either foot falls feebly on the floor,
Or shaven sward, or stone that paves the path
Of village footway winding to the church?
'Twere passing pleasure, if to man alone
That hour were grateful: but with like desire
The dusky holiday of thick'ning night
Enjoys the chuckling partridge, the still mouse,
The rabbit foraging, the feeding hare,
The nightingale that warbles from the thorn,
And twilight-loving solitary owl,
That skims the meadows, hovers, drops her prey,
Seizes, and screeching to her tower returns.
Her woolly little ones there hiss on high,
And there who will may seek them, but who dares
Must 'bide the keen magnanimous rebuff
Of irritated love, and quick descend,
By the maternal talon not in vain
Insulted, baffled, scar'd, and put to flight."

The last passage may be considered as a fair specimen of the general strain of the poem. Indeed the whole work consists of a succession of such passages—an uniform series of agreeable descriptions; and this peculiarity, while it unfits the poem from being read continuously, renders it an appropriate *lounge* for any eight or ten minutes which we may have to spare occasionally. We know no composition which contains a greater number of elegant detached *morceaux*, passages pleasing in themselves, and which may be separated from the main work without injury. We shall conclude our extracts with the lines immediately following those last quoted.

"'Tis pleasant in this peaceful serious hour
To tread the silent sward that wraps the dead,
Once our companions in the cheerful walks
Of acceptable life, the same ere long
In the dark chambers of profound repose.
All have their kindred here, and I have mine.
Yes, my sweet Isabel, and I have mine.
To die—what is it but to sleep and sleep,
Nor feel the weariness of dark delay
Through the long night of time, and nothing know
Of intervening centuries elaps'd,
When thy sweet morn, Eternity, begins?
Or else—what is it but a welcome change
From worse to better, from a world of pain
To one where flesh at least can nothing feel,
And pain and pleasure have no equal sway?
What is it but to meet ten thousand friends,
Whose earthly race was finish'd ere our own,
And be well welcome, where the tim'rous foot
Fear'd to intrude, and whence no foot returns?
To me what were it but the happier lot
To find my long-lost Isabel, and shed
(If tears of joy are shed where tears of grief
Fall never, and immortal angels weep
At bliss excessive) joy's profusest show'r:
To tell her what was felt, and what was sung,
When cruel death unsparing from my sight
Pluck'd her away, and wafted her pure spirit
Whither no soul could tell? But hush! my heart,
Lest sorrow burst her cicatrice anew,
And painful thought, which saddens my slow step,
Disperse the pleasures of this tranquil hour."

ART. VI. *Essai sur les Préjugés, ou de l'Influence des Opinions sur les mœurs et sur le bonheur des Hommes. Ouvrage contenant l'Apologie de la Philosophie, par* M. D. M. *Londres,* 1770. 12mo, pp. 394.

M. Chesneau du Marsais, the author of this essay, was born at Marseilles, in 1676. He first entered into the congregation of the Oratory, which, however, he very soon quitted, and applied himself to the study of the law. This profession he also abandoned, and became tutor successively in several families, and amongst others in the family of the pseudo-financier Law. He wrote many works, which gained him great reputation, but did not better his condition. He was of a mild and tranquil disposition, and his mind was seldom agitated even by the saddest accidents in his chequered existence. The subject of this article first appeared in a publication entitled *Nouvelles Libertés de Penser.* It is on a topic which comes home to the business and bosoms of men. For is there a human being who is not in some measure under the dominion of prejudice—who is not carried along by the violence of party, the hostility of sectism, or the force of habit; who has not, in short, arrived at conclusions without the process of reasoning, or adopted opinions without examining their reasonableness and truth? If there be, he has removed one of the greatest barriers to human happiness and human improvement; but it is to be feared, the existence of such a being is rare. The influence of prejudice is no doubt exerted with very different degrees of force, according to the natural impotency or power of the mind on which it operates. Some minds it rules with a despotic and unmitigated sway, whilst others display it only in its chastened and subdued, and sometimes amiable effects. But since all *do* feel its influence, it becomes an inquiry of the greatest interest and importance, how far it contributes to the happiness or misery of the human species—whether there be some prejudices, (as it has been contended) some dear delusions, which the heart may still cling to and cherish, which it would not only be dangerous to remove, but which it is for the positive interest and happiness of man to retain—or whether our intellectual eye is sufficiently strong to behold the resplendent face of truth unveiled. The inquiry, indeed, is of such magnitude—of such extensive and paramount importance to man in all his relations, private, political, and religious, that we approach it with a feeling of embarrassment, lest on the one hand, we should desert the sacred cause of truth and philosophy; or on the other, be endeavouring to unsettle what ought

not to be unsettled. Nature, which has implanted in animals certain mechanical dispositions, or instincts, to supply their wants, has endowed man with the pre-eminent gift of reason to guide his motions—to govern his dispositions, and advance himself and others in the scale of intellect and of happiness. It must be confessed, however, that instead of exerting their own reasoning faculties, and adopting opinions and modes of action from their own conviction of their fitness and truth, men generally adopt opinions from custom, habit, or education; but when they are once environed with those shackles, they too often feel the constraint occasioned by them, for life. But we are told that reason is weak and fallible,

> Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
> To lonely, weary, wand'ring travellers.

Be it so—then let us strengthen, cultivate, and elevate, instead of depressing it below its just level. Instead of hoodwinking reason, and allowing our opinions and actions to be governed by custom, error, and prejudice, let it have full, free, and unfettered scope to range the fields of thought, in the investigation and discovery of truth. Does not our happiness depend on the knowledge of the various relations which man bears to his fellow man, and to his God, and the practice of the duties which they impose—and how are we to discover these relations, except by the assistance of reason operating on experience? Can false views of human nature and its attributes increase the happiness of the human race individually, or can a political society, framed on such erroneous principles, attain the end for which alone society was formed? "Deception and mendacity are always regarded in the common and every day intercourse of life as base and odious—is it then only upon subjects of the highest import to man, that he may be deceived without danger or detestation?" Dreadful indeed, and unlimited, is the power of prejudice—we imbibe it with life itself, and its strength and influence increase until its close—its prevalence may be detected in all human institutions—government, which from its nature is framed for the maintenance of society, for the concentration of its force, and the preservation of its peace and security, becomes, by a fatal perversion, the principle of its destruction—the cause of vice, misery, and oppression, which gradually conduct nations to decline and ruin—if we direct our attention to the municipal laws of communities, we find the natural liberty of man, bound and fettered by the chains of despotism—the immutable rules of justice and equity cut down and varied to suit the caprices of opinion, custom, or tyranny; and the welfare and happiness of millions, sacrificed to the transient interests of power. We see rank, and wealth,

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and power, showered down on the few, and the great living mass of society, with all their feelings and affections about them, robbed of the very rights of humanity. If we look into domestic life—if we examine into the effects of education, we find its tendency is to establish certain systems of opinions, without allowing them to be examined—to check the noble aspirations of the soul, and to bind down reason to the stake of custom. Thus prejudice feeds on the human mind, to the annihilation of reason, like the insect *larva*, which is deposited in the body of the living caterpillar, on which it feeds and strengthens, leaving the vital parts only untouched till its maturity, when, having destroyed these also, it bursts into the world, an unnatural and monstrous birth.

The author before us, feeling a strong conviction of the deleterious effects of the idolatry paid to this delusive divinity, has, in the essay before us, attempted to dissipate the fogs which have hung over and obscured human reason. The philosophical discussion of such a subject, not only requires cool and quiet hours, but a clear head and an honest heart. "True philosophy disowns the maxims of those apologists of vice, who borrow her language to diffuse their poison—the friends of disorder are her enemies."

The welfare of mankind is her object, and truth the instrument by which she effects it—for goodness is but the reflexion of truth, whose colour it takes as the blade newly come out of the forge, the colour of the fire.

On the mild and humane, but firm and undaunted spirit, which ought to characterise the true philosopher, M. Marsais makes the following observations:

"Il faut une ame tranquille pour envisager les objets sous leur vrai point de vue; il faut être impartial pour juger sainement des choses; il faut se mettre au dessus des préjugés, dont la philosophie elle-même n'est que trop souvent infectée, pour la perfectionner, pour la rendre plus persuasive, plus touchante, plus utile au genre humain. En effet l'arrogance des philosophes a dû souvent dégoûter les hommes de la philosophie; ses disciples, fiers de leurs découvertes réelles ou prétendues, ont quelquefois montré leur supériorité d'une façon humiliante pour leurs concitoyens; des penseurs atrabilaires ont révolté les hommes par leurs mépris insultans, et n'ont fait que leur fournir des motifs pour s'attacher plus opiniâtrément à leurs erreurs, et pour décrier les médicins et les remedes. D'autres se sont complu à étaler aux yeux de leurs semblables les maux dont ils souffroient, sans leur indiquer les vrais moyens de les guérir. Que dis-je! ils les ont souvent exagérés, et se sont efforcés d'ôter jusqu'à l'espoir de les voir jamais finir.

"Le philosophe n'est en droit de s'estimer lui-même que lorsqu'il se rend utile en contribuant au bonheur de ses semblables; les applau-

dissemens intérieurs de sa conscience sont légitimes et nécessaires lorsqu'il a la conscience de les avoir mérités. Hélas! dans un monde aveuglé par le préjugé et si souvent ingrat, cette récompense idéale est presque toujours la seule qui reste à la vertu! Ainsi que le Sage s'estime quand il a fait du bien; que son ame s'applaudisse d'être libre au milieu des fers qui retiennent les autres; qui son cœur se félicite d'être dégagé de ces vains desirs, de ces vices, de ces passions honteuses, de ces besoins imaginaires dont ses associés sont tourmentés, mais qu'il ne se compare point à eux d'une façon choquante pour leur amour-propre; s'il se croit plus heureux, qu'il n'insulte point à leur misere, qu'il ne leur reproche point avec aigreur les maux qui les affligent, et sur-tout qu'il ne les jette point dans le désespoir. La philosophie manque son but et révolte au lieu d'attirer lorsqu'elle prend un ton arrogant et dédaigneux, ou lorsqu'elle porte l'empreinte de l'humeur; l'ami de la sagesse doit être l'ami des hommes et ne les mépriser jamais; il compâtit à leurs peines, il cherche à les consoler, à les encourager. L'amour du genre humain, l'enthousiasme du bien public, la sensibilité, l'humanité, le desir de servir son espece, de mériter son estime, sa tendresse, sa reconnoissance, voilà les motifs légitimes qui doivent animer l'homme de bien; voilà les motifs qu'il peut avouer sans rougir; ces motifs méritent nos éloges lorsque nous en ressentons les effets avantageux. Sans cela la philosophie ne sera qu'une déclamation inutile contre le genre humain, qui ne prouvera que l'orgueil ou le chagrin de celui qui déclame, sans jamais convaincre personne.

"De quel droit en effet le Sage mépriseroit-il les hommes ou leur feroit-il des outrages? Est-ce parce qu'il croit avoir des lumieres et des connoissances supérieures à celles des autres? Mais ces lumieres sont inutiles et ces connoissances sont vaines s'il n'en résulte aucun bien pour le genre humain. De quel droit haïroit-il son espece, et quelle gloire peut-il résulter d'une misanthropie qui le déclareroit ennemi du genre humain? L'humanité, l'amour des hommes, la sensibilité, la douceur ne sont-elles pas des vertus? Toute gloire pour être solide ne doit-elle pas se fonder sur ces heureuses dispositions et sur les effets avantageux qu'elles doivent opérer? Quels motifs l'homme qui pense auroit-il pour mépriser les autres! Est-ce parce qu'ils sont ignorans et remplis de préjugés? Hélas! l'education, l'exemple, l'habitude, et l'autorité ne les forcent-ils pas à l'être? Est-ce parce qu'ils sont des esclaves, remplis de passions, de vices et desirs frivoles? Ceux qui reglent leurs destinées, les imposteurs qui les séduisent, les modeles qu'ils ont devant les yeux, ne produisent-ils pas dans leurs cœurs tous les vices qui les tourmentent? Mépriser ou haïr les hommes pour leurs égaremens, c'est les insulter lorsqu'on devroit les plaindre, c'est les outrager parcequ'ils sont malheureux, c'est leur reprocher des infirmités nécessaires et qu'ils n'ont pu s'empêcher de contracter.

"How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose;
But musical as is Apollo's lute."

That this author is a friend to the best interests of humanity, we have no hesitation in saying; and the prudence of

the foregoing observations is in his own case evident, for *we* think he has strong and unreasonable prejudices on one subject of mighty import, religion—on which we shall make a few observations before we conclude.

In another place, M. Marsais says,

"The philosopher knows the value of truth—searches for it, meditates upon it, or communicates it to others. The wise man exhibits it in his life and actions—Truth, wisdom, reason, virtue, nature, are terms which equally designate what is useful to mankind. The uniform tendency of truth is to enlighten man—the most enlightened are the most reasonable—the most reasonable feel more deeply than others the real interests and motives they have to be virtuous. Without the study of nature, man can never know the relation he bears, nor the duties he owes to himself and others—deprived of this knowledge, he can have neither firm principles nor true happiness. The most enlightened are the most interested in being the best men—great talents should lead to great virtues. He who does evil is blind—he who is unregulated is deprived of reason—his conduct proves that he mistakes his own nature, is ignorant of what is due to himself and others, of the value of self-esteem and of the esteem of those around him—he is not an enlightened man. If he be insensible to the offices of benevolence, to the approbation and kindness of his associates, he differs in nothing from brutes—if he do not see that his vices lead to his own destruction, he is not an intelligent being, whose great aim is self preservation—if he do not know and appreciate the inestimable advantages of society, and the means to render it useful and agreeable, he is a mad-man, and not a friend to wisdom." p. 195.

M. Marsais ascribes all human infelicity to the effect of prejudice; and as prejudice is the offspring of ignorance, he lays it down that the only remedy is truth and reason. In the following passages he sums up the mischiefs which arise from ignorance:

"L'ignorance rend les peuples crédules; leur inexpérience et leur incapacité les oblige d'accorder une confiance aveugle à ceux qui s'arrogent le droit exclusif de penser pour eux, de régler leurs opinions, de fixer leur conduite et leur sort. Ainsi accoutumés à se laisser guider, ils se trouvent dans l'impossibilité de savoir où on les mene, de démêler si les idées qu'on leur inspire sont vraies ou fausses, utiles ou nuisibles. Les hommes qui se sont mis en possession de règler les destinées des autres, sont toujours tentés d'abuser de leur crédulité; ils trouvent pour l'ordinaire des advantages momentanés à les tromper; ils se croyent intéressés à perpétuer leurs erreurs ou leur inexpérience; ils se font un devoir de les éblouir, de les embarrasser, de les effrayer sur le danger de penser par eux-mêmes et de consulter la raison; ils leur montrent les recherches qu'ils pourroient faire comme inutiles, criminelles, pernicieuses; ils calomnient la nature et la raison; ils les font passer pour des guides infideles; enfin à force de terreurs, de mysteres, d'obscurités, et d'incertitudes, ils parviennent à étouffer dans l'homme le desir

même de chercher la vérité, à écraser la nature sous le poids de leur autorité, à soumettre la raison au joug de leur fantaisie. Les hommes sentent-ils des maux et se plaignent-ils des calamitiés qu'ils éprouvent, leurs guides leur donnent habilement le change et les empêchent de remonter à la vraie source de leurs peines, qui se trouve toujours dans leurs funestes préjugés."

"To doubt the advantages of truth," he says, "is to doubt whether it be better for man to be happy than miserable, reasonable than irrational, virtuous than vicious, peaceable than furious—it is to doubt whether he walks more securely in open day than in the dark—whether it be more desirable to know the complicated sufferings that oppress him, and apply suitable remedies, or to languish on and perish in the lasting calamities which, unknown, threaten to overwhelm him." p. 24.

"Presque en tout tems et en tout pays les hommes sentent qu'ils sont malheureux, mais ne sachant à qui s'en prendre de leurs maux, quand ils sont portês à l'excès, ils aiguisent leurs couteaux et s'en frappent les uns les autres; enfin lassés de répandre du sang, ils s'arrètent, et sont tout surpris de voir que leurs maux au lieu de diminuer n'ont fait que s'aggraver et se multiplier. Faute de connoître les remedes qu'ils pourrient y appliquer, ils recommencent bientôt à se frapper de nouveau. C'est ainsi que nous voyons souvent les peuples par des révoltes, des massacres, des guerres civiles se venger d'un tyran qui les opprime pour tomber entre les mains d'un tyran nouveau, qui leur avoit fait espérer la fin de leurs miseres. C'est ainsi que des nations fatiguées d'une superstition incommode et violente l'abandonnent quelquefois pour en adopter une plus douce, qui finit bientôt par les plonger dans de nouvelles disputes et de nouvelles fureurs, souvent pires que les premieres. En un mot nous voyons par toute la terre les hommes faisant des efforts pour adoucir leur sort sans jamais y parvenir. Ils ne cessent de s'égorger que quand la vérité s'est montrée. En effet le caractere distinctif de la vérité est d'être également et constamment avantageuse â tous les partis, tandis que le mensonge, utile pour quelques instans seulement à quelques individus, est toujours nuisible à tous les autres."

What, indeed, has caused the slavery, wars, persecutions, and bloodshed, which we read of in almost every page of history? What has caused the madness of those unfortunate beings who have given their bones to be crushed under the wheels of Jaggernaut? What caused a Lord Chancellor of England to put the tender frame of a young woman to the torture, because she differed from him upon the real presence, a doctrine which a Lord Chancellor of our days would blush to own? What caused the Court of Star-Chamber to sentence Prynne to have his ears cut off, his nose slit, and his face stamped with a brand of perpetual shame, for writing against plays and lovelocks, when the very next age would have had the good will to sub-

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ject his judges to the same punishment for upholding them—blind, monstrous prejudice.

After pointing out the effects of prejudice, our author proceeds to inquire if the people are susceptible of instruction, and if it be dangerous to enlighten them. The doctrine of the danger of enlightening the people, seems to be fast retreating to the damp and unholy cells from which it was first sent forth to desolate mankind, when knowledge was regarded as a portentous comet, which, if it came too near the earth, would set the world on fire. It is no longer openly maintained, in our country at least, that men are better subjects or better servants, because they can neither read nor write, think, nor reason. But although this may be admitted as a general proposition, it is so far modified and restrained that the mass of the people are only allowed to think and reason for themselves in such a manner as those who have authority over them may, either from prejudice or interest, prescribe.

Insurrections and revolutions are not caused by the reading, thinking part of society, but by the uneducated populace, who being weighed down by an intolerable load of misery, are readily persuaded, by factious and ambitious men, to listen to any remedy, and apply it at all risks. Blinded by ignorance and prejudice, they rush to the destruction of each other; but instead of gaining any accession of happiness by the change, their last state frequently becomes worse than the first.

"Truth and reason never cause revolutions on the earth; they are the fruit of experience, which can only be exercised when the passions are at rest; they excite not in the heart those furious emotions which shake empires to their base. Truth can only be discovered by peaceful minds: it is only adopted by kindred spirits. If it change the opinions of men, it is only by insensible gradations—a gentle and easy descent conducting them to reason. The revolutions caused by the progress of truth are always beneficial to society, and are only burthensome to those who deceive and oppress it." p. 48.

To this succeeds the following passage, the latter part of which is eloquent.

"Le philosophe à force de méditer découvre la vérité; elle n'est si difficile à découvrir que parce que tout conspire à la voiler à nos yeux; perpétuellement adultérée par le mensonge, elle devient méconnoissable; c'est en la séparant de l'alliage de l'imposture que le Sage la reconnoit: si sa nudité paroit d'abord choquante à des hommes prévenus, leurs yeux s'accoutumeront peu-à-peu à contempler ses charmes naturels, sans doute bien plus touchans que tous les vains ornemens dont on la couvre et qui ne servent qu'à la défigurer. Avant d'être ornée, la vérité doit avoir des fondemens solides; elle doit ressembler à ces monumens d'architecture dans lesquels l'ordre le plus stable sert d'appui à tous les autres.

" C'est au gouvernement et sur-tout à l'éducation qu'il appartient de rendre commune et populaire la vérité que le sage a tant de peine a découvrir; en vain l'auroit-il tirée du fond du puits, si l'autorité tyrannique la force d'y rentrer. L'expérience et l'habitude parviennent à faciliter à l'homme du peuple, à l'artisan le plus grossier, des opérations très-compliquées; sommes-nous donc en droit de douter que l'habitude et l'expérience ne lui facilitassent de même la connoisance si simple des devoirs de la morale et des préceptes de la raison desquels dépend évidemment son bonheur? *J'ai vu,* dit Confucius, *des hommes peu propres aux sciences, je n'en ai point vu qui fussent incapables de vertus.*

" L'erreur n'est une maladie innée du genre humain, la guérison de son esprit n'est devenue si difficile que parceque l'éducation lui fait sucrer avec le lait un venin dangereux, qui finit par s'identifier avec lui, et qui, développé par les circonstances, produit dans les sociétés les ravages les plus affreux. Par-tout les empoisonneurs de genre humain sont chéris, honorés, récompensés; leurs attentats sont protégés, leurs leçons et leurs instructions sont chèrement payées; l'autorité suprême, complice de leurs iniquités, force les peuples à recevoir de leurs mains la coupe de l'imposture, et punit tous ceux qui refusent d'y boire. Par-tout les médecins qui possedent le contrepoison de l'erreur, sont traités d'imposteurs, sont découragés, proscrits ou forcés de se taire. Si les gouvernemens donnoient à la vérité les mêmes secours qu'ils fournissent au mensonge, on verroit bientôt les folies des hommes disparoître et faire place à la raison. C'est dans l'âge tendre que l'erreur s'empare de l'homme, c'est dans sa jeunesse qu'il se familiarise avec des opinions monstreuses dont il est la dupe toute sa vie; si l'education parvient à lui faire adopter les notions les plus fausses, les idées les plus extravagantes, les usuages les plus nuisibles, les pratiques les plus gênantes, pourquoi l'èducation ne parviendroit-elle pas à lui faire adopter des vérités démontrées, des principes raisonnables, une conduite sensée, des vertus nécessaires à sa félicité?

" *L'opinion,* comme on a dit, *est la reine du monde.* Mais qu'est-ce que l'opinion? C'est la vérité ou la faussété environnée de ténebres. Si le mensonge pris pour la vérité, si la vérité enveloppée d'obscurité, gouvernent le monde, pourquoi la vérité simple ne prendroit-elle pas le même empire sur l'esprit des mortels? Si l'on refusoit ce pouvoir à la simple, il ne faudroit plus dire que l'homme est un être raisonnable par son essence, il faudroit dire qu'il est destiné à une éternelle déraison.

" Si la religion est parvenue à dégrader l'homme, à le rendre l'ennemi de lui-même et des autres, pourquoi la raison ne lui inspireroit-elle pas de l'élévation, de l'estime pour lui-même, le desir de mériter celle de ses concitoyens? Si la superstition fait éclorre en lui un zéle destructeur, un fanatisme dangereux, une ardeur fatale pour nuire, pourquoi une politique éclairée n'exciteroit-elle pas en lui la grandeur d'ame, la passion d'être utile, l'enthousiasme de la vertu? Si dans la Grece et dans Rome l'on est parvenu jadis à former des peuples de héros; si les écoles d'Athénes se sont remplies de sages, en se servant des mêmes mobiles pourquoi désespérer aujourd'hui de faire naitre au sein

des nations des citoyens actifs, éclairés, magnanimes et vertueux? Est-il donc plus aisé de faire un fanatique, un martyr, un pénitent, un dévot, un courtisan abject que de former un enthousiaste du bien public, un soldat courageux, un homme utile à lui-mëme et précieux aux autres? Est-il donc plus facile de briser que d'élever l'ame? La race humaine seroit-elle donc entiérement dégénérée?

" Ne lui faisons point l'injure de le penser; les mêmes ressorts auront toujours le même pouvoir sur les volontés humaines. Si nos institutions politiques veulent encore des citoyens, des héros et des sages, nous en verrons, sans doute; si nous ne trouvons par-tout que des superstitieux pusillanimes, des guides ignorans, des enthousiastes dangereux, des ministres incapables, des grands sans mérite, des esclaves rampans, c'est parceque la religion, le gouvernement, l'éducation et les opinions ridiculès dont les nations sont infectées, conspirent à ne former que des êtres abjects ou nuisibles à la patrie. (*) Pourquoi dans cette Espagne, si favorisée par la nature, ne vois-je par-tout que des dévots plongés dans la misere, indifférens sur la patrie, dépourvus d'industrie, étrangers à toute science? C'est que dans ce pays la superstition et le despotisme sont parvenus à dénaturer l'homme, à briser les ressorts de son ame, à engourdir les peuples; il n'existe point de patrie pour eux; l'activité et l'industrié leur seroient inutiles; la science seroit punie; l'oisiveté, l'ignorance et des connoissances futiles y sont uniquement honorées, encouragées, récompensées; le génie y est étouffé à moins qu'il ne se porte sur des objets méprisables; la nation ne veut que des superstitieux et des prêtres; elle ne considere que les guides qui l'aveuglent, elle regarde comme un ennemi tout homme qui voudroit l'éclairer; elle fait bien plus de cas du fainéant qui prie que du soldat qui la défend; il n'est donc point surprenant si elle ne renferme ni citoyens, ni soldats, ni sages, ni talens. D'où viennent dans le midi de l'Europe ces mœurs si dissolues, ces fréquens adulteres, ces assassinats sans nombre? C'est que dans ces pays l'orthodoxie est la seule vertu; la religion y expie tous le crimes; des pratiques religieuses et la croyance de quelques dogmes absurdes tiennent lieu de la morale, et les écoles de la jeunesse ne retentissent que des disputes vaines et des subtilités puériles de quelques théologiens, qui

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(*) " Ceux qui doutent de la possibilité de guérir les peuples de leurs préjugés, n'ont qu'à jetter les yeux sur les Anglois, les Hollandois, les Suisses, &c. qui se sont très-promptement guéris d'une partie des opinions de l'Eglise Romaine, qu'ils avoient longtems respectées, et des préjuges politiques qui les tenoient asservis au depotisme. On nous dira que c'est par des troubles et des revolutions que ces peuples sont parvenus à se détromper. On répondra que c'est l'esprit tyrannique et persecuteur des Princes, le fanatisme des Prêtres, l'ambition des grands qui ont causé ces troubles, qui eussent été moins grands si les peuples eussent été plus instruits, et leurs guides plus raissonnables. Enfin on répondra que ces peuples, après tout, y ont visiblement gagne, et que des troubles passagers sont plus avantageux qu'une langueur éternelle sous une tyrannie continuée.

employent leur génie à des objets totalement étrangers au bien-être des peuples."

Those who reflect upon the veneration with which society regards that which exists, and the difficulty with which the commonest truths in science and mechanics have been established and adopted, cannot apprehend any real danger from the extirpation of prejudices, which must be the gradual work of time, and not the effect of any sudden revulsion of opinion. Nor are sovereigns really less interested than their subjects, in establishing the empire of truth and reason.

" Il n'y a que la vérité qui puisse désabuser les rois de ces vaines idées. Elle leur apprendra qu'ils sont des hommes et non des dieux; que leur pouvoir n'est point émané du ciel, mais emprunté des nations, qui les ont choisis pour veiller à leur intérêts : que la législation n'est point faite pour être l'expression des caprices d'un seul ou de l'avidité d'une cour, mais des volontés générales de la nation qui s'y soumet pour son bien ; que l'autorité est établie pour assurer le bien-être de tous et ne peut sans crime être tournée contre eux; que les récompenses de l'etat ne sont point destinées à l'inutilité titrée, à la naissance orgueilleuse, au vice intriguant, à la bassesse rampante, à l'incapacité favorisée ; que ces récompenses sont faites pour encourager et payer le mérite personnel, les services réels, les talens véritables, les vertus dont la patrie recueille les heureux fruits. En un mot, tout souverain qui voudra consulter la raison apprendra qu'il ne peut avoir de vraie puissance, de titres assurés, de droits incontestables, s'il ne les fonde sur les volontés de ses sujets, réunis pour concourir au bien public avec lui; qu'il ne peut en être sincérement aimé, s'il ne mérite leur amour; qu'il ne peut obtenir de la gloire, s'il ne fait des choses utiles et grandes; qu'il ne peut échapper à l'ennui qu'en s'occupant de ses devoirs. La vérité lui montrera par des exemples sans nombre que ce despotisme effréné, que cette puissance sans limites, à laquelle tous les princes desirent de parvenir, que la flatterie leur adjuge, que la religion sanctifie et décerne au nom des dieux, que l'inertie des peuples leur laisse souvent exercer, est un glaive à deux tranchans, toujours prêt à blesser l'imprudent qui le manie."

" Ne regardons point comme impossible le projet de concilier les intérêts de la vérité avec ceux des souverains et des peuples qu'ils gouvernent. Que l'on ne traite point de chimérique l'espoir de voir des circonstances favorables, dans lesquelles la politique éclairée par la raison sentira l'importance d'anéantir les préjugés, qui par-tout s'opposent à la félicité publique. Quoi ! les maîtres de la terre ne verront-ils jamais que leurs intérêts véritables ne peuvent être séparés du ceux de leurs nations sans lesquelles ils ne seroient rien ? Ne se convaincront-ils point que leur bien-être propre, que leur pouvoir réel, que la solidité de leur trône, dépendent des efforts sinceres d'un peuple magnanime, que son propre bonheur intéresse à seconder leurs vues ? Préférer ont-ils toujours le foible avantage de commander à des esclaves ignorans et mécontens, au plaisir de commander à des citoyens fideles,

attachés, industrieux, vertueux? Ne se lasseront-ils jamais de voir leurs etats dévastés par les fureurs religieuses, dévorés par des prêtres inutiles, déchirés par leurs querelles; soulevés par les passions des grands ambitieux, pillés par des sangsues publiques, réduits au désespoir pour enrichir des courtisans perfides ou pour charmer l'oisiveté d'une cour?" p. 77.

One of the commonest prejudices is the veneration paid to antiquity. "The opinion which men entertain of antiquity is a very idle thing, and almost incongruous to the word: for the old age and length of days of the world should, in reality, be accounted antiquity, and ought to be attributed to our own times, not to the youth of the world, which it enjoyed amongst the ancients; for that age, though with respect to us it be ancient and greater, yet with regard to the world, it was new and less." *Bacon's Nov. Organ. Shaw's translation.*

"Where should we be, if our ancestors had had for theirs, and these for their predecessors, the blind veneration for ancient prejudices which is now required of us? Man would still be a savage—he would still wander in the woods, eat acorns and undressed food.

"It is evident that nature has made man susceptible of experience, and consequently more and more perfectible; it is absurd then to wish to arrest him in his course in spite of the eternal law which impels him forward." p. 97.

Amongst this class of prejudices is that of "birth" or ancestry. When a long line of ancestors is made the source of personal vanity, nothing appears more childish, if their descendant be of a virtuous and honorable carriage, and nothing more ridiculous, if he be of a vicious one. If he pride himself on the virtues of his progenitors, it is an amiable prejudice, which we can forgive; if he make it the reason of his pursuing the same course, we may approve the effect, although we may still think that he ought to have had higher and nobler motives. M. Marsais observes,

"Par une suite de ce préjugé ridicule, pour estimer un homme on ne demande jamais ni ce qu'il est, ni les talens qu'il possede, ni les vertus dont il est orné; on se borne à demander le nom de ses ancêtres. En consequence de cette idée, dont souvent on est la dupe même lorsqu'on en sent le ridicule, le mérite obscur est oublié; les talens sont mis au rebut quand ils n'ont point un nom ou des titres à présenter; la naissance est une tache qui étouffe toutes les vertus; l'homme que la nature a doué du génie le plus vaste, des connoissances les plus rares, de la plus grande capacité, ne peut songer à se placer sur la même ligne qu'un stupide distingué par ses ayeux, mais qui n'est rien par lui-même. Que dis-je? Le grand homme ne peut se tirer de l'abjection qu'en rampant en esclave aux pieds de l'ignorance hautaine. Lorsqu'un heureux hazard éleve aux grandes places un homme obscur,

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capable de les remplir, le public s'indigne, et complice d'un préjugé déshonorant qui l'avilit lui-même, il trouve très-étrange qu'au préjudice d'une noblesse trop fiere pour s'instruire, le choix soit tombé sur un mortel que sa naissance sembloit exclure du droit de servir son pays."

From the pride of ancestry branches off the science of heraldry, with all its uncouth, whimsical, and barbarous figures, "to feed the vanity," says our author, "of men curious to prove to the world that they are descended in a right line from some ferocious and vagrant savage."

Custom, in spite of law, reason, and religion—in spite of its manifest absurdity and folly, still compels men with a sceptre of iron to decide their quarrels, or avenge their affronts with the pistol or the sword, or drives them with shame and contempt from society, if they decline to carry desolation and misery into their own or their enemy's family.

It is an amiable prejudice which disposes man to prefer his native soil, its woods and vallies, to other countries—which reconciles the Arab to his trackless waste—the Greenlander to his fields of ice, and the Indian to his burning sun; for it was there that the light of Heaven first blessed their eyes; there they first *felt;* there they tasted the free delights of childhood, pure and undefiled, which still fill the memory, although they be passed away. So far it is a harmless, nay useful, prejudice; but here it may not stop. If it grow up into vain and exclusive nationality, which despises the habits, manners, science, and literature, of other nations, then does it lose its amiableness, and become disgusting—then does it prove injurious to society, by impeding the progress of intellect and the spread of knowledge. Ancient Greece did, and modern France does, with the same vanity, folly, and spirit of exclusion, reject every thing that is not national. Rome and England, on the contrary, with all their nationality,

"*Imitari quam invidere bonis, malebant.*"

Another prevailing prejudice is the excessive love of wealth —the respect which it exacts, and which is granted to it. Men mistake the means for the end; it becomes a morbid passion, which "grows by what it feeds on;" the more the dazzling heaps accumulate, the fiercer it burns, till its influence withers the young affections of the heart, and leaves its hopeless victim a monument of the fallacy of human expectations. A competency cannot be obtained without industry, but temperate well-directed industry will always secure it; and if man would regard his own feelings and social enjoyments, rather than heartless

show and the opinion of the world, it would secure health and happiness also. Truth turns aside with disgust at the reception given to ill-acquired affluence—the homage paid to splendid iniquity.

A great portion of the evils which have afflicted the human race, M. Marsais traces to religion. He does not attempt to express, nor seem to feel, that there is any distinction between religion and the abuse of it. Himself, in the early part of his life, a member of an ecclesiastical body, he seems to have thought that the Catholic church was the Christian religion; and seeing the delusion, fanaticism, hatred, persecution, and bloodshed, which had grown out of it, he has, in the very spirit of prejudice, which he has been deprecating, concluded that what had been the occasion of so much misery, must in itself be false and erroneous. He confounds superstition with religion —the ambition, corruption, and mysticism, of priests, who prohibited the use of the reasoning faculty, with a religion which teaches, in the spirit of charity and philosophy, to " prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

M. Marsais, in conclusion, endeavours to shew, that truth must sooner or later prevail over prejudice, and the obstacles by which it is opposed. He does not, however, indulge himself in depicting a state of absolute, but comparative, perfection; he takes not the views of the enthusiast, but of the philosopher; he argues not from imagination, but experience. A great obstacle to the extinction of prejudice is the opposition of men of power and influence, who either have an interest in perpetuating abuses, or no interest in removing evils, the inconvenience of which they do not feel.

The manner also in which truth and error are woven together, forms a web, the different threads of which are so twisted and mixed with each other, that it requires the utmost patience and skill to unravel them. But pure unmingled prejudice can no more withstand the touch of truth, than Satan could that of Ithuriel's spear; when they come in contact, the former must appear in its naked deformity, and the latter in characters of light, although false shame may prevent the world from adopting it, even when they recognize its beauty. The chains, and dungeons, and swords of power, may for a time suppress, but they can never extinguish, the energies of the soul of man. It is impelled forward by powers too mighty to be controuled by the already withering arm of despotism; its progression is silent and slow, but it is unceasing, and tyranny and oppression must retreat before it; the seeds of truth are scattered over the globe, and will in time shoot forth into shrubs, bearing fruit again to seed, and again to be renewed.

Having thus gone through the work which forms the subject of the present article, the reader may possibly inquire the reason of our enlarging upon a topic which is by no means new. It was not, assuredly, because prejudices are more potent now than heretofore—a great many old ones have been worn away, and but a few new ones have sprung up—nor was it any *prejudice* in favour of the subject—our apology (if apology be necessary) must rest upon the work itself. The boldness and manliness of the sentiments, and the general tone of the work, struck us as something so novel in a French writer of that time, (without, however, forgetting the class of writers with whom the author was contemporary) that our admiration was irresistibly engaged—we sympathised in the indignant throbs of his heart at the degradation and miseries of his species, and his anxiety for the general happiness; and we admired him for his honest and unrepressed hatred of oppression, in all its shapes. The work before us is distinguished by a mild, candid, benevolent, and philosophical spirit. The author's reasoning is precise and forcible, and sometimes rapid and brilliant, and his conclusions are in general just. When he touches upon despotic government, or the mummeries of superstition, he becomes warm and energetic, and sometimes bursts out into eloquent declamation, but there is little of the violence of party, or the rancour of sect, to be found in this essay: his arguments are strong, without bitterness, and full of humanity and social kindness. The spirit of his style carries us pleasantly along with the subject, and though somewhat redundant, it is perspicuous. He had seen little of the world; and Fontenelle said of him, "C'est le nigaud le plus spirituel et l'homme d'esprit le plus nigaud que je connoisse."

ART. VII. *Hydriotaphia, Urn Burial; or, a Discourse of the Sepulchral Urns lately found in Norfolk. By* Thomas Browne, *Dr. of Physic. London, printed for Charles Brome,* 1686.

There are few writers who have taken for their especial themes, death and the grave. Still fewer are they who have done justice to these subjects, so sublime and fearful. The poets and philosophers, indeed, all make no small use of the last solemn period to earthly enjoyments and hopes. It not only deepens the speculations of sages, and sheds a melancholy hue over the images of tragic poets, but heightens the feeling breathed forth in gay and festive songs. The fragility of delight is one of its most bewitching attributes. We desire to

grasp earnestly, that which is soon to pass away for ever. We feel as if we could make up in intensity for that which is wanting in duration, and live whole ages in a few short hours. All the affections of the human heart are rendered more august and sacred, by the mortality of the frame which is their present abode. This ever counteracts their tendency to cling to material objects, to grow to the delights of sense, and to lose their noblest and most disinterested qualities in the feeling of full satisfaction in those things which form but their temporary resting places, and refreshments in this palpable yet shifting scene. Destined to an eternity on earth, they might harden into a selfishness which would debase their essence. But when he who feels them recognizes his own mortality and their eternal nature —when he knows that all sensual gratifications must perish, but that they shall endure—he nurtures them for their high and supernal destiny. In the spirit of immortality, he cherishes sentiments of devotion and self-sacrifice, learns to live beyond himself, and, denied the immediate range of those regions in which hereafter he will be a free traveller, seeks fit walk for his spirit among the ranks of humanity, and claims deep kindred with those who are journeying through earth with the same hopes and foretastes. Death imparts its most intense interest to life. It preserves to the spiritual part of man its own high prerogatives. Our sense of the majesty of the soul arises from its contrast with the perishableness of our mortal nature. We do reverence to that within us which is eternal. We find no perfection, no completeness, in pleasure, except when the feeling of eternity blends with and consecrates the joy. Thus the delights of innocent and deep-hearted love are the sweetest we can know in this world; because its fleeting enjoyments are heightened by sentiments which cannot die; because there are some pulses of rapture in its delights, which death cannot bid to pause; because it unites the spirit of both worlds, the delicacies of earth, with the pure and far-reaching emotions of Heaven. Frequent use, therefore, hath been made of the mortality of man by poets and sages. They have delighted to shew the superiority of the soul over its mortal destiny. They have consecrated this world by representing it as the vestibule of one which shall endure for ever. They have taught us to listen to echoes from beyond the grave, and have shed over our earthly path "glimpses which may make us less forlorn." But they have, for the most part, regarded death only as the barrier between the shadows of this world, and the invisible realities of another. They have not taken the awful subject as the sole or chief ground of their contemplations. They have rather sought to soften it away—to represent it as a general slumber—or to make us feel it but as the dividing streak between our visible

horizon and that more clear and unstained hemisphere, on which the sun of human existence rises, when it dips behind the remotest hills of earthly vision with all its livery of declining glories.

But Sir Thomas Browne, in the work before us, hath dared to take the grave itself for his theme. He deals not with death as a shadow, but as a substantial reality. He dwells not on it as the mere cessation of life—he treats it not as a terrible negation—but enters on its discussion as a state with its own solemnities and pomps. Others who have professed to write on death, have treated merely of dying. They have fearfully described the rending asunder of soul and body—the last farewell to existence—and the state of the spirit in its range through new and untried scenes of rapture or of woe. Some have individualized the theme, and written of death in relation only to particular persons or classes who become its victims. Those who regard it more universally and intensely—as Blair and Young—yet look but on its surface. They are conversant only with cypresses, yew trees, and grave stones, or hint at superstitions which endow the dead with life, and endue the tomb with something of vitality. Sir Thomas Browne alone treats of death as one subdued to its very essence. He encounters the tyrant, and "plucks out the heart of his mystery." He speaks not of the agonies of dissolution; but regards the destroyer only when he is laden with his spoils, and the subjects of his victory are at rest. The region of his imagination is that space beneath the surface of the world, where the bones of all generations repose. His fancy works beneath the ground its way from tomb to tomb, rests on each variety of burial, ennobles the naked clay of the peasant, expands in the sepulchres of kings, and, skimming beneath the deepest caverns of the sea, detects the unvalued jewels "in those holes which eyes did once inhabit." The language of his essay is weighty, yet tender, such as his theme should inspire. We can imagine nothing graver. His words are sepulchral—his ornaments are flowers of mortality. If his essay were read by Mr. Kemble, it would have appropriate voice, breathed forth in the tenderest of sepulchral tones, with cadences solemn and sweet as the last tremblings of good men's lives.

The immediate occasion which called forth the deep and noble effusion we are now to contemplate, is thus related by its author:

"In a field of old Walsingham, not many months past, were digged up between forty and fifty Urns, deposited in a dry and sandy soil, not a yard deep, nor far from one another: Not all strictly of one figure, but most answering these described; some containing two pounds of bones, distinguishable in skulls, ribs, jaws, thigh-bones, and

teeth, with fresh impressions of their combustion. Besides the extraneous substances, like pieces of small boxes, or combs handsomely wrought, handles of small brass instruments, brazen nippers, and in one some kind of opal.

"Near the same plot of ground, for about six yards compass, were digged up coals and incinerated substances, which begat conjecture that this was the Ustrina or place of burning their bodies, or some sacrificing place unto the manes, which was properly below the surface of the ground, as the aræ and altars unto the gods and heroes above it."

Thus inspired, he pours forth, without particular order or design, his richest treasures of imagery and thought. These may be divided into two classes—those learned commentaries which relate to modes of interment, and those intense reflections which he makes on death, life, and duration.

He opens the subjects with a general survey or map of the earthy region through which he is about to conduct us:

"In the deep discovery of the subterranean world, a shallow part would satisfy some enquirers; who, if two or three yards were open about the surface, would not care to rake the bowels of Potosi, and regions toward the centre. Nature hath furnished one part of the earth, and man another. The treasures of time lie high, in urns, coyns, and monuments, scarce below the roots of some vegetables. Time hath endless rarities, and shows of all varieties; which reveals old things in heaven, makes new discoveries in earth, and even earth itself a discovery. That great antiquity, America, lay buried for a thousand years; and a large part of the earth is still in the urn unto us.

"Though if Adam were made out of an extract of the earth, all parts might challenge a restitution, yet few have returned their bones far lower than they might receive them; not affecting the graves of giants, under hilly and heavy coverings, but content with less than their own depth, have wished their bones might lie soft, and the earth be light upon them; even such as hope to rise again, would not be content with central interment, or so desperately to place their reliques as to lie beyond discovery, and in no way to be seen again; which happy contrivance hath made communication with our forefathers, and left unto our view some parts which they never beheld themselves."

Here his genius seems to make its way through the softened mould. We feel as if we could be delighted to grope all our lives about the roots of vegetables for the treasures of time which lie so near us. How sublimely does he, in his antiquarian zeal, represent America as when undiscovered "a buried antiquity," and expand his subject to the limits of the world! With what rich conceit does he allude to the solemnities of our frame, and with what a placid and smiling allusion does he insinuate our hopes of rising from the tomb! When he dis-

cusses modes of burial, instead of dwelling with fondness on one of them, he dignifies them all. He treats burial superstitions, however fantastic, as most holy. Assuming with a philosophic charity, that "all customs were founded on some bottom of reason," he finds traces of noble imagination, or deep wisdom, in the most opposite rites and ceremonials. "Some," says he,

"Being of the opinion of Thales, that water was the original of all things, thought it most equal to submit unto the principle of putrefaction, and conclude in a moist relentment. Others conceived it most natural to end in fire, as due unto the master principle in the composition, according to the doctrine of Heraclitus. And therefore heaped up large piles, more actively to waft them towards that element, whereby they also declined a visible degeneration into worms, and left a lasting parcel of their composition.

"Some apprehended a purifying virtue in fire, refining the grosser commixture, and firing out the æthereal particles so deeply immersed in it. And such as by tradition or rational conjecture held any hint of the final pyre of all things, or that this element at last must be too hard for all the rest, might conceive most naturally of the fiery dissolution."

And again:

"The Scythians who swore by wind and sword, that is, by life and death, were so far from burning their bodies, that they declined all interment, and made their graves in the air. And the Ichthyophagi, or fish-eating nations about Egypt, affected the sea for their grave: thereby declining visible corruption, and restoring the debt of their bodies. Whereas the old heroes in Homer, dreaded nothing more than water or drowning; probably upon the old opinion of the fiery substance of the soul, only extinguishable by that element; and therefore the poet emphatically implieth the total destruction in this kind of death, which happened to Ajax Oileus."

The following appears to us some of the most beautiful moralizing ever drawn from funeral solemnities.

"Men have lost their reason in nothing so much as their religion, wherein stones and clouts make martyrs; and since the religion of one seems madness unto another, to afford an account or rational of old rights, requires no rigid reader. That they kindled the pyre aversely, or turning their face from it, was an handsome symbol of unwilling ministration; that they washed their bones with wine and milk, that the mother wrapt them in linen, and dried them in her bosom, the first fostering part, and place of their nourishment; that they opened their eyes toward heaven, before they kindled the fire, as the place of their hopes or original, were no improper ceremonies. Their last valediction, thrice uttered by the attendants, was also very solemn, and somewhat answered by Christians, who thought

it too little, if they threw not the earth thrice upon the interred body. That in strewing their tombs the Romans affected the rose, the Greeks amaranthus and myrtle; that the funeral-pyre consisted of sweet fuel, cypress, fir, larix, yew, and trees perpetually verdant, lay silent expressions of their surviving hopes; wherein Christians which deck their coffins with bays have found a more elegant emblem—for that it seeming dead, will restore itself from the root, and its dry and exsuccous leaves resume their verdure again; which if we mistake not, we have also observed in furze. Whether the planting of yew in church yards hold not its original from ancient funeral rites, or as an emblem of resurrection, from its perpetual verdure, may also admit conjecture."

Young, in one of his cold conceits, exclaims, "How populous, how vital is the grave!" in reference merely to the obvious truth, that the number of the dead exceeds that of the living. Sir Thomas Browne, by his intense earnestness and vivid solemnity, seems really to endow the grave itself with life. He does not linger in the valley of the shadow of death, but enters within the portals, where the regal destroyer keeps his awful state; and yet there is nothing thin, airy, or unsubstantial —nothing ghostly or shocking—in his works. He unveils, with a reverent touch, the material treasures of the sepulchre; he describes these with the learning of an antiquary; moralizes on them with the wisdom of a philosopher; broods over them with the tenderness of an enthusiast; and associates with them sweet and congenial images, with the fancy of a poet. He is the laureat of the king of terrors; and most nobly does he celebrate the earthly magnificence of his kingdom. He discovers consolations not only in the hopes of immortality, but in the dusty and sad ornaments of the tomb. How richly does he speak of the liquors found in old sepulchres, as if death were the chief butler of time, and preserved patriarchal flavours within his vaults!

"Some find sepulchral vessels containing liquors, which time hath incrassated into gellies. For beside these lachrymatories, notable lamps, with vessels of oils and aromatical liquors, attended noble ossuaries. And some yet retaining a vinosity and spirit in them, which if any have tasted they have far exceeded the palates of antiquity. Liquors not to be computed by years of annual magistrates, but by great conjunctions and the fatal periods of kingdoms. The draughts of consulary date were but crude unto these, and opimian wine but in the must unto them."

How intense is the following passage, relative to the mingling of bones in the same urn!

"Some finding many fragments of sculls in these urns, suspected a mixture of bones; in none we searched was there cause of such con-

jecture, though sometimes they declined not that practice. The ashes of Domitian were mingled with those of Julia: of Achilles with those of Patroclus. All urns contained not single ashes; without confused burnings they affectionately compounded their bones, passionately endeavouring to continue their living unions. And when distance of death denied such conjunctions, unsatisfied affections conceived some satisfaction to be neighbours in the grave, to lie urn by urn, and touch but in their names. And many were so curious to continue their living relations, that they contrived large and family urns, wherein the ashes of their nearest friends and kindred might successively be received, at least some parcels thereof, while their collateral memorials lay in minor vessels about them."

Never surely by any other writer was sentiment thus put into dry bones. Ashes here seem endowed with living passion. The imagination rests satisfied with the neighbourhood of bodies in the grave, and with the mere touching of names. Sir Thomas Browne ennobles and consecrates whatever he touches. He makes us feel that magnitude is not necessary to venerableness, for in his works, things which before appeared insignificant, impress us with an awful grandeur. He requires not a vast or gigantic object to stir and affect him. He perceives the high attributes of the smallest things—the antiquity and the consecration which they share with the mightiest—and renders an urn or a pyramid equal to the mind. His power, like that of death, levels distinctions; for he looks into the soul of things, instead of contemplating merely their external forms. Can any thing be said of the ruins of Babylon equal to the following celebration of a few sepulchral urns? "Now since these dead bones have already outlasted the living ones of Methuselah, and in a yard under ground, and thin walls of clay, outworn all the strong and spacious buildings above it; and quietly rested under the drums and tramplings of three conquests: what prince can promise such diuturnity unto his reliques, or might not gladly say,

"Sic ego componi versus in ossa velim?"

"Time, which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor monuments." Thus, by shewing that the lowliest things have consecrating associations equal to the stateliest, he vindicates to Nature and Time, those regalities which we are prone to attribute to stupendous remains of human skill, as if they appertained to them as inherent properties, and were not merely shed on them by hallowing years.

But Sir Thomas Browne finds matter of deeper speculation in the regions of the grave, than any to which we have yet particularly alluded. He derives the nobleness of our na-

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ture, even from its mortality on earth. In the most opposite ceremonials, he traces the spirit of a higher and more perfect life. Thus he treats the disregard of interment, as evincing a sense that the frame was but the shell of a finer essence, and the solemnities of burial as proving that man, in extending his cares beyond death, displays the instinct of future being. Every thing with him has a profound and sacred meaning. He embodies the abstractions of humanity in the stateliest forms, elevating even the brevity of existence into a distinct being, and endowing it with venerable attributes. Past and Present, Life and Dissolution, Time and Immortality, seem to meet in his works, as in a fane, "for festal purpose decked with unrejoicing berries!" He thus immortalizes transitoriness, and makes oblivion sublime:

"Oblivion is not to be hired: the greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and *who knows when was the æquinox?* Every hour adds unto that current arithmetick, which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina of life, and even pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes; since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time that grows old itself, bids us hope no long duration: diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation."

Can any thing be more ingenious, yet more solemn, more quaint, yet more impressive, than the following dissuasive from anxiety for earthly renown?

"Restless inquietude for the diuturnity of our memories unto present considerations, seems a vanity almost out of date, and superannuated piece of folly. We cannot hope to live so long in our names, as some have done in their persons; one face of Janus holds no proportion unto the other. 'Tis too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs. To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope, without injury to our expectations in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs. We whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time, are providentially taken off from such imaginations. And being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted unto thoughts of the next world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration, which maketh pyramids pillars of snow, and all that's past a moment."

What reflections can be more strange, yet more familiar,

than the following speculations on human life; entering into the deepest solemnities of our mortal being, and daring to take advantage of those riddles of humanity, which meaner moralists scarce venture to imagine?

"If the nearness of our last necessity brought a nearer conformity unto it, there were a happiness in hoary hairs, and no calamity in half senses. But the long habit of living indisposeth us for dying—when avarice makes us the sport of death, when even David grew politickly cruel, and Solomon could hardly be said to be the wisest of men. But many are too early old, and before the date of age. Adversity stretcheth our days, misery makes Alcmena's nights, [one night as long as three] and time hath no wings unto it. But the most tedious being is that which can unwish itself, content to be nothing, or never to have been, which was beyond the mal-content of Job, who cursed not the day of his life, but his nativity; content to have so far been, as to have a title to future being; although he had lived here but in a hidden state of life, and as it were an abortion.

"What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and counsellors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietors of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarism—not to be resolved by man, nor easily perhaps by spirits, *except we consult the Provincial Guardians, or Tutelary Observators.* Had they made as good provision for their names as they have done for their reliques, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation; but to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes, which in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity, as emblems of mortal vanities; antidotes against pride, vain glory, and madding vices. Pagan vain glories which thought the world might last for ever, had encouragement for ambition, and finding no Atropos unto the immortality of their names, were never dampt with the necessity of oblivion. Even old ambitions had the advantage of ours, in the attempts of their vain-glories, who acting early and before the probable meridian of time, have by this time found great accomplishment of their designs, whereby the ancient heroes have already out-lasted their monuments, and mechanical preservations. But in this latter scene of time we cannot expect such mummies unto our memories, when ambition may fear the prophecy of Elias, and Charles the Fifth can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Hector."

He proceeds to argue against the passionate desire of fame, from the slender relics which it usually embalms of its followers. "To be read by bare inscriptions, like many in Gruter; to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets, or first letters of our names; to be studied by antiquaries, who we

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were, and have new names given to us like some of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages." He unmasks the frigid ambition of those, who desire merely to be known as having been. "Who," he demands, "cares to submit like Hippocrates's patients, or Achilles' horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts or noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the *Entelechia* and soul of our subsistences? To be nameless in worthy deeds, exceeds an infamous history." What moral sublimity is here! And with how noble a glimpse into the night of forgotten things,—a half-lifting of the veil of oblivion,—does he ask, "who knows whether the best of men be known? or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Having, with farther richness of illustration, and quaint philosophy, shewn the uncertainty of all human memorials of the dead, he holds a question with man's immortality after death, and retaining all reverential belief in future life, yet seems to hesitate whether God hath promised a duration absolutely endless. From this high speculation, he recalls himself to the nobleness of man, as evinced by the solemnities of burial, taking the grave stone for his faith to lean on, and for his hope's moveless resting place—"*But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, and not omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.*"

How stupendous is the following moralizing on human afflictions, on the Pythagorean phantasies, on Egyptian contrivances for preservation of the earthly frame, and on the vain hopes of men to perpetuate their memories in the changeless movements of the stars.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities, miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days; and our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls—a good way to continue their memories; while having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations.

Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make no particle of the publick soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistences, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses, or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy has become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

"In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon; men have been deceived even in their flatteries above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations; Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osyris in the Dog-star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth—durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts: whereof beside comets and new stars, perspectives begin to tell tales. And the spots that wander about the sun, with Phæton's favour, would make clear conviction."

Sir Thomas Browne has been contrasted with Bishop Jeremy Taylor, who like him wrote on death, and delighted to contemplate the symbols of man's decay. But no two things can be more opposite than their modes of treating the sacred theme. Jeremy Taylor broods only over the surface of the subject, and tinges it with roseate hues. He enters not the recesses of the grave, but moralizes at its entrance. While Sir Thomas Browne rakes among the bones for some strange relic in the deep bed of mortality; the most Christian of bishops gently gathers the sweet flowers which peep forth on the green above it. The former ransacks antiquity, and the hidden corners of strange learning for his illustrations; the latter steals the ready smile of some sleeping child, or the modest bloom of a virgin cheek. The imagination of Sir Thomas Browne reflects the faded forms of old, half-forgotten things; that of Jeremy Taylor is overspread with the blushing tints of aërial beauty, like a lake beneath the sweetest sky of evening, in which the very multitude of lovely shadows prevent any one clear and majestic image from appearing unbroken. The first carries us out of ourselves into the grand abstractions of our nature; the last touches the pulses of individual joy, and awakens delicious musings and indistinct emotions of serious delight, such "as make a chrysome child to smile." In the works of Browne, we hear "ancestral voices;" in those of Taylor, we listen to the sweet warblings of the angelic choir. Sir Thomas Browne does not shed sweet radiance on the stream of life—but he fathoms its most awful deeps, and thence discovers, that it rises not within the horizon of sense, but hath its

source in other worlds, and will continue its mystic windings far beyond the shadows of death, which limit our present vision.

ART. VIII. Hieronymi Cardani *Mediolanensis de Propria Vita Liber. Amstelœdami, Apud Joannem Ravesteinum.* 1654. 12mo. pp. 288.

We cannot conceive a more interesting or more appropriate employment for a man in the decline of life, than to sit down to write the history of his own actions, his feelings, his thoughts, and his adventures—to think over the early time of his youth—to call back the recollection of companions and friends, dead, distant, or nearly forgotten—to trace his designs in their origin and progress, their completion or disappointment, and compare himself with himself in the several changeful acts of his existence. This is seldom done. Specimens of auto-biography are rare, and valuable as rare. Yet old age is proverbially garrulous; and the desire of being remembered after death is as universal as man himself. To counteract the effect of dispositions so likely to produce communications as these, there must operate some powerful and general causes—which may probably, in some small measure, be found in a very common indisposition in men, who are not accustomed to commit their thoughts to writing, or who are not authors by profession, to put pen to paper in the way of formal composition. If this be the feeling which prevents men from amusing and instructing either their peculiar progeny, or posterity in general, by an account of their own lives, it is to be lamented that they cannot be convinced of the fact, that all the beauties that this kind of writing would absolutely require, are the natural and unbought charms that accompany a plain unvarnished tale—the emotions of the heart, the movements of the mind in peculiar situations, the personal adventure, or the critical emergency, need only the simple language which spontaneously clothes the thought as it grows. Few men there are, however chequered or busy the scenes of their active life may be, who do not frequently reflect upon their circumstances, and review, with intense consciousness, the map of their past existence—who do not sometimes turn an eye of ardent curiosity into the internal operations of their own minds and wills; this practice becomes more frequent, and of longer duration, as a man advances towards the latter end of his life—when the old man is established, at

the decline of day, by his fire-side, or when walking about his garden in the early morning.

To render auto-biography interesting and amusing, we think is no difficult task, presuming, of course, a fair foundation to build upon; but for a man so completely to divest himself of vanity and self-love, that the relation of himself shall be impartial and trustworthy, would be a very uncommon and singular occurrence; that an individual, in addition to this, should be bitter against himself—that he should make himself appear even worse than he may be—that he should unnaturally point his own actions with evil motives, and aggravate his own feelings, is a case of such remarkable morbidity, as to deserve a particular account. The life of Cardan, the subject of the present article, is nearly such a case.

There *are* stern task-masters of their own consciences, who would not shrink to take their conduct to pieces, and subject its parts to a rigid examination—whose austere love of truth would enable them to look into the vital operations of their own hearts, without flinching; but very few, if any, who could bring themselves to hold up the account to the eye of the world. It cannot be expected: the best heart would wither at the idea of such an exhibition. Had the Mandeville of Mr. Godwin been a real being, would he ever have been induced to send to the press that awful account of the workings of his soul? Certainly not. Yet how instructive, how intense an interest would such a relation have exacted, could we have relied on the precedent; had it been a reported case, of authority to be quoted in the court where a man sits in judgment upon himself—that awful tribunal, where the judge is master of the fact and the law—where the witness convicts himself, and the punishment awarded is, the gnawing " worm that never dies."

The generality of auto-biographers, however, it must be confessed, do not feel this responsibility to be of so deep a nature: they skim the surface of their lives, and only catch the reflection of their actions in a flattering point of view; they think highly of themselves, magnify their good deeds, and dilute the confession of a fault to a sweet insipid mixture of mistaken virtue and pardonable vice. Such men publish in their life-time, and would be well with their contemporaries. It is not to such works as these, that we have been chiefly alluding, though they may be sufficiently amusing, and, when read with discrimination, highly useful. We refer to the dusty and neglected manuscript volume, which is dragged by executors or descendants from forgotten heaps of papers, tattered and worm-eaten, in the bottom of an old chest, and written in many different-looking hands—the pro-

duction of many a gloomy hour, when the soul was at mortal strife with its own nature.

It has been said, that self-knowledge is a science of such difficult attainment, that men "deceive themselves, and say that they have no sin;" that actions appear to the actors of them in so favourable a light, that a writer, *de seipso*, cannot unravel the truth. We apprehend there is a good deal of error in this opinion: the γνῶθι σεαυτον is not so difficult a task as has been imagined—it is not that men cannot, but that they will not, see the reality. A man always knows, or easily could know, if he would give himself the trouble, the sterling quality of his own deeds; should he, however, be disinclined to enter into the examination, and to throw a sop to his conscience, we readily acknowledge the powerful effect of the casuistry which is ever at hand to gloss over, misrepresent, and soften down; but this is only when there is a traitor in the bosom, and no effort or attempt at resistance is made.

Jerome Cardan was the most remarkable, and, at the time, considered one of the greatest men of the sixteenth century. More was written and said about him, and he himself wrote more, than almost any other writer of the age. He was consulted as one who had preternatural information; by some, he was almost adored as a demi-god; by others, he was hated as an impostor and a villain; and by others, pitied or despised as a madman. His bitterest antagonist, the elder Scaliger, confessed that at times he wrote as one inspired, and at others as an idiot. Artists frequently came from distant parts of the country, that they might take his portrait. He was a mathematician, and is celebrated as the inventor of one of the most important rules in Algebra, which goes by his name. He was a physician, and his advice was requested from all parts. He was invited by the King of Denmark to reside in his dominions, and, being sent for from Italy to Scotland, cured the Archbishop of St. Andrews of a disorder which had bidden defiance to the most skilful physicians in the country: he is hence mentioned as a *magician* by the Scotch historians. He was an astronomer, and yet he believed in astrology; and at the same time, an eminent metaphysician and moral philosopher. He was called a *polypus* of science—cut off one head, and a score sprang up—refute him in one department, yet his fame and reputation stood upon the footing of half a dozen others. He was as singular in his birth and death as in his life: in the womb, his mother attempted to destroy him by means of deleterious drugs, and he was ushered into the world with fearful signs:

"The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discord sung;
His mother felt more than a mother's pain."

During his life he was afflicted with the pains of poverty, and the miseries of professional authorship, but these have happened to many men; his misfortunes were peculiar—a wandering and unsettled mode of existence, and the being charged with theft and all sorts of dishonesty, moral and literary, were nothing to his family anxieties; his eldest son was ignominiously executed for the murder of his wife, and he himself was compelled more than once to imprison his youngest son, who was an unprincipled knave, and whom he was compelled to disinherit and disown. It has been mentioned that Cardan was an astrologer; he, it is said, predicted his own death at a particular time, and starved himself to prove the truth of the prophecy. The events, however, of the life of this singular personage are not so remarkable as the portrait of his mind which he has left us in the book, of the contents of which we will proceed to give an account.

Cardan, in this production, did not think proper to follow the ordinary mode of biography; he does not begin with his birth and his infancy, and thus narrate in order the incidents of his life. The manner of the book is as singular as the matter. He divides all the qualities and properties incidental to man under different heads, which he affixes to the beginning of a chapter, and proceeds to describe his own individual peculiarities under each; as for instance, *de Statura et Forma corporis; de Valetudine; de Moribus et Animi Vitio, et Erroribus.* Thus giving, as it were, a regular inventory of his whole effects, intellectual, moral, and personal. His life is like the statistical statement of the surveyor of a parish—every thing connected with him has its separate and peculiar notice, down to his very food, his clothes, and his exercise. He takes the height and breadth, and marks, of his person, as a curious traveller would measure the pyramids. The interest of narrative never entered into his mind; his book is a record of facts, which he felt he was called upon to make, before so singular a being disappeared from the face of the earth. A naturalist would thus describe an animal he had never met with, and never expected to see again. A mineralogist, in stringing together an account of the external appearances, the component parts and different uses of a mineral, would be just as accurate and just as jejune. It is, perhaps, the most difficult book to get through that was ever written, which contained so many remarkable circumstances. He writes as if he were giving evidence in a court of justice, and every sentence was an answer

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to a question put to him. It mattered not to him who read his work; for he seems to have written it under the influence of an imperious sense of duty, as if some superior being had demanded the items of his existence. It is like a last account given in to be summed up, on the day when every man shall know his doom.

We will proceed to turn over the leaves of the little volume before us, and make a few extracts as we go along from the different chapters as they occur, paying chief attention to those parts which tend to distinguish the most remarkable traits in the character of this singular person. By so doing, we hope to gain another object, that of making this interesting work better known to the generality of readers, and thus ensuring a more particular notice of it than is commonly paid.

The first chapter our auto-biographer entitles "Patria et Majores," in which he gives a very particular account of the family of Cardan. The duration of life always seems to have been a very favourite speculation with him, probably in consequence of his astrological studies, and the prediction relative to his own death. He therefore dwells, with manifest pleasure, on the remarkable longevity for which his ancestors were distinguished. The sons of his grandfather, he tells us, lived respectively to the ages of ninety-three, eighty-eight, eighty-six; and their sons again to those of eighty-eight, ninety-six, seventy-four, eighty-four; and his father to that of eighty. With the same delight, he reckons up the years of his maternal relations. His astrological propensities lead him to pay particular attention to all coincident events; and he mentions in this chapter, with a laudable minuteness, that his maternal grandfather spent part of his time in prison, at the very same period of life that this wholesome restraint was laid upon himself.

He gives a whole chapter to the account of his birth and the astrological situation of the stars at the time of it. It is here that he records his narrow escape from the designs of his mother.

"Tentatis, ut audivi, abortivis medicamentis frustra, ortus sum an. M.D.VIII. calend. Oct. hora noctis prima non exacta, sed paulo magis dimidia et tamen besse minore . . . . Natus ergo, imo a matré extractus, tanquam mortuus, cum capillis nigris, recreatus balneo vini calidi, quod alteri potuit esse perniciosum, conflictata tribus perpetuis diebus in partu, superstes evasi tandem."

He gives this most singular of all reasons for appearing to the world in the human form:

"Cum Sol, et maleficæ ambæ, et Venus et Mercurius essent in

signis humanis, ideo non declinavi e formâ humanâ, sed cum Jupiter esset in ascendenti et Venus totius figuræ domina, non fui oblæsus nisi in genitalibus: ut a XXI anno ad XXXI non potuerim concumbere cum mulieribus, et sæpius deflerem sortem meam cuique alteri propriam invidens."

All his unfortunate propensities, as well as high faculties (some of which he does not scruple to claim to be supernatural) he attributes to the influence of evil stars.

" Remansit (he says) ergo sola quædam vafricies et animus minime liber: verum omnia abrupta et interdicta consilia; ut uno verbo dicam destitutus corporeis viribus cum paucis amicis, parvo patrimonio, pluribus inimicis, quorum maximam partem neque nomine neque vultu agnosco, absque humana sapientia, nec memoria validus, sed providentia aliquanto melior: ut nesciam cur conditio quæ ad familiam et majores contemptibilis censetur, gloriosa imo invidiosa apud eosdem sit."

There is something very singular in the mode in which Cardan speaks of his parents. To his mother, he does not seem to have owed much, but of both he speaks with the utmost indifference, and probably never felt a spark of natural affection for either, and only mentions them, because they were his parents, and should therefore be known. Of his father, (who appears to have been a man of austere morals, for he would not allow an old gentleman to leave his ill-gotten wealth to his son, merely observing, *male parta esse)* he says, that he had a ruddy complexion, and could, like a cat, see in the night, was very fond of Euclid, and had round shoulders, *(Erat Euclidis operum studiosus et humeris incurvis.)* He gives this laconic character of his mother. " My mother was given to anger, had an excellent memory and a good wit, was low in stature, fat and pious."

The fifth chapter is entitled, " On my height and shape of body," the whole of which, as it is short, we feel ourselves compelled to quote. It is, perhaps, the only accurate and minute portrait of a man's own person, down to the most casual blemish, ever handed down to posterity by the pen. Cardan probably thought, that future ages would be very curious about a form, which a superior being (his dæmon) had condescended to inhabit.

" Statura mediocris; pedibus brevibus, latis prope digitos, dorso eorum altiore, adeo ut vix calceos congruentes inveniam, cogererque antea illos instituere: pectore angusto aliqualiter: brachiis admodum tenuibus, dextra manu crassiore, digitisque incompactis, ut chiromantici rudem esse pronunciarint ac stupidum: inde ubi norunt, puduerit. In ea linea vitæ brevis, et Saturnina vocata longa et profunda: sinistra

autem pulchra, ob longis digitis, et teretibus ac compactis: unguibus splendidis, collo aliquantulum longiore et tenuiore; mento diviso, labro inferiore crasso et pendulo: oculis valde parvis ac quasi conniventibus, in quid intentius aspicio; super palpebram sinistri oculi macula lenti parvæ similis, ut nec facile deprehendi queat: fronte latiore, et in lateribus, ubi temporibus jungitur, capillis nuda, quorum color et barbæ flavus erat, detonsos soleo crines ferre et barbam brevem, quæ ut mentum bifida erat: pars tota sub mento pilis abundabat longis, ut ibi magis barbatus viderer. Senectus barbam mutavit, capillos parum: Sermo altior, adeo ut reprehenderer ab his qui se amicos mihi simulabant, vox aspera, magna et quæ tamen profitendo non procul audiretur: Sermo non admodum suavis et nimius: intuitus fixus quasi cogitantis, dentes superiores anteriores magnæ: color ex albo ruber: facies oblonga, non multum tamen caput retro in angustum desinit tanquam in spherulam exiguam. Adeo vero nil rarum est in nobis ut pictores plures qui ex longinquis regionibus venerant, me delineandi causa, nihil invenire potuerint, quo exprimere ita possint, ut ex pictura dignoscerer. In gutturis parte inferiore tumor velut spherula dura, non admodum conspicua, a matre hereditaria et derivata."

Under the head of *De Valetudine* he informs us, that he had been generally so free from the disease called the hæmorrhoides and the gout, that he has oftener sought to bring them on, rather than drive them away. "It was my practice, (he afterwards adds) a practice at which many wondered, to bring on some disorder, if I happened to have none upon me, as I have just observed of the gout. The reason of this is, that in my opinion pleasure consists in the subsiding of preceding pain. Now if pain be voluntary, it can be made to cease at pleasure. And I have found out that I cannot exist without a certain degree of pain; for, when it altogether ceases, I feel so impetuous a fury seize my mind, that a moderate quantity of voluntary pain is much more safe, and renders me much more respectable. For this reason I bite my lips, distort my fingers, pinch my skin and the tender fleshy part of the left arm even to tears. Thus I have been able to live without reproach. I have a horror by nature of standing on lofty places, however broad, and have always entertained the greatest apprehensions of hydrophobia. Sometimes I have been filled, with what I may term a *heroic passion*, which has often led me to the thought of putting an end to myself."

Under the head of exercise *(de Exercitatione)* he tells us, that one of his amusements was to traverse the streets in arms during the night, in towns where he happened to be residing, contrary to the orders of the magistrates. At one time it was his practice to spend the whole of the day, from dawn to dusk, in athletic exercises, and then, in a state of profuse perspiration, sit down to some musical instrument; after which, he would fre-

quently wander about the whole night. Afterwards, he gives a most particular account of his diet, and puts down a bill of fare, consisting of all those articles which he was in the habit of eating. He observes, that he used medicine sparingly, "preterquam populeonis unguento usus sum, vel ursi adipe, aut oleo nympharum *quibus inungebantur loca* XVII. *femora, pedum plantæ, cervi, cubiti, carpi, tempora, jugulares, cor, jecur, superius labium.*"

Until the age of forty-three, his principle seems to have been to do the thing which promised him most pleasure, and this recklessness of consequences he attributes to the prediction that he would not survive his fortieth year. "Et astrologiæ cognitio quam tum habebam, et ut mihi videbatur et omnes aiebant, me non excessurum XL vitæ annum, certe non ad XLV perventurum, multum obfuit."

He thus describes part of his life, which seems to have been spent happily—the recollection, however, stings him, and he starts into a lamentation over the miseries of his life:—when in this strain, he never fails to speak of the execution of his son, which appears to have made a fatal impression on his mind.

"Itaque a voluptate initium sumpsi ætate, natura, curis præteritis, et occasione suadentibus. Mane si profitendum esset, ut Mediolani primum, post Papiæ longe sæpius profitebar. Inde deambulabam in umbra extra urbis mœnia: prandebam, musicæ post operam dabam: inde piscatum ibam, juxta lucos et sylvas paulum ab urbe distanter studebam, scribebam, vesperi domum me recipiebam: perduravit hoc tempus annis sex, sed hei! *Fulgere quondam candidi tibi soles:* Dixit ille: Ingressus post longum illud iter atque honorificum: sed valeant lucra, honores, ambitus illi, intempestivæ voluptates: perdidi me: perii, creverunt difficultates atque molestiæ, velut umbra taxi, ut ferunt: nullum jam restabat solatium, nisi exitiale: sed in hoc genere beatitudo esse non potest, nam secus tyranni qui a beatitudine plurimum absunt, forent beatissimi. Itaque ut taurus junctis oculis furens, dum majore impetu fertur, necesse est ut impingat et ruat. Impegi igitur ac rui: Interim et antehac, calamitas illa de filio natu majore accidit. Confessi sunt quidam e senatu (sed puto non de seipsis intelligi voluisse) damnasse illum, ut dolore interirem, aut insanirem; ab unoque, quam parum fuerim, superi norunt, etc."

In the chapter (XIII) in which he professes to speak of "his manners, the vices of his disposition, and his errors," he thus expresses his determination to adhere to the truth, in this history of himself.

"Ad nos maluimus veritati in hoc servire, haud ignari, non habere excusationem ullam qui peccat in moribus, quemadmodum in cæteris: Quis cogere potuit? An ergo unus ero ille leprosus qui ex decem sanatis solus ad dominum rediit, eâ ratione medici et astrologi morum naturali-

um causas in primas qualitates, voluntariorum in educationem, studia, conversationem. * * *

He continues with a sketch of his character, which contains a series of most singular disclosures.

"Me ergo natura mea non latuit, iracundus, simplex, veneri deditus: ex quibus tanquam principiis etiam profluxere sævitia, pertinacia contentiosa, asperitas, imprudentia, iracundia, ultionis desiderium etiam ultra vires, nedum prona voluntas: ut illud placeat quod multi damnant, verbo saltem. *At vindicta bonum vita jucundius ipsa.* In universum nolui aberrare in me, quod dici solet, natura nostra prona est ad malum. Etsi verax, memor beneficiorum, amens justitiæ, et meorum, contemptor pecuniæ, gloriæ post obitum cultor, mediocria etiam, nedum parva omnia spernere solitus: cum tamen sciam quantum minima afferrent momenti ab initio, occasiones nullas contemnere soleo. Natura ad omne vitium et malum pronus, præter ambitionem agnosco imperitiam meam, si quis alius. Cæterum Dei ob venerationem et quod omnia hæc vana, quantum sint, dignosco, occasiones oblatas ultionum etiam consulto negligo. Frigidi sum cordis, timidus, et cerebri calidi, addictus cogitationi perpetuæ, multa ac maxima et etiam quæ esse non possunt, revolvens: duobus etiam simul negotiis mentem adhibere possum: qui garrulitatem et immoderantiam in laudas meas objiciunt; non de meis vitiis sed alienis me accusant; repugno non oppugno quenquam. * * * * * *

"Assuevi vultum in contrarium semper efformare; ideo simulare possum, dissimulare nescio: sed hoc facile, si ad habitum nihil sperandi conferatur, cui adipiscendo XV. perpetuis annis, maximo labore incubui. Itaque propter hæc pannosus quandoque incedo, alias ornatus, tacitus, verbosus, lætus, tristis: omnia enim reduplicant his ex causis. In juventa parum et raro caput curabam, ob aviditatem incumbendi potioribus, in eundo inequalis, celeriter, tarde: domi cruribus ad talos usque nudus. Parum pius, et lingua incontinens: maxime iratus, ut pudeat et tædeat me."

He observes, there are four singular gifts with which he has been endowed by nature—he thus describes them:

"Quatuor mihi indita sunt a Natura, quæ nunquam aperire volui, et omnia (meo judicio) admiratione digna. Quorum *primum* hoc est, quod quoties volo, extra sensum quasi in ecstasim transeo. . . . . Sentio dum eam ineo, ac (ut verius dicam) facio, juxta cor quandam separationem, quasi anima abscederet, totique corpori res hæc communicatur, quasi ostiolum quoddam aperiretur. Et initium hujus est a capite, maxime cerebello, diffunditurque per totam dorsi spinam, vi magna continetur: hocque solum sentio, quod sum extra meipsum: magnâque quadam vi paululum me contineo. *Secundum* est, quod cum volo, video quæ volo, oculis, non vi mentis: velut imagines illas, de quibus dixi, cum infans essem. me vidisse. Sed nunc credo ob occupationes, nec diu, nec perfectas, nec omnino semper cum volo, nec tamen nisi velim. Moventur autem perpetuo quæ videntur imagines.

Itaque video lucos, animalia, orbes ac quæcunque cupio. Credo causam esse, vim virtutis imaginitricis, visusque subtilitatem. *Tertium* est quod omnium, quæ mihi ventura sunt, imaginem video per somnum. Neque unquam ausim fermè dicere, vere autem dicere possum, meninisse, quod quicquam boni aut mali vel mediocris mihi evenerit, de quo prius, et rarò antè multum, non fuerim per somnium præmonitus. *Quartum* est, quod eorum, quæ mihi eventura sunt, quanquam, sint perexigua, vestigia in unguibus apparent. Nigra et livida malorum in medio digito, felicium alba: et ad honores in pollice, ad divitias in indice, ad studia et res majoris momenti in annulari, ad exiguas inventiones in minimo: coacta, res firmas: si sint veluti stellæ, res minus constantes, et magis publicas verbisque plenas."

In the chapter (XXXVII) on "dreams," and that (XLIII) which he entitles, "things quite beyond nature," he relates so many extraordinary visions, prodigies, and miracles, as to give no slight confirmation to the opinion of those who consider him to have been a madman. There can be no doubt but that frequently his imagination got the better of his reason, and that, for a long time together, he lived under an inferior kind of mental hallucination, in which, though he was never led to forget himself entirely, his mind seemed haunted by a shadow of itself—an interior consciousness which a man in a fever sometimes experiences, and which Cardan felt and watched within him as the operations of a superior being. The visions which were presented to his imagination in these intellectual wanderings were painted in such vivid colours, and so frequently occurred, that he was often totally unable to distinguish the reality from these creations of his fancy. The result of this confusion was that carelessness of the distinction between right and wrong, between the true and the false, which marks his life, as well as the work before us. He has been suspected of insincerity—it has been said that this book abounds with lies: that it contains very much that is untrue we are ready to allow, but Cardan himself was very far from knowing it to be so. All we can grant to the calumniators of this unfortunate philosopher is, that he sometimes indulged in exaggeration, and that he had not proper ideas of the importance of the distinction between truth and falsehood. He tells us, for instance, when he is giving an account of the various disorders with which he had been afflicted, that during a fever, in his youth, "sudor fluxit tantus, ut lecto superato, per tabulas in terram defluxerit," In another place he gravely informs us, that he learned the Latin language in a dream. "Post aliquot annos, somnio in spem hujus secundæ (ling. Lat. peritiæ) injectus sum: modum tamen non videbam, nisi quantum miraculo ad intelligendam Lat. linguam adjutus fui!" Dreams seem to have been his natural element; in the chapter "on my books," he says, "that the cause which

has induced me to write, I have mentioned above, viz. that I was directed so to do in a dream more than four times, as I have elsewhere testified, and also by an ardent desire of handing down my name to posterity."

In cap. XLVII, this singular character asserts that he has always been attended with a familiar spirit, who gave him a previous knowledge of events, and otherwise assisted him.

"Spiritus (says he) assidentes, aut præsidentes (Græci Angelos appellare soliti erant, quidam minus Latine Spiritus) fovisse quibusdam viris pro constanti, ut dixi, receptum est: Socrati, Plotino Synesio, Dioni, H. Josepho, *sed et mihi, &c.* . . . . . At nobis ut credo bonus et misericors spiritus. Mihi fuisse, diu persuasum est: sed qua ratione me certiorem redderet de imminentibus, non nisi exacto anno vitæ LXXIV deprehendere, dum vitam meam conscribere adortus sum, potui. Tot enim imminentia, et ipso statim limine (ut dici solet) et ad unguem et tam diu cognita, et vere prævisa, majus pene miraculum est sine auxilio divino, quam cum spiritu rem ipsam expiscari licet ex dictis: cum enim prævideat spiritus quod mihi imminet, ut pote filium, quem verisimile eo vesperi pollicitum se ducturum Brandoniam Seronam, sequenti die perfecturum matrimonium, movit illam palpitationem cordis, modo sibi peculiariter noto, ut repræsentaret tremorem cubiculi: et illud idem in puero, tum et sic ego, et puer, sensimus terræmotum, quem nullus civium quod non terra non tremuerit, sensit, &c."

His intimacy with his Spirit does not seem to have been over familiar; for why it should be peculiar to himself, and wherefore its communications were not conveyed in clearer language, seem to have puzzled him much.

"Remanent dubitationes cur hæc sollicitudo pro me, non aliis? Neque enim eruditione, ut aliqui putant, præsto: sed forsan vice versa. An amor veritatis immensus et sapientiæ, et cum contemptu opum, etiam in hoc statu paupertatis, vel justitiæ desiderium, aut quod omnia Deo tribuam, nihil propemodum mihi, aut forsan ad aliquem finem ipsi soli notum? &c."

We conceive that we have now extracted enough from this singular production, to answer the purposes of this article. To those who are curious in the history of the human mind, and love to speculate upon its nature and faculties, few characters will be found more valuable for such ends than that of Jerome Cardan. The very eccentricities of the orbit of a planet assist the philosopher in determining its true path. Common and every-day minds roll past us without presenting any tangible points which we may seize and hold fast by, till they have undergone sufficient examination. But those which are gigantic and irregularly formed, like that of Cardan, now bounding with inconceivable rapidity, and now heaving and labouring in their

progress, present a multitude of favourable opportunities, during which we may make our observations. The literary labours of Cardan, though now obsolete, and very rarely consulted by any but the industrious historian of learning, were, in their time, the foundation of a very high and well deserved reputation. They advanced the interests of literature perhaps more than any other productions of their time; not so much by a well-arranged and valuable collection of useful knowledge, as by their extraordinary singularities. The reader of Cardan is half inclined to agree with himself, in believing that a superior being condescended, at times, to animate his form. The brightest ideas, and the most piercing and profound views, are constantly flashing forth—but it is lamentable to add, that it is from amidst the most dreary dullness, unacknowledged plagiarisms, and passages of absolute fatuity. The sensations which are felt on the perusal of some of the pieces of Cardan, we can compare to nothing else than an attempt to read a book in "the murky pitch of night," unassisted by any light, except the occasional vivid glare of the lightning, which for an instant illumines the page, and then again leaves all in a "darkness which may be felt." But the very absurdity, the daring contradictions, and the almost inspired assertions, as they seemed to be; unconfirmed as they are by any reasoning, but the most incompact and illogical, excited the thinking faculties of the learned men of his age. They answered him, and abused and calumniated him—he replied: and more and more roused the dormant, or, at most, just waking, faculties of the time. Few men ever possessed a higher reputation than Cardan did, and yet few have been so eminently miserable.

Many causes probably conspired to produce a being of so inconstant and eccentric a description. In investigating its nature, a great distinction must be made between the character which bears a singular appearance, because its external habits are singular, and that which is the offspring of the mind, shewing itself in its fruits, singularity of personal actions.—In the former case, nothing can be concluded of the mind—odd habits may be the result of cunning weakness, or unmeaning caprice—in the latter, the peculiarities which distinguish the life of a great man, are so many symptoms or pulses, by which you may judge of the entire cast of his mind—In Cardan, all the absurdities and contradictions of his daily life were but the exhibition of the emotions of his mind; and if these different indications of the disorder under which he laboured, were collected and classed, there would be no doubt, but that the inquirer would come to a right conclusion concerning its nature. The eccentricities of the mind of Cardan, we think, may be in a great measure very satisfactorily accounted for, from the impatient kind

of sensibility which seems to have " o'er informed his tenement of clay."—He endured a constant demand for excitement—there was an irritability about him, which preyed upon himself. A state of indifference was impossible to him; when due excitation ceased to affect him, a morbid hunger and thirst of the nerves began their ceaseless gnawing, which drove him into every description of extravagancy. Hence his excessive love of gaming—hence the biting and pinching of his flesh,—his desire to bring on the gout,—his singular gait, now slow, now rapid. To the gratification of a morbid desire of excitement may be attributed, the habit in which he says he always indulged, of saying precisely the thing, which he knew would be most disagreeable to the company in which he happened to be; he would delight to escape from indifference, in beholding the anger and passion excited even against himself. He says, in a passage we have quoted, that he frequently felt what he calls a *heroic passion*, viz. an ardent desire to put an end to himself. Cardan was a superstitious being,—he was almost convinced (for we think he had his doubts) that he was attended with a familiar spirit, and he was one whose mind delighted to ramble through all the regions of possibility; add to this, that he always felt the nervous irritability we have mentioned, at continuing to be in any one given state; and we cannot wonder that he should feel this " anxious longing after immortality,"—this impatience of waiting till his curiosity should be legitimately satisfied. He calls it a *heroic passion*, for he deemed that such a death would only be a sacrifice at the shrine of philosophy. Cardan was far from being austere in his morality; he had no very definite idea of the distinction between good and evil, he mentions two or three of his dishonest and disgraceful actions with perfect indifference; and when he speaks of the execution of his son, he seems to think the crime for which he suffered very justifiable—the poisoning of his wife. This perhaps arose from the recklessness into which he slided, through the unfortunate prediction of the termination of his life at his fortieth year, and which caused a good deal of the inconstancy and variability of his character. Literary honesty formed no part of his creed—the ideas of others he seems to have conceived were only made for himself to make use of. He borrows whole systems and passages without the slightest acknowledgement; this, in a great measure arose from his poverty,—he lived upon the fruits of his mind, and he frequently found it a more expeditious mode of supplying his wants, to rob another, than to produce his own. When writing a treatise on any given subject, in order to procure money by the sale of a work of a certain size, he weaved into it any composition which might be lying by him, though of an entirely different nature. This fact, which he has himself

recorded, will account for the many singular digressions which occur in his various productions, totally unconnected with the subject, and which, without this key, it is impossible to comprehend or get over. We have already observed, that it has been asserted, in order to account for the eccentricities of this extraordinary man, that his intellects were deranged; but they were only deranged to the extent we have pointed out. Undoubtedly his mind was frequently in that morbid state when a single idea, exaggerated into an unnatural importance, weighed him down, and actually haunted him, until he was reduced to escape from the dreary impression, by the commission of all sorts of extravagancy. But that he ever suffered that complete derangement of intellect amounting to madness, we cannot allow. It is singular that he should tell us, that his most constant prayer was the possession of a sound mind in a sound body, and that he is grateful for its having always been granted to him. If Cardan was mad, Rousseau was. There is indeed a remarkable similarity between the characters of these two individuals. They have both written their *Confessions;* they both hated the world, and were not much loved themselves; they both imagined the whole of mankind were their particular enemies, and had universally conspired to injure them; neither of them had very nice notions of honour or morality, and both were selfish. There was some difference in the constitution of their intellectual powers, though the distinct character of their works and pursuits may be as much attributed to the different ages in which they lived as to any thing else. They were both passionately fond of music, both were by inveterate habit superstitious, and yet both had fits of scepticism, and occasional gleams of infidelity.—Both, in short, were the prey of morbid sensibility and a passion for excitation. It has been said, that the valet de chambre of Sylla would have laughed to hear all the grave speculations which had been made on the cause, which induced his master to abdicate his dictatorship. Had we the benefit of consulting with some intimate friend of Cardan as to the cause of his eccentricity, we might, perhaps, have been taught not to look so deep for it. There is a circumstance mentioned in the IVth chapter, which may, perhaps, account for the waywardness of his mind from a physical cause, which, however, is not inconsistent with the moral one we have assigned; but, on the contrary, of which the latter may be considered as the consequence. In his youth, it appears, that he fell from a ladder raised against a house that was repairing, having in his hand a hammer, which, coming in contact with his head, caused a severe contusion, and injured the bones of the skull, from which he was not recovered, when, sitting one day in the porch of his father's house, a stone from some neighbouring building descended upon the vertex of

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his skull, and caused an additional wound. Perhaps it may not be absurd to suppose, that his brain then received an injury, from which it never recovered; for we ourselves have known cases, where an external injury of the bones of the head, without producing any fatal result, has notwithstanding considerably changed the disposition of the patient, and produced a nervous irritability and impatience of temper, not unlike the passion for excitement, and the rapid excitability, of the subject of this article.

Naudæus, who is one of those who believe Cardan to have been actually mad, thus sums up his peculiarities in his *Judicium de Cardano*, prefixed to the "Life:"—"Insanienti autem proximum vixisse quis de isto homine dubitare possit, qui somniis, ostentis, auguriisque vanissimis et maxime ridiculis fidem adhiberet, qui totus ex delirantium vetularum observationibus penderet; qui quoties vellet, a sensibus per extasim peregrinaretur; qui spectra et larvas videret; qui paredrum aliquem et sibi faventem genium adesse vel stulte crederet, vel maligne mentiretur; qui uxorem sine dote; qui filiorum educationem neglexit; qui juniorem ex illis auricula avulsâ, puerum vero nomine Gulielmum, verberibus, licet immerentem sæpius multavit; qui se jactatum a patre pro spurio fuisse et abortivo medicamento priusquam nasceretur tentatum, refert: qui pannosus aliquando, mox ornatus in publicum prodiret; qui inter amicorum colloquia lubentius nihil diceret, quam quod illis ingratum fore cognoverat; qui Lunam non secus in cœlo de die quam noctu videret; qui Romæ diverso ab aliis cultu spectandus incederet: qui Bononiæ suffultum stribus tantum rotis currum aliquoties usurparet, qui juvenis rixas miscebat, adultus meretrices sectabatur, vir factus a ludis et alea non temperabat, senex quoque carcerem vitare non potuit; qui denique probra vitæ suæ, turpitudinesque vel minimas e privatæ domus secreto, ubi non secus ac aliorum hominum sordes et flagitia delitescere rectius potuissent, non evulgavit modo, sed nauseanti ferme per tot ineptias et narrationes inconditas lectori obtrusit: Nam si facere istæc, sapientis est, nescio sane cur Orestes, Corœbus, Amphistides, non ipsi quoque sapientes inter numerari possit."

Archbishop Parker, in his treatise *De Deo*, has dedicated a section of his disputation on atheistical philosophers to the consideration of this character. As the book is of uncommon occurrence, and one of those sterling works which are suffered to moulder on the shelves of public libraries, we will translate part of the interesting discussion.

The archbishop, after collecting and describing very happily some of his most remarkable peculiarities and contradictions, says, "that another cause which acted together with the natural disposition of Cardan to produce that odd mixture of folly

and wisdom in him, was his habit of perpetual thinking, by which the bile was absorbed and burnt up. He himself tells us, that he was unequal and variable in every thing, except in this constant addiction to thought—though not on the same subject, yet so intent was it, that he suffered neither eating, pleasure, or pain to interrupt the course of it, and whether riding, eating, in bed, watching, or talking, he was always meditating upon something. And while making a voyage down the river Loire, having nothing else to employ himself upon, he wrote his long commentaries on Ptolemy. We do not, however, require Cardan's own testimony to prove his excessive application, when there are so many monuments of his industry and erudition remaining to us; to such an extent, indeed, that perhaps no man that ever lived is to be compared with him for variety of learning. In the first place, he was well acquainted with the writings of all the ancients—nor did he just skim over the heads and contents of books, as some do, who ought not to be called learned men, but skilful bookmongers, or, as he himself says, who do not write but copy. Every author that Cardan read, (and he read nearly all) he became intimately acquainted with, so that if any one, disputing with him, quoted the authority of the ancients, and made any the least slip or mistake, he could instantly set them right. In the same manner that he devoured the writings of others, so he produced immense works of his own; he left nothing untried in any one science, and in most discovered something new, so that Andreas Alciatus gave him the name of the 'man of inventions,' whom he repaid by the title of 'light of his country;' and to say the least, he wrote so many books on every topic of science, that you might form a complete library out of his works alone. Although the books which he has left behind him weigh down the shelves of the library, as many have perished as have been published. He himself at one time burnt nine complete works, at another one hundred and ten, besides many others which have been lost through neglect before they came to be printed. Good God! what midnight watchings, what labours, must a man who could do all this, have consumed in study. So long and so vehemently did he apply himself to this intense contemplation, that at last he began to think he was in possession of a faculty which he calls *repræsentatio*, by which he could understand things without study, by means of an interior light shining within him. From which you may learn the fact that he had studied with such an enduring obstinacy, that he began to persuade himself that the visions which appeared before him in these fits and transports of the mind, were the genuine inspirations of the Deity."

Having spoken of Cardan's morbid love of fame as a key

which lays open the cause of some of his almost unaccountable vagaries, the archbishop proceeds :

" After mentioning these causes of madness, when we add the extreme calamities of his life, who can doubt but that a sound mind might have been overturned by them. Surely this man, if any one, was persecuted from his very cradle to his death-bed by the insatiable ' ira Junonis.' He was attempted to be destroyed in the womb, from which he was obliged to be extracted ; the nurse to whose care he was entrusted, had the plague upon her, of which she soon after died ; he was treated with great cruelty by his parents ; and while a tender infant severely punished ; in early youth nearly consumed with disease, more than once bitten by dogs, and on the point of perishing by a variety of accidents, &c. Before he had arrived at man's estate, he lost his father, and being left in great poverty, was compelled to support his family by making almanacks ; his life as well as his fame was frequently hazarded in consequence of calumnies, law-suits, and plots to destroy him by treachery or poison ; he was constantly terrified by dreams and empty portents ; he was rejected with disgrace at every attempt he made to advance himself, and in his old age was thrust into prison. The finishing stroke was put to this tragedy of his life, by the miserable death of his eldest son, John Baptist who was beheaded in the flower of his age, for poisoning his wife. Hence all the woes of Cardan ; so deep a wound he could neither bear, nor heal ; and so, despairing of all happiness, his mind fell under the intolerable misery. Although he was of a hard nature, and rose superior to his other calamities ; he perceived himself broken down and buried under so great a ruin. ' Hoc,' says he, ' primum et maximum infortunium, per quod neque retineri honeste poteram neque sine causa dimitti, nec tuto habitare in patria, nec eam secure relinquere poteram ; despectus obambulabam urbem, contemptus conversabar, ingratus devitabam amicos, quid agerem non occurrebat quo me conferrem, non habebam, nescio an infelicior an odiosior.' "

We wish that our limits would allow us to continue the quotation—the Archbishop goes on to detail from the " Life" some affecting instances of the dire havoc, which the misfortunes of his son had made in Cardan's mind ; after which, he defends the philosopher very successfully from the charge of atheism and infidelity—on what grounds the latter charge was founded, we are at a loss to conceive, for Cardan was much more of a fanatic than an infidel ;—unless it was his audacious attempt to draw the horoscope of Jesus Christ, and proving therefrom, that all the actions of his life necessarily followed from the position of the stars at the time of his nativity, which

brought upon him much odium, and for which he is abused by Scaliger.* Scaliger ought to have been aware of what Naudæus has shewn, that Cardan was so far from being the inventor of this scheme, that four other writers had done the same thing long before Cardan lived. The most modern was Tiberius Russilianus Sextus of Calabria, who lived in the time of Pope Leo X. This man undertook to defend 400 distinct propositions in public at Padua, Florence, and Bologna—twelve of these were censured by the church: the one which chiefly excited their displeasure was this—he undertook to prove that Jesus Christ, in his personal character, was subject to the influence of the stars; and that his birth, that he would be a great prophet, and all relating to him corporeally, especially his violent death, might have been foretold. The upholder of the Thesis, angry at the monks for their interference, published a book, entitled an "Apology against the Monks," in which he laid down three different schemes of the nativity of Christ. Before him, Peter d'Ailli, Cardinal and Bishop of Cambray, declared that from astrological observations, the birth of Christ might have been foreshewn, and also proposed a scheme. Albertus Magnus upheld the same doctrine; but before them all, Albumasar had written much concerning the birth of Christ on astrological principles. Instead of accusing Cardan of impiety, his opponents might have much more justly charged him with a species of literary dishonesty, in concealing the names of the inventors of this scheme, and submitting to the odium of being considered the author, rather than lose the credit of the invention. No one can read this life, without perceiving that religion, and that of the Romish church too, was very deeply rooted in the mind of this singular philosopher. When in England, he refused a very advantageous appointment, rather than acknowledge the supremacy of the king. For this same reason, that neither the air nor the religion of Denmark was likely to agree with him, did he reject the invitation from that state. The ground which he assigns for loving solitude, is that of any one but an infidel: "Diligo (says he) solitudinem, nunquam enim magis sum cum his, quos vehementer diligo quam solus sum: diligo autem Deum et spiritum

* "Audi subtiliatem nostri sæculi, extitit ante xliv annos cymbalum genethliacorum, qui Domini nostri Jesu Christi thema edidit, et omnia quæ illi acciderunt, ex positu stellarum, necessario illi contigisse ratiocinatur: impiam dicam magis, an jocularem audaciam, quæ et Dominum stellarum stellis subjecerit, et natum eo tempore putarit, quod adhuc in lite positum est, ut vanitas cum impietate certaret." *Scalig. in Proleg. ad Manilium.*

bonum: hos dum solus sum contemplor, immensum bonum, sapientiam æternam, lucis puræ principium et autorem, gaudium verum in nobis, ubi periculum non est ne nos deserat, veritatis fundamentum, amorem voluntarium, autorem omnium, qui beatus est in seipso et beatorum omnium tutela et desiderium: Justitia profundissima seu altissima, mortuos curans, et viventium non oblitus. Spiritus autem mandato illius me defendens, misericors consultor bonus, et in adversis auxiliator et consolator."—Cap. 53.

It is with some regret that we find, the extent of this article forbids us from enlarging on the many other curious points, connected with the life and works of Cardan. We will conclude both our observations and quotations by the following lines of Horace, in which Cardan characterizes himself.—"Non aliter (says he) de me ego sentio quam Horatius de suo Tigellio; quinimo Horatium dixerim tum de me sub illius persona locutum."

> "Nil æquale homini fuit illi: sæpe velut qui
> Currebat, fugiens hostem: persæpe velut qui
> Junonis sacra ferret; habebat sæpe ducentos,
> (Sæpe decem servos: modo reges atque tetrarchas,)
> Omnia magna loquens: modo sit mihi mensa tripes, et
> Concha salis puri, et toga, quæ defendere frigus
> Quamvis crassa queat."
>
> Hor. Sat. 1. 3. 9.

ART. IX. *The Dramatic Works of* John Dryden, *Esq. In 6 Vols. London*, 1735.

The character of Dryden's genius is better known than his works—the powers of his mind are universally acknowledged—it is a part of the national creed; that he was a great poet, is an axiom which all are ready to grant *in limine;* and it is well that his fame has become a settled conviction in the public mind, for were a man casually called upon to prove the truth of the position, though secure of ultimate victory, he would find the task not unencumbered with difficulty—he could not appeal to any particular work, as being universally read, and as universally admired and approved. His translations, it is true, are spirited, and convey all and frequently more than the writer's meaning; but then, he

has taken improper liberties with his author, and fills the mind of the reader with emotions of a different character than would be produced by the original. Then his plays are bombastic, and as a proof of their worthlessness, it may be alleged they are forgotten. His fables—his odes—his tales —his satires, remain, all of which, it is clear, on the reading, could only be written by a man of gigantic genius, but are, as wholes, from the lapse of time and the occasional nature of many, and from the imperfections of haste and carelessness, far from being among the choice favourites of the common reader. If, however, the plays of Dryden were as well known and understood as his other works—had it even been possible to read them without some ulterior object beyond the mere pleasure of reading, we should not have presumed to meddle with the hallowed remains of John Dryden. The plays before us, with the exception of two or three, are disfigured with almost every imperfection that can blot a dramatic production. The plots are uninteresting and ill compacted, sometimes jejune and sometimes confused; the language, unnatural and inflated; the ideas, sometimes inappropriate, and most commonly forced and turgid; the dialogue, in general flat and insipid, or far-fetched and ingenious out of place. A great part of them are written in rhyme, and exhibit characters as bizarre and untrue to nature, as the amabæan strains and alternate conceits in which they dally with each other. On a statement of this sort, two very interesting questions arise. Was there some defect in the potent genius of Dryden, which unfitted him to excel in the walk of Shakespear and Jonson? Was it possible for Dryden to write half a dozen volumes, purporting to be poetry, without their containing much that was excellent? The latter question, at least, we hope to discuss to the satisfaction of our readers; for while they escape the labour of wading through the works before us, we shall cull for them what we esteem a most odorous collection of poetical flowers; which they could not have gathered for themselves, without various impatient feelings at the thorns and brushwood which would have beset their path. For our parts, we have gone, most patiently and industriously, through the plays of Dryden—heroic, comic, and tragic; and though eventually amply rewarded for our trouble, were oppressed with many a sensation of weariness and disgust — the fruits we lay before our readers, flattering ourselves we have left very little, if any thing, for future gleaners.

The most obvious qualifications of a dramatic writer are the power of inventing characters, of imagining situations for them, and of inspiring them with appropriate ideas, a

dexterity in the management of his incidents, and a facility of combining them into a harmonious and regular plot. In the heroic plays of Dryden, after having once adopted the idea of a heroic play, Dryden was no longer at liberty to consult his genius: the characters were already made for him, and were, of necessity, to be fashioned after a given pattern—to wit, the romantic heroes of the heroic novel. And in the nature of the scenes, and the strain of the dialogue, he was equally tied down to a given model—the sentiments and ideas must be taken from a certain code—not a feeling must be expressed, nor an idea interchanged, unless after the law of that strange mixture of classical and chivalrous romance, which is the staple of the *Grand Cyrus*, and the other novels of that class. So that allowing the choice of this description of play to have been a mere error of opinion, that Dryden has not succeeded in making them interesting and powerful exhibitions of passion, is no proof of a want of dramatic genius. It is in the tragedies and tragi-comedies of this celebrated author that we must look for a criterion of his merit in this most important department of poetry. Dryden himself observes, that his *All for Love* is the only play he ever wrote for himself; and *The Maiden Queen*, he says, in his preface to the play, is in his estimation "superior to all his other follies of this kind;" alluding, of course, only to those already written. The *All for Love*, which was written after Dryden had begun to appreciate more fully the beauties of Shakespear, is one of the finest and most beautiful tragedies in the language. On this play, *The Spanish Friar*, and *Don Sebastian*, the dramatic fame of Dryden rests; and of these, as being much better known, and well worthy of being read over and over, we shall say as little as we possibly can in this place. The play which is next in merit to these is the *Secret Love;* and as a very favourable specimen of the natural genius for the drama in Dryden which sometimes, indeed, breaks out even in his worst plays, when he bursts through the encrustations of bad judgment and false taste, we might mention the sweet and beautiful character of the Maiden Queen, in the *Secret Love*, and the interesting situations and the able developement of them in this impassioned play. Let any one read the following scene from this play, and doubt, if he will, the dramatic power of Dryden. The Maiden Queen secretly bears, in the recesses of her heart, a deep and ardent passion for one of her courtiers, which he, being attached to another, is ignorant of, and blind to the indications of it in his royal mistress—indications which a less engaged man might have discovered. Philocles, the object of her affection, has been prevailed upon

to plead in behalf of the suit of a prince attached to the queen, who is her equal, and desired by the people to be her consort: he is leaving her presence with the unsuccessful petitioner, when she thus addresses him.

"*Queen.* Philocles, you may stay.
Phil. I humbly wait your Majesty's commands.
Queen. Yet now I better think on't, you may go.
Phil. Madam!
Queen. I have no commands——or, what's all one,
You no obedience.
Phil. How! no obedience, Madam?
I plead no other merit; 'tis the charter
By which I hold your favour, and my fortunes.
Queen. My favours are cheap blessings, like rain and sunshine,
For which we scarcely thank the gods, because
We daily have them.
Phil. Madam, your breath, which rais'd me from the dust,
May lay me there again:
But fate nor time can ever make me lose
The sense of your indulgent bounties to me.
Queen. You are above them now, grown popular:
Ah, Philocles! could I expect from you
That usage? no tongue but yours
To move me to a marriage?—— [*Weeps.*
The factious deputies might have some end in't,
And my ambitious cousin gain a crown:
But what advantage could there come to you?
What could you hope from Lysimantes' reign,
That you can want in mine?
Phil. You yourself clear me, Madam. Had I sought
More pow'r, this marriage sure was not the way.
But, when your safety was in question,
When all your people were unsatisfied,
Desir'd a king, nay more, design'd the man,
It was my duty then———
Queen. Let me be judge of my own safety;
I am a woman;
But danger from my subjects cannot fright me.
Phil. But Lysimantes, Madam, is a person ——
Queen. I cannot love———
Shall I, I who was born a sovereign queen,
Be barr'd of that which God and nature gives
The meanest slave, a freedom in my love?

——Leave me, good Philocles, to my own thoughts;
When next I need your counsel, I'll send for you."
* * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *

Asteria. Dear Madam, what's the matter?
You are of late so alter'd, I scarce know you.
You were gay-humour'd, and you now are pensive;
Once calm, and now unquiet;
Pardon my boldness, that I press thus far
Into your secret thoughts; I have, at least,
A subject's share in you.
Queen. Thou hast a greater,
That of a friend; but am I froward, say'st thou?
Ast. It ill becomes me, Madam, to say that.
Queen. I know I am: pr'ythee forgive me for it.
I cannot help it; but thou hast
Not long to suffer it.
Ast. Alas!
Queen. I feel my strength each day and hour consume,
Like lillies wasting in a lymbeck's heat.
Yet a few days——
And thou shalt see me lye all damp and cold,
Shrowded within some hollow vault, among
My silent ancestors.
Ast. O, dearest Madam!
Speak not of death, or think not, if you die,
That I will stay behind.
Queen. Thy love has mov'd me, I for once will have
The pleasure to be pitied; I'll unfold
A thing so strange, so horrid of myself——
Ast. Bless me, sweet Heav'n!
So horrid, said you, Madam!
Queen. That Sun, who with one look surveys the globe,
Sees not a wretch like me; and could the world
Take a right measure of my state within,
Mankind must either pity me, or scorn me.
Ast. Sure none could do the last.
Queen. Thou long'st to know't,
And I to tell thee, but shame stops my mouth.
First promise me thou wilt excuse my folly,
And next be secret.——
Ast. ———Can you doubt it, Madam?
Queen. Yet you might spare my labour;
Can you not guess——
Ast. Madam, please you, I'll try.

Queen. Hold, Asteria;
I would not have you guess, for should you find it,
I should imagine that some other might,
And then I were most wretched;
Therefore, though you should know it, flatter me,
And say you could not guess it.
Ast. Madam, I need not flatter you, I cannot—and yet,
Might not ambition trouble your repose?
Queen. My Sicily, I thank the gods, contents me;
But since I must reveal it, know 'tis love:
I, who pretended so to glory, am
Become the slave of love.
Ast. I thought your Majesty had fram'd designs
To subvert all your laws; become a tyrant,
Or vex your neighbours with injurious wars.
Is this all, Madam?
Queen. Is not this enough?
Then know, I love below myself; a subject;
Love one who loves another, and who knows not
That I love him.
Ast. He must be told it, Madam.
Queen. Not for the world, Asteria:
Whene'er he knows it, I shall die for shame.
Ast. What is it then that would content you?
Queen. Nothing, but that I had not lov'd.
Ast. May I not ask, without offence, who 'tis?
Queen. Ev'n that confirms me I have lov'd amiss;
Since thou canst know I love, and not imagine
It must be Philocles."

Perhaps the most striking defect of Dryden was a total absence of pathos—the power of affecting the human heart—excepting, perhaps, in a scene or two in the *All for Love*, we doubt whether Dryden ever drew a tear: there are no gentle appeals to loved associations in his writing, no mention of those simple images and natural objects, which flow from a heart throbbing with half painful, half pleasing, emotions; no scenes of writhing distress worked up with the unadorned eloquence of true passion; no visions of shadowy beauty, which appear for an instant, and leave a melancholy impression of their having come and so departed. His mind was stored with information: he had wonderful aptness at seeing the likenesses of things, and he was a master of analogy: he was a rich and excellent reasoner: his fancy was brilliant, but his imagination was confined and vulgar: the powers of his mind were perfect and active, but his heart was cold—it never overflowed with "gushing ten-

derness. He wrote a scene, in the spirit with which a man would set about to unravel a puzzle. Otway was a poet who wept over, and bathed his productions in his tears. Dryden would feel a self-satisfied delight, as he brought to a close some of, what he would think the most striking passages of his plays, —a satisfaction something similar to that of a mathematician who observes his investigation proceeding favourably to the solution of the problem before him. In general, he avoids dwelling upon a pathetic incident of his play; when he feels the necessity of it, and attempts to be affecting, he becomes common-place. We cannot give our readers a better idea of the extent of Dryden's inability

"To ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears,"

than by quoting the prison scene in *Cleomenes*, by which a truly pathetic poet must, if he had chosen the subject, have excited emotions too painful to bear. It will be seen how Dryden has succeeded:

Cleom. No food: and this the third arising sun:
But what have I to do with telling suns,
And measuring time? that runs no more for me!
Yet sure the gods are good: I wou'd think so,
If they wou'd give me leave;
But Virtue in distress, and Vice in triumph,
Make atheists of mankind.

Enter Cratesiclea.

What comfort, mother?
Crat. A soul, not conscious to itself of ill,
Undaunted courage, and a master-mind:
No comfort else but death,
Who, like a lazy master, stands aloof,
And leaves his work to the slow hands of famine.
Cleom. All I would ask of Heav'n
Is, but to die alone; a single ruin:
But to die o'er and o'er, in each of you,
With my own hunger pinch'd, but pierc'd with your's!
Crat. Grieve not for me!
Cleom. What! not for you, my mother!
I'm strangely tempted to blaspheme the gods,
For giving me so good, so kind, a parent:
And this is my return, to cause her death———
Crat. Peace! your misfortunes cause it, not your fault.

Enter Cleora.

Cleom. What! my Cleora?

I stretch'd my bounds as far as I could go,
To shun the sight of what I cannot help;
A flower withering on the stalk for want
Of nourishment from Earth, and showers from Heaven:
All I can give thee is but rain of eyes.— [*Wiping his eyes.*

Cleor. Alas! I have not wherewithal to weep:
My eyes grow dim, and stiffen'd up with drought,
Can hardly roll and walk their feeble round:
Indeed——I am faint.

Crat. And so am I—Heaven knows! However, [*Aside.*
In pity of 'em both, I keep it secret;
Nor shall he see me fall——— [*Exit* Cratesiclea.

Cleom. How does your helpless infant?

Cleor. It wants the breast, its kindly nourishment:
And I have none to give from these dry cisterns,
Which, unsupply'd themselves, can yield no more:
It pull'd and pull'd but now, but nothing came.
At last it drew so hard, that the blood follow'd:
And that red milk I found upon its lips,
Which made me swoon with fear.

Cleom. Go in and rest thee,
And hush the child asleep.
Look down, ye gods———
Look, Hercules, thou author of my race,
And jog thy father Jove, that he may look
On his neglected work of human-kind;
Tell him——I do not curse him: but devotion
Will cool in after-times, if none but good men suffer—
What! another increase of grief?

Enter Cleonidas.

Cleon. O Father!

Cleom. Why dost thou call me by so kind a name?
A father! that implies presiding care,
Cheerful to give——willing himself to want
Whate'er thy needs require!

Cleon. A little food!
Have you none, father? one poor hungry morsel:
Or give me leave to die——as I desir'd;
For without your consent, Heaven knows I dare not."

This absence of the power of swaying the feelings of the heart is a lamentable deficiency; and when taken into consideration, together with the bad taste of the worthless age, and Dryden's dependance for support on public opinion, may account for the ill success which he has had with posterity as a dramatic wri-

ter. Nothing but the most perverted ingenuity could defend, or the most morbid state of public taste applaud, the system of rhyming plays,—yet it was precisely those which gained the greatest meed of applause, at the time of their representation, and which Dryden himself has defended, in compositions of unequalled force and brilliancy. We will quote the following passage, from one of his prefaces, as it illustrates the topics we have just alluded to, the taste of the town, and because it displays the felicity with which Dryden could make the worse appear the better cause.

"Whether heroick verse ought to be admitted into serious plays is not now to be disputed, it is already in possession of the stage, and I dare confidently affirm, that very few tragedies, in this age, shall be received without it. All the arguments which are formed against it can amount to no more than this, that it is not so near conversation as prose, and therefore not so natural. But it is very clear to all who understand poetry, that serious plays ought not to imitate conversation too nearly. If nothing were to be raised above that level, the foundation of poetry would be destroyed. And if once you admit of a latitude, that thoughts may be exalted, and that images and actions may be raised above the life, and described in measure without rhyme, that leads you insensibly from your own principles to mine: you are already so far onward of your way, that you have forsaken the imitation of ordinary converse. You are gone beyond it; and to continue where you are, is to lodge in the open fields, betwixt two inns. You have lost that which you call natural, and have not acquired the last perfection of art. But it was only custom which cozened us so long; we thought, because Shakespear and Fletcher went no farther, that there the pillars of poetry were to be erected. That, because they excellently described passion without rhyme, therefore rhyme was not capable of describing it. But time has now convinced most men of that error. 'Tis indeed so difficult to write verse, that the adversaries of it have a good plea against many, who undertook that task without being formed by art or nature for it. Yet, even they who have written worst in it, would have written worse without it: they have cozened many with their sound, who never took the pains to examine their sense. In fine, they have succeeded; tho' 'tis true they have more dishonoured rhyme by their good success, than they have done by their ill. But I am willing to let fall this argument: 'tis free for every man to write, or not to write, in verse, as he judges it to be, or not to be, his talent; or as he imagines the audience will receive it."

It is very true, that the prevalence of a bad taste in poetry, in the court, and among the people at large, might have had a serious tendency to debase the genius of the writers of the age. But this is hardly sufficient to account for the absurdities of which, in general, the plays of Dryden are composed. The turgid and inflated stuff, which is put into the mouth of almost

every character, can only be attributed to a marvellous want of judgment and right-feeling in Dryden himself; audacious boastings, bold and bragging blasphemies, fire-breathing threats to do impossibilities, abound every where. The art of sinking, or the true and genuine bathos, is taught no where so well as in the plays of Dryden. That whole speeches should consist of ranting, might be attributed to an attempt at the sublime, by a feeble imagination and a warm temperament; but when we find a series of beautiful lines terminate in some base image, or in some ridiculous, familiar, or bombastic, allusion, we do not accuse the poet of poverty, but of a bad use of riches. Instances of this nature abound; take the following beautiful description of the execution of St. Catharine, and Maximin's answer.

Val.———Your pity comes too late.
Betwixt her guards she seem'd by bride-men led,
Her cheeks with cheerful blushes were o'erspread,
When, smiling, to the axe she bow'd her head.
Just at the stroke——
Ætherial musick did her death prepare,
Like joyful sounds of spousals in the air.
A radiant light did her crown'd temples gild,
And all the place with fragrant scents was fill'd;
The balmy mist came thick'ning to the ground,
And sacred silence cover'd all around.
But when (its work perform'd) the cloud withdrew,
And day restor'd us to each other's view,
I sought her head, to bring it on my spear:
In vain I sought it, for it was not there.
No part remain'd, but from afar our sight
Discover'd, in the air, long tracks of light;
Of charming notes we heard the last rebounds;
And musick dying in remoter sounds.
Max. And dost thou think
This lame account fit for a love-sick king?
Go——from the other world a better bring.
[*Kills him, then sets his foot on him, and speaks on.*
When in my breast two mighty passions strove,
Thou hadst err'd better in obeying love.
'Tis true, that way thy death had follow'd too,
But I had then been less displeas'd than now.
Now I must live unquiet for thy sake;
And this poor recompence is all I take. [*Spurns the body.*

It seems almost impossible that any man should write lines like those we are about to quote, and not be aware of their egregious absurdity.

" *Max.* What had the gods to do with me or mine?
Did I molest your heav'n?———
Why should you then make Maximin your foe,
Who paid you tribute, which he need not do?
Your altars I with smoke of gums did crown:
For which you lean'd your hungry nostrils down,
All daily gaping for my incense there,
More than your sun could draw you in a year.
And you for this these plagues on me have sent;
But by the gods, (by Maximin, I meant)
Henceforth I, and my world,
Hostility with you and your's declare.
Look to it, gods: for you th' aggressors are,
Keep you your rain and sun-shine in your skies,
And I'll keep back my flame and sacrifice.
Your trade of heav'n shall soon be at a stand,
And all your goods lie dead upon your hand."

Or take the scene immediately following, which will come behind no fustian to be met with in *Tom Thumb,* or elsewhere:

Plac. Thus, tyrant, since the gods th' aggressors are,
[*Stabbing him.*
Thus by this stroke they have begun the war.
[Maximin *struggles with him, and gets the dagger from him.*
Max. Thus I return the strokes which they have given;
[*Stabbing* Placidius.
Thus, traitor, thus, and thus I would to heaven.
[Placidius *falls, and the Emperor staggers after him, and sits down upon him; the Guards come to help the Emperor.*
Max. Stand off, and let me, ere my strength be gone,
Take my last pleasure of revenge, alone.

Enter a Centurion.

Cent. Arm, arm, the camp is in a mutiny;
For Rome and liberty the Soldiers cry.
Porphyrius mov'd their pity, as he went
To rescue Berenice from punishment,
And now he heads their new-attempted crime.
Max. Now I am down, the Gods have watch'd their time.
You think
To save your credit, feeble deities;
But I will give myself the strength to rise.
[*He strives to get up, and being up, staggers.*
It wonnot be——

My body has not pow'r my mind to bear.
I must return again——and conquer here.
[*Sits down upon the body.*
My coward body does my will controul;
Farewell, thou base deserter of my soul.
I'll shake this carcase off, and be obey'd;
Reign an imperial ghost without its aid.
Go, soldiers, take my ensigns with you, fight
And vanquish rebels in your Sovereign's right:
Before I die———
Bring me Porphyrius and my Empress dead,
I would brave Heav'n, in my each hand a head.
Plac. Do not regard a dying tyrant's breath,
He can but look revenge on you in death.
[*To the Soldiers.*
Max. Vanquish'd, and dar'st thou yet a rebel be?
Thus—I can more than look revenge on thee.
[*Stabs him again.*
Plac. Oh, I am gone! [*Dies.*
Max. ———and after thee, I go,
Revenging full, and following e'en to th' other world
my blow, [*Stabs him again.*
And shoving back this earth on which I sit,
I'll mount and scatter all the Gods I hit. [*Dies.*

The following is a much more favorable specimen of Dryden's power, or rather want of power, in making an appeal to the heart; it nevertheless illustrates our observations on this point. A mother is appealing to her daughter:

Hear, oh hear your wretched mother's call.
Think, at your birth, ah think what pains I bore,
And can your eyes behold me suffer more!
You were the child which from your infancy
I still lov'd best, and then you best lov'd me.
About my neck your little arms you spread,
Nor could you sleep without me in the bed;
But sought my bosom when you went to rest,
And all night long would lie across my breast.
Nor without cause did you that fondness show;
You may remember when our Nile did flow;
While on the bank you innocently stood,
And with a wand made circles in the flood,
It rose, and just was hurrying you to death,
When I, from far, all pale and out of breath,
Ran and rush'd in—

XUM

And from the waves my floating pledge did bear,
So much my love was stronger than my fear.

In the following exquisite passage there is a kind of tender and pathetic playfulness, not common in Dryden; but it will be observed, it is not the simple expression of natural feeling, but a certain fanciful dallying with emotion, which, though it does not appeal by its truth to nature, gratifies and delights the imagination. Berenice, wedded to a tyrant, thus addresses her former lover, who is endeavouring to persuade her to leave the object of her disgust.—She refuses and says,

My earthly part———
Which is my tyrant's right, death will remove,
I'll come all soul and spirit to your love.
With silent steps I'll follow you all day,
Or else before you, in the sun beams, play.
I'll lead you thence to melancholy groves,
And there repeat the scenes of our past loves.
At night, I will within your curtain peep;
With empty arms embrace you while you sleep.
In gentle dreams I often will be by;
And sweep along, before your closing eye.
All dangers from your bed I will remove;
But guard it most from any future love,
And when at last, in pity, you will die,
I'll watch your birth of immortality:
Then, turtle-like, I'll to my mate repair;
And teach you your first flight in open air.

The beauty of this passage does not consist in the ideas alone; there is a melody of versification, and an aptness in the expression, which hardly any one but Dryden could compass.

The short extract we shall proceed to make, will shew very clearly that nothing could exceed Dryden's want of judgment, but the fertility of his fancy; the last line, so entirely absurd as it is, occurring after the other striking and natural images, proves a most extraordinary *vivacité de pesanteur* to have existed in the poet.

" *Abas.* Mischiefs on mischiefs, greater still, and more;
The neighb'ring plain with arms is cover'd o'er:
The vale an iron-harvest seems to yield
Of thick-sprung lances in a waving field.
The polish'd steel gleams terribly from far,
And every moment nearer shows the war.

The horse's neighing by the wind is blown,
Aud castled elephants o'erlook the town."

Aureng. Act I. *Sc.* I.

One of the most fruitful sources of the bathos in Dryden, is his constant reference, in his most serious and impassioned parts, to familiar objects; the more homely, the greater favorite is a simile with Dryden, for it generally has the advantage of being universally known, and is always especially true and appropriate. Dryden was an accurate observer, and had a mind stored with facts, truths, and observations, taken from every possible subject, and collected in every possible quarter. There would be no difficulty in collecting a large quantity of these blemishes, which nothing but an absolute ignorance of their effect could have allowed to be so numerous. We will quote a few at random.

In allusion to sickness:

" Strong virtue, like strong nature, struggles still,
Exerts itself, and then throws off the ill."

To taxes, speaking to a lover:

" Impose; but use your pow'r of taxing well;
When subjects cannot pay, they soon rebel."

To a sieve:

" If you have not enjoy'd what youth could give,
But life sunk through you like a leaky sieve,
Accuse yourself."————

To a dyed garment:

" Our summer such a russet livery wears,
As in a garment often dy'd appears."

To dough:

" When the gods moulded up the paste of man,
Some of their dough was left upon their hands,
For want of souls: and so they made Egyptians."

To a tradesman's bill:

" Nothing, a trifling sum of misery,
New added to the foot of thy account:
Thy wife is seized and borne away."

To a hammer:

" Your fate, once more, is laid upon the anvil;
Now pluck up all the Spartan in your soul;
Now stretch at every stroke, and hammer out
A new and nobler fortune.

To a hand at whist:

" Only to take care of me from me,
Weary with sitting out a losing hand;
'Twill be some ease to see another play it."

It would be surprising if Dryden, who was so complete a master of his own language, and had so fine an ear for the melody of versification, had not often succeeded in the course of the rhyming plays, in the modulation of his numbers. It is, indeed, their chief merit; and, for this beauty, the *Indian Emperor* has been praised more than once, in these times of juster conceptions concerning dramatic propriety.—In our opinion, however, it is in the *State of Innocence* that the most melodious versification is to be found. The *State of Innocence*, though a miserable production on the whole, and a disgusting debasement of the sterling poetry of Milton, yet has the merit of containing many pleasing passages; specimens of which we shall forthwith produce.

Raphael thus speaks of the reciprocal duties of Adam and Eve:

" Thus far to try thee; but to heav'n 'twas known,
It was not best for man to be alone;
An equal, yet thy subject, is design'd
For thy soft hours, and to unbend thy mind.
Thy stronger soul shall her weak reason sway;
And thou, through love, her beauty shalt obey;
Thou shalt secure her helpless sex from harms,
And she thy cares shall sweeten with her charms."

State of Innocence, Act II.

The following passage possesses more than the charm of sweet numbers. Eve, before she has seen Adam, is wandering in Paradise, and is attracted by the reflection of her form in the water; she exclaims:

" Tell me, ye hills and dales, and thou fair sun,
Who shin'st above, what am I? whence begun?
Like myself, I see nothing; from each tree
The feather'd kind peep down to look on me;

And beasts with up-cast eyes forsake their shade,
And gaze.

* * * * * * * * * * *

What's here? another firmament below,
[*Looks into a fountain.*
Spread wide, and other trees that downward grow?
And now a face peeps in, and now draws near,
With smiling looks, as pleas'd to see me here.
As I advance, so that advances too,
And seems to imitate whate'er I do:
When I begin to speak, the lips it moves;
Streams drown the voice, or it would say, it loves.
Yet when I would embrace, it will not stay:
[*Stoops down to embrace.*
Lost ere 'tis held; when nearest, far away.
Ah, fair, yet false; ah, Being form'd to cheat
By seeming kindness, mixt with deep deceit."

Beholding Adam, she adds,

"O, only like myself, (for nothing here
So graceful, so majestic, does appear;)
Art thou the form my longing eyes did see,
Loos'd from thy fountain, and come out to me?
Yet sure thou art not, nor thy face the same,
Nor thy limbs moulded in so soft a frame;
Thou look'st more sternly, dost more strongly move,
And more of awe thou bear'st, and less of love.
Yet pleas'd I hear thee."———

State of Innocence, Act II.

Were not the similar scenes of *Paradise Lost* so strongly impressed on the mind, we should perhaps think that the rich and luxurious beauty of the lines we are about to quote, had seldom been surpassed in their kind.

"*Adam.* When to my arms thou brought'st thy virgin love,
Fair angels sung our bridal hymn above:
Th' Eternal, nodding, shook the firmament,
And conscious Nature gave her glad consent.
Roses unbid, and ev'ry fragrant flow'r,
Flew from their stalks, to strow thy nuptial bower:
The furr'd and feather'd kind the triumph did pursue,
And fishes leap'd above the streams, the passing pomp to view.
Eve. When your kind eyes look'd languishing on mine,
And wreathing arms did soft embraces join,

A doubtful trembling seiz'd me first all o'er;
Then wishes; and a warmth unknown before:
What follow'd was all ecstacy and trance;
Immortal pleasures round my swimming eyes did dance,
And speechless joys, in whose sweet tumult tost,
I thought my breath and my new being lost."

Again,

"*Eve.* Blest in ourselves, all pleasures else abound;
Without our care, behold th' unlabour'd ground,
Bounteous of fruit; above our shady bowers
The creeping jess'min thrusts her fragrant flowers;
The myrtle, orange, and the blushing rose,
With bending heaps so nigh their blooms disclose,
Each seems to swell the flavour which the other blows:
By these the peach, the guava, and the pine,
And, creeping 'twixt 'em all, the mantling vine
Does round their trunks her purple clusters twine."

State of Innocence, Act III.

The mastery which Dryden had obtained over the difficulties of rhyme, was perhaps never more manifest, than in the following narrative of the intrusion of Lucifer into Paradise.

"Gabriel, if now the watch be set, prepare,
With strictest guard, to shew thy utmost care.
This morning came a spirit, fair he seem'd,
Whom, by his face, I some young cherub deem'd;
Of man he much inquir'd, and where his place,
With shews of zeal to praise his Maker's grace;
But I, with watchful eyes, observ'd his flight,
And saw him on yon steepy mount alight;
There, as he thought unseen, he laid aside
His borrow'd mask, and re-assum'd his pride;
I mark'd his looks, averse to heav'n and good;
Dusky he grew, and long revolving stood
On some deep, dark design; then shot with haste,
And o'er the mounds of Paradise he past;
By his proud port, he seem'd the prince of hell;
And here he lurks, in shades, till night: search well
Each grove and thicket; pry in ev'ry shape,
Lest, hid in some, th' arch hypocrite escape."

State of Innocence, Act III.

There is a sweetness in the three following extracts, which would finely relieve the ruggedness of more uneven versifica-

tion, but, occurring as they do in a melodious rhyming play—are but beauties lost in a crowd of kindred charms.

Eve. The ground, unbid, gives more than we can ask;
But work is pleasure when we chuse our task.
Nature, not bounteous now, but lavish grows;
Our paths with flow'rs she prodigally strows;
With pain we lift up our entangled feet,
While 'cross our walks the shooting branches meet.
Adam. Well has thy care advis'd; 'tis fit we haste;
Nature's too kind, and follows us too fast;
Leaves us no room her treasures to possess,
But mocks our industry with her excess;
And wildly wanton wears by night away,
The sign of all our labours done by day."

State of Innocence, Act IV.

" What joy, without your sight, has earth in store!
While you were absent, Eden was no more.
Winds murmur'd, through the leaves, your long delay;
And fountains, o'er the pebbles, chid your stay.
But with your presence cheer'd, they cease to mourn,
And walks wear fresher green, at your return."

* * * * * * * * * *

Raph. As much of grief as happiness admits
In heav'n, on each celestial forehead sits:
Kindness for man, and pity for his fate,
May mix with bliss, and yet not violate.
Their heav'nly harps a lower strain began;
And, in soft music, mourn the fall of man.

Gab. I saw th' angelic guards from earth ascend,
Griev'd they must now no longer man attend;
The beams about their temples dimly shone;
One would have thought the crime had been their own.
Th' ethereal people flock'd for news in haste,
Whom they, with downcast looks, and scarce saluting, past;
While each did, in his pensive breast, prepare
A sad accompt of their successless care."

State of Innocence, Act V.

The following speech of Adam, objecting to leave Paradise, is affecting, and the answer of Raphael sublime.

Adam. Heav'n is all mercy; labour I would choose:
And could sustain this Paradise to lose:
The bliss; but not the place. Here could I say
Heav'n's winged messenger did pass the day;

Under this pine the glorious angel staid:
Then, show my wond'ring progeny the shade.
In woods and lawns, where'er thou didst appear,
Each place some monument of thee should bear.
I, with green turfs, would grateful altars raise,
And heav'n, with gums and offer'd incense praise.

"*Raph.* Where'er thou art, He is; th' eternal mind
Acts through all places; is to none confin'd:
Fills ocean, earth, and air, and all above,
And through the universal mass does move.
Thou canst be no where distant: yet this place
Had been thy kingly seat, and here thy race,
From all the ends of peopled earth, had come
To rev'rence thee, and see their native home.
Immortal, then; now sickness, care, and age,
And war, and luxury's more direful rage,
Thy crimes have brought, to shorten mortal breath,
With all the num'rous family of death."

State of Innocence, Act V.

After Milton, the Raphael of Dryden discloses to Adam the future history of mankind, in a speech, which we quote for its own beauty, as well as for the purpose of introducing a passage of still greater merit.

"*Raph.* Behold of ev'ry age, ripe manhood see,
Decrepid years, and helpless infancy:
Those who, by ling'ring sickness, lose their breath;
And those who, by despair, suborn their death:
See yon' mad fools, who, for some trivial right,
For love, or for mistaken honour, fight:
See those, more mad, who throw their lives away
In needless wars; the stakes which monarchs lay,
When for each other's provinces they play,
Then as if earth too narrow were for fate,
On open seas their quarrels they debate;
In hollow wood they floating armies bear;
And force imprison'd winds to bring 'em near.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"*Adam.* The deaths, thou show'st, are forc'd and full of strife,
Cast headlong from the precipice of life.
Is there no smooth descent? no painless way
Of kindly mixing with our native clay?

"*Raph.* There is—but rarely shall that path be trod,
Which, without horror, leads to death's abode.

Some few, by temp'rance taught, approaching slow,
To distant fate by easy journeys go:
Gently they lay 'em down, as ev'ning sheep
On their own woolly fleeces softly sleep.
" *Adam.* So noiseless would I live, such death to find,
Like timely fruit, not shaken by the wind,
But ripely dropping from the sapless bough,
And, dying, nothing to myself would owe.
" *Eve.* Thus daily changing, with a duller taste
Of less'ning joys, I, by degrees, would waste:
Still quitting ground, by unperceiv'd decay,
And steal myself from life, and melt away."

The last passage of the play is so eminently lovely that we cannot forbear to add it to the quotations that have been already made, anxious as we are to exhaust the beauties of Dryden's forgotten dramas.

" *Eve.* Farewell, you happy shades!
Where angels first should practise hymns, and string
Their tuneful harps, when they to heav'n would sing.
Farewell, you flow'rs, whose buds, with early care,
I watch'd, and to the cheerful sun did rear:
Who now shall bind your stems? or, when you fall,
With fountain streams your fainting souls recal;
A long farewell to thee, my nuptial bow'r,
Adorn'd with ev'ry fair and fragrant flow'r.
And last, farewell, farewell my place of birth;
I go to wander in the lower earth,
As distant as I can; for, dispossest,
Farthest from what I once enjoy'd, is best.
" *Raph.* The rising winds urge the tempestuous air;
And on their wings, deformed winter bear;
The beasts already feel the change; and hence
They fly, to deeper coverts, for defence:
The feebler herd before the stronger run;
For now the war of nature is begun:
But, part you hence in peace, and having mourn'd your sin,
For outward Eden lost, find Paradise within."

Aurengzebe is another rhyming play, and is disfigured with as much rant and unmeaning bombast as any; nor does it contain so many of those gems, whose sparkling delights the eye of the weary passenger.—It nevertheless has its fine passages.

In the first page there appears the description of the hostile armies, which concludes with an image of great beauty.

" Four several armies to the field are led,
Which, high in equal hopes, four princes head:
Indus and Ganges, our wide Empire's bounds,
Swell their dy'd currents with their natives' wounds:
Each purple river winding, as he runs,
His bloody arms about his slaughter'd sons."

There are some other short extracts of great merit, whether for the imagery or the melody, which we will make in this place.

" Unmov'd she stood, and deaf to all my prayers,
As seas and winds to sinking mariners.
But seas grow calm, and winds are reconcil'd:
Her tyrant beauty never grows more mild." *Act* I.

" But here she comes!
In the calm harbour of whose gentle breast
My tempest-beaten soul may safely rest.
Oh, my heart's joy! whate'er my sorrows be,
They cease and vanish, in beholding thee!
Cares shun thy walks; as, at the cheerful light,
The groaning ghosts and birds obscene take flight.
* * * * *

" Love is an airy good, opinion makes:
Which he who only thinks he has, partakes.
Seen by a strong imagination's beam,
That tricks and dresses up the gaudy dream.
Presented so, with rapture 'tis enjoy'd;
Rais'd by high fancy, and by low destroy'd."

" Speak, madam; by (if that be yet an oath)
Your love, I'm pleas'd we should be ruin'd both.
Both is a sound of joy;
In death's dark bow'rs our bridals we will keep,
And his cold hand
Shall draw the curtain when we go to sleep." *Act* I.

" Thou know'st, my heart, my empire, all is thine:
In thy own heav'n of love serenely shine;
Fair as the face of nature did appear,
When flow'rs first peep'd, and trees did blossoms bear,
And winter had not yet deform'd th' inverted year.
Calm as the breath which fans our eastern groves,
And bright as when thy eyes first lighted up our loves.

Let our eternal peace be seal'd by this,
With the first ardour of a nuptial kiss." *Act* II.

" My virtue, like a string, wound up by art,
To the same sound, when yours was touch'd, took part,
At distance shook, and trembled at my heart."

" I hate to be pursu'd from place to place;
Meet, at each turn, a stale domestic face.
Th' approach of jealousy love cannot bear,
He's wild, and soon on wing, if watchful eyes come near."
Act IV.

" Fortune long frown'd, and has but lately smil'd;
I doubt a foe so newly reconcil'd.
You saw but sorrow in its waning form,
A working sea remaining from a storm;
When the now weary waves roll o'er the deep,
And faintly murmur ere they fall asleep."

The " Rhodomontades of Almanzor" are spread over nearly half a closely-printed volume. The first and second parts of the *Conquest of Granada,* in which they are to be found, are an elevated flat,—a plain, whose barren soil is burnt up by a fierce sun, and unfertilized by refreshing showers. They form together one enormous rant, which rarely sinks into tame propriety, or poetic truth. Some passages, however, there are, well worthy of a place in a work like the present.

The description of the bull-fight, for instance, has a force and dignity not unbecoming the epic muse.

" *Aben.* But what the stranger did was more than man.
" *Abdelm.* He finish'd all those triumphs we began.
One bull, with curl'd black head beyond the rest,
And dew-laps hanging from his brawny chest,
With nodding front awhile did daring stand,
And with his jetty hoof spurn'd back the sand:
Then, leaping forth, he bellow'd out aloud:
Th' amaz'd assistants back each other crowd,
While monarch-like he rang'd the listed field;
Some toss'd, some gor'd, some trampling down he kill'd.
Th' ignobler Moors from far his rage provoke
With woods of darts, which from his sides he shook.
Meantime your valiant Son, who had before
Gain'd fame, rode round to ev'ry mirador;
Beneath each lady's stand a stop he made,
And, bowing, took th' applauses which they paid.

Just in that point of time the brave unknown
Approach'd the lists.
" *Boab.* ——— I mark'd him, when alone
(Observ'd by all, himself observing none)
He enter'd first; and with a graceful pride
His fiery Arab dext'rously did guide:
Who, while his rider ev'ry stand survey'd,
Sprung loose, and flew into an escapade:
Not moving forward, yet, with ev'ry bound
Pressing, and seeming still to quit his ground.
What after pass'd———
Was far from the *Ventanna* where I sate,
But you were near, and can the truth relate."

[*To* Abdelm.

" *Abdelm.* Thus while he stood; the bull, who saw his foe,
His easier conquests proudly did forego;
And, making at him, with a furious bound,
From his bent forehead aim'd a double wound.
A rising murmur ran through all the field,
And ev'ry lady's blood with fear was chill'd:
Some shriek'd, while others, with more helpful care,
Cry'd out aloud, beware, brave youth, beware!
At this he turn'd, and as the bull drew near,
Shunn'd, and receiv'd him on his pointed spear.
The lance broke short, the beast then bellow'd loud,
And his strong neck to a new onset bow'd.
Th' undaunted youth———
Then drew; and from his saddle bending low,
Just where the neck did to the shoulders grow,
With his full force discharg'd a deadly blow.
Not heads of poppies (when they reap the grain)
Fall with more ease before the lab'ring swain,
Than fell this head;———
It fell so quick, it did even death prevent;
And made imperfect bellowings as it went.
Then all the trumpets victory did sound;
And yet their clangors in our shouts were drown'd."

The character of Almanzor is spirited.

" Vast is his courage, boundless is his mind,
Rough as a storm, and humorous as wind;
Honour's the only idol of his eyes;
The charms of beauty like a pest he flies;

And rais'd by valour, from a birth unknown,
Acknowledges no pow'r above his own."

P. I. Con. Gran. Act I. *Sc.* I.

Dryden had a passion and warmth of temperament which often stands him in the stead of imagination, for he never wants "thick-coming fancies," when his mind is elevated and excited by a sensual subject. All his descriptions of love, and the effects of love, are brilliant in the extreme—not however remarkable for any simple adherence to the truth of nature, but rather for a spirited and graceful ingenuity, excepting when he touches on the personal feelings of the lover. What Dryden had felt, he never fails to do justice to,—his language never leaves the mind of the reader short of the full meaning of the writer.

Of this class are the following passages in the *Conquest of Grenada*.

"Howe'er imperious in her words she were,
Her parting looks had nothing of severe;
A glancing smile allur'd me to command,
And her soft fingers gently press'd my hand.
I felt the pleasure glide thro' ev'ry part;
Her hand went through me to my very heart."

Act II.

"'Tis the essay of an untaught first love;
Yet rude, unfashion'd truth it does express;
'Tis love just peeping in a hasty dress.
Retire, fair creature, to your needful rest;
There's something noble lab'ring in my breast;
This raging fire, which through the mass does move,
Shall purge my dross, and shall refine my love."

Act III.

"Asleep, awake, I'll haunt you ev'ry where;
From my white shroud groan love into your ear,
When in your lover's arms you sleep at night,
I'll glide in cold betwixt, and seize my right."

Act V.

"How bless'd was I before this fatal day!
When all I knew of love, was to obey:
'Twas life becalm'd, without a gentle breath;
Though not so cold, yet motionless as death.
A heavy quiet state; but love, all strife,
All rapid, is the hurricane of life."

Act V.

"Love is that madness which all lovers have;
But yet 'tis sweet and pleasing so to rave.
'Tis an enchantment, where the reason's bound:
But Paradise is in th' enchanted ground.
A palace, void of envy, cares, and strife;
Where gentle hours delude so much of life.
To take those charms away, and set me free,
Is but to send me into misery.
And prudence, of whose cure so much you boast,
Restores those pains, which that sweet folly lost."

P. II. Con. Gran. Act III.

In the two *Conquests of Granada,* the patient reader finds some of the brightest little passages that are to be found in poetry, concealed under heaps of rubbish. Take the following, the result of a careful search:

"I am as free as nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

Would it be believed, that this is preceded by the two following lines.

"*Obey'd as sovereign by thy subjects be,*
But know, that I alone am king of me."

P. I. Con. Gran. Act I.

This beautiful image has often been quoted.

"What precious drops are those
Which silently each other's track pursue,
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew?

P. II. Con. Gran. Act III.

The exquisite propriety of Dryden's language cannot be shown in a sweeter specimen than the following.

"As some fair tulip, by a storm opprest,
Shrinks up, and folds its silken arms to rest;
And, bending to the blast, all pale and dead,
Hears, from within, the wind sing round its head:
So, shrowded up, your beauty disappears;
Unveil, my love, and lay aside your fears.
The storm that caus'd your fright, is past and done."

P. I. Con. Gran. Act V.

The force of expression in this comparison will be felt by every one.

" As one, who in some frightful dream would shun
His pressing foe, labours in vain to run;
And his own slowness in his sleep bemoans,
With thick short sighs, weak cries, and tender groans.
P. I. Con. Gran. Act III.

We collect three or four more specimens.

" Far hence, upon the mountains of the moon,
Is my abode; where heav'n and nature smile,
And strew with flow'rs the secret bed of Nile.
Bless'd souls are there refin'd, and made more bright;
And, in the shades of heav'n, prepar'd for light.
Act II.

" Mark but how terribly his eyes appear!
And yet there's something roughly noble there,
Which, in unfashion'd nature, looks divine;
And like a gem does in the quarry shine.
Act III.

" I wo' not love you, give me back my heart;
But give it as you had it, fierce and brave;
It was not made to be a woman's slave:
But, lion-like, has been in deserts bred;
And, us'd to range, will ne'er be tamely led."
Ibid.

" Arms and the dusty field I less admire,
And soften strangely in some new desire.
Honour burns in me not so fiercely bright,
But pale as fires when master'd by the light.
Ibid.

" You are to smile at his last groaning breath,
And laugh to see his eye-balls roll in death:
To judge the ling'ring soul's convulsive strife;
When thick short breath catches at parting life."
Act IV.

" So, two kind turtles, when a storm is nigh,
Look up, and see it gath'ring in the sky:
Each calls his mate to shelter in the groves,
Leaving, in murmur, their unfinish'd loves.
Perch'd on some dropping branch they sit alone,
And coo, and hearken to each other's moan."

This distinction between love, the offspring of friendship, and friendship of love, is a very accurate specimen of the ingenious beauty of many parts of the plays before us.

"That friendship, which from wither'd love does shoot,
Like the faint herbage on a rock, wants root;
Love is a tender amity, refin'd:
Grafted on friendship, it exalts the kind.
But when the graff no longer does remain,
The dull stock lives; but never bears again."

P. II. Con. Gran. Act I.

The following description of Venus is in a highly coloured style of painting, in which Dryden excelled.

"So Venus moves, when to the thunderer,
In smiles or tears, she would some suit prefer.
When with her cestus girt———
And drawn by doves, she cuts the liquid skies,
To ev'ry eye a goddess is confest;
By all the heav'nly nation she is blest,
And each with secret joy admits her to his breast."

P. I. Con. Gran. Act. V.

The two passages we are about to extract, remind us very strongly of the author of *Absalom and Achitophel.*

"What in another, vanity would seem,
Appears but noble confidence in him.
No haughty boasting; but a manly pride:
A soul too fiery, and too great to guide:
He moves excentrique, like a wand'ring star,
Whose motion's just, tho' 'tis not regular.

Again,

"While tim'rous wit goes round, or fords the shore,
He shoots the gulf and is already o'er;
And when the enthusiastic fit is spent,
Looks back amaz'd at what he undertook."

P. II. Con. Gran. Act I.

The opening lines of the rhyming plays usually appear as if much pains had been taken to render them strikingly harmonious; those in the beginning of the second part of the *Conquest of Granada,* are of a pleasing order of poetical beauty.

"When empire in its childhood first appears,
A watchful fate o'er-sees its tender years;
'Till grown more strong, it thrusts and stretches out,
And elbows all the kingdoms round about:
The place thus made for its first breathing free,
It moves again for ease and luxury:
'Till, swelling by degrees, it has possest
The greater space, and now crowds up the rest.
When, from behind, there starts some petty state,
And pushes on its now unwieldy fate:
Then, down the precipice of time it goes,
And sinks in minutes, which in ages rose.
Q. Isabel. Should bold Columbus in his search succeed,
And find those beds in which bright metals breed:
Tracing the sun, who seems to steal away,
That miser-like, he might alone survey
The wealth, which he in western mines did lay:
Not all that shining ore could give my heart
The joy, this conquer'd kingdom will impart:
Which, rescu'd from these misbelievers' hands,
Shall now, at once, shake off its double bands,
At once to freedom and true faith restor'd:
It's old religion, and its ancient lord."

The *Tyrannic Love* is another rhyming play. Dryden himself, we think, would have felt obliged to us for snatching the tender beauties which occur in this tragedy, from the blasting and infectious neighbourhood of the remainder. In no play are there more egregious absurdities, and in few so many charming lines. The line of demarcation between loveliness and deformity is here so broad and definite, that we find no difficulty in the selection.

The following would, we think, be generally admired in any production of the present day.

"I have consulted one, who reads heav'n's doom,
And sees, as present, things which are to come.
'Tis that Nigrinus, made by our command
A tribune in the new Pannonian band.
Him have I seen, (on Ister's banks he stood,
Where last we winter'd) bind the head-long flood
In sudden ice; and where most swift it flows,
In chrystal nets the wond'ring fishes close.
Then, with a moment's thaw, the streams enlarge,
And from the mesh the twinkling guests discharge.

In a deep vale, or near some ruin'd wall,
He would the ghosts of slaughter'd soldiers call;
Who slow to wounded bodies did repair,
And loth to enter, shiver'd in the air;
These his dread wand did to short life compel,
And forc'd the fates of battles to foretel.

Max. 'Tis wond'rous strange! But, good Placidius, say,
What prophecies Nigrinus of this day!

Plac. In a lone tent, all hung with black, I saw
Where in a square he did a circle draw:
Four angles, made by that circumference,
Bore holy words inscrib'd of mystic sense.
When first a hollow wind began to blow,
The sky grew black, and belly'd down more low,
Around the fields did nimble lightning play,
Which offer'd us by fits, and snatch'd the day.
'Midst this, was heard the shrill and tender cry
Of well-pleas'd ghosts, which in the storm did fly;
Danc'd to and fro, and skim'd along the ground,
'Till to the magic circle they were bound.
They coursing it, while we were fenc'd within,
We saw this dreadful scene of fate begin.

Char. Speak without fear; what did the vision shew?

Plac. A curtain drawn presented to our view
A town besieg'd; and on the neighb'ring plain
Lay heaps of visionary soldiers slain.
A rising mist obscur'd the gloomy head
Of one, who in imperial robes lay dead.
Near this, in fetters stood a virgin, crown'd;
Whom many Cupids strove in vain to wound:
A voice, to-morrow, still to-morrow rung;
Another, Io, Io Pæan sung."

Act I.

Even Maximin himself occasionally talks in strains as truly poetical as he is at other times tumid and fantastical.

Max. This love, that never could my youth engage,
Peeps out his coward head to dare my age.
Where hast thou been thus long, thou sleeping form,
That wak'st like drowsy seamen in a storm?
A sullen hour thou chusest for thy birth:
My love shoots up in tempests, as the earth
Is stirr'd and loosen'd in a blust'ring wind,
(Whose blasts to waiting flowers her womb unbind.")

Act III.

We will present the reader with a description of the same passion, by another character; it is less striking and original than the one just quoted, but its merits will perhaps be more generally felt and acknowledged.

" Love various minds does variously inspire:
He stirs, in gentle natures, gentle fire,
Like that of incense on the altars laid:
But raging flames tempestuous souls invade.
A fire which every windy passion blows;
With pride it mounts, and with revenge it glows."

Act II. *Sc.* I.

The ensuing lines shew Dryden's minuteness, as well as accuracy of observation, of which these plays furnish so many instances; sometimes shewn in images of exquisite beauty, at others in allusions entirely unpoetical.

" As some faint pilgrim standing on the shore,
First views the torrent he would venture o'er;
And then his inn upon the farther ground,
Loth to wade through, and lother to go round:
Then dipping in his staff, does trial make
How deep it is; and, sighing, pulls it back:
Sometimes resolv'd to fetch his leap: and then
Runs to the bank, but there stops short again;
So I at once——
Both heav'nly faith, and human fear obey;
And feel before me in an unknown way.
For this blest voyage I with joy prepare;
Yet am asham'd to be a stranger there.

Act IV.

The *Indian Emperor* is, like the rest of the rhyming plays, as a whole, feverish, tedious, and undramatic; its versification has been much admired; there is the same lavish profusion of words and images as in all the others, with quite as much of the unnatural, but less of the outrageous fustian which rages so fiercely in the rants of Almanzor and Aurengzebe. We can select passages from it of the greatest beauty.

The following is as exquisite as any thing of the same kind in Pope, with more melody and a greater variety of numbers.

" Arise, ye subtle spirits, that can spy
When love is enter'd in a female's eye;
You that can read it in the midst of doubt,
And in the midst of frowns can find it out;

You that can search those many-corner'd minds,
Where woman's crooked fancy turns and winds;
You that can love explore, and truth impart,
Where both lie deepest hid in woman's heart,
Arise!"

Act II.

Dryden is peculiarly happy in his description of repose.

" All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead,
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head,
The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
And sleeping flowers beneath the night-dew sweat;
Ev'n lust and envy sleep, yet love denies
Rest to my soul, and slumber to my eyes.
Three days I promis'd to attend my doom,
And two long days and nights are yet to come;
'Tis sure the noise of a tumultuous fight, [*Noise within.*
They break the truce, and sally out by night.

Act II.

We consider the following beautiful lines a practical proof of the total absurdity of composing a drama in rhyme; the excellent description of the appearance of the ships to one who had never seen a vessel of the kind before, becomes scarcely less than ludicrous, merely in consequence of the sing-song dialogue into which it is moulded.

" *Guy.* I went, in order, Sir, to your command,
To view the utmost limits of the land:
To that sea-shore where no more world is found,
But foaming billows breaking on the ground,
Where, for awhile, my eyes no object met
But distant skies that in the ocean set:
And low-hung clouds that dipt themselves in rain,
To shake their fleeces on the Earth again.
At last, as far as I could cast my eyes
Upon the sea, somewhat methought did rise
Like bluish mists, which still appearing more,
Took dreadful shapes, and mov'd towards the shore.
Mont. What forms did these new wonders represent?
Guy. More strange than what your wonder can invent.
The object I could first distinctly view
Was tall straight trees which on the waters flew;
Wings on their sides instead of leaves did grow,
Which gather'd all the breath the winds could blow:

And at their roots grew floating palaces,
Whose out-blow'd bellies cut the yielding seas.
Mont. What divine monsters, O ye gods, were these,
That float in air, and fly upon the seas!
Came they alive or dead upon the shore?
Guy. Alas! they liv'd too sure, I heard them roar:
All turn'd their sides, and to each other spoke,
I saw their words break out in fire and smoke.
Sure 'tis their voice that thunders from on high,
Or these the younger brothers of the sky.
Deaf with the noise I took my hasty flight,
No mortal courage can support the fright."

Act I.

In this play there are some very sweet couplets occurring, isolated amidst oceans of tedious rhyme, which it may be worth while to extract. The calm and equable feeling of delight which two or three lines of melodious numbers spread over the mind of the lover of poetry, must be our excuse for gleaning so narrowly. Such are lines like the following:

" Amidst our arms as quiet you shall be,
As halcyons brooding on a winter's sea."

Again:

" Where far from noise,
The peaceful power that governs love repairs,
To feast upon soft vows and silent pray'rs."

Also this:

" I watch'd the early glories of her eyes,
As men for day-break watch the eastern skies."

" In tears your beauteous daughter drowns her sight,
Silent as dews that fall in dead of night."

The play concludes with these tender verses; they are addressed to Cortez.

" *Guy.* Think me not proudly rude, if I forsake
Those gifts I cannot with my honour take:
I for my country fought, and would again,
Had I yet left a country to maintain;
But since the gods decreed it otherwise,
I never will on its dear ruins rise.
Alib. Of all your goodness leaves to our dispose,
Our liberty's the only gift we chuse:
Absence alone can make our sorrows less:
And not to see what we can ne'er redress.

" *Guy.* Northward, beyond the mountains we will go,
Where rocks lie cover'd with eternal snow,
Thin herbage in the plains and fruitless fields,
The sand no gold, the mine no silver yields;
There love and freedom we'll in peace enjoy;
No Spaniards will that colony destroy.
We to ourselves will all our wishes grant,
And nothing coveting can nothing want."

We come now to the dramas in blank verse. It would be absurd in us to dwell upon the plots and scenes of plays which we have asserted possess neither interest as dramas, nor beauty as poems; and we mention *Cleomenes* more particularly, to shew rather what he has failed to do than what he has actually done; the subject on the first view appears one which a master's hand might have moulded to some purpose. A Spartan king, with all the characteristics of his nation—his bosom glowing with national pride and generous indignation—rough and uninformed in the gentler courtesies of life, and loathing an existence unadorned with freedom—in short, a Spartan, such a one as we may imagine in the purer times of the commonwealth, is reduced to dance attendance on the court of an effeminate Egyptian—to be elbowed by eunuchs, minions, and parasites, in a soil and a clime whose very air, one would think, would scarce suffice a Spartan soul to breathe in. But of the advantages of this contrast, Dryden has either not chosen or been unable to avail himself.

There are, as in the other plays, some noble passages in *Cleomenes*. Take the two following, as fine applications of the objects of nature to the purposes of poetry.

" Despatch him, as the source of all your fears.
Observe the mounting billows of the main,
Blown by the winds into a raging storm:
Brush off those winds, and the high waves return
Into their quiet first created calm;
Such is the rage of busy blust'ring crowds,
Fomented by th' ambition of the great;
Cut off the causes, and th' effect will cease;
And all the moving madness fall to peace."

" There's the riddle of her love.
For what I see, or only think I see,
Is like a glimpse of moonshine, streak'd with red,
A shuffled, sullen, and uncertain light,

That dances through the clouds, and shuts again;
Then 'ware a rising tempest on the Main."

Act IV.

There is considerable power in the scene between Cœnus and Cleomenes, when the former arrives to tell the news of the capture of Sparta.

Cœn. I heard, Sir, you were refug'd in this court,
And come to beg a favour.
Cleom. Good! a favour!
Sure, thou mistak'st me for a king of Egypt;
And think'st I govern here?
Cœn. Y'are Cleomenes.
Cleom. No thanks to Heaven for that; I should have dy'd,
And then I had not been this Cleomenes.
Panth. You promis'd patience, Sir.
Cleom. Thou art a scurvy monitor, I am patient.
Do I foam at lips;
Or stare at eyes? Methinks I am wond'rous patient.
Now, thou shalt see how I can swallow gall.
I prithee, gentle Cœnus, tell the story——
Of ruin'd Sparta; leave no circumstance
Untold of all their woes; and I will hear thee,
As unconcern'd, as if thou told'st a tale
Of ruin'd Troy. I prithee tell us how
The victors robb'd the shrines, polluted temples,
Ransack'd each wealthy house: No, spare me that,
Poor honest Sparta had no wealth to lose.
But when thou com'st to tell of matrons ravish'd,
And virgins forc'd; then raise thy voice,
And let me hear their howlings,
And dreadful shrieks, as in the act of rape.
Panth. Again you are distemper'd.
Cleom. Peace, I am not.
I was but teaching him to grace his tale
With decent horror.
Cœn. Your sick imagination feigns all this;
Now hear a truth, and wonder!
Cleom. Has not the conqueror been at Sparta?
Cœn. Yes.
Cleom. Nay; then I know what follows victory.
Panth. You interrupt, as if you would not know.
Cœn. Then if you will imagine, think some king,
Who lov'd his people, took a peaceful progress
To some far distant place of his dominions;

XUM

Smil'd on his subjects as he rode in triumph,
And strew'd his plenty, wheresoe'er he pass'd.
Nay, raise your thoughts yet higher, think some deity,
Some better Ceres drawn along the sky
By gentle dragons, scatter'd as she flew
Her fruitful grains upon the teeming ground,
And bad new harvests rise.
Cleom. Do we dream, Pantheus?
Panth. No sure! we are awake——but 'tis he dreams.
Cœn. The soldiers march'd, as in procession, slow;
And enter'd Sparta like a choir of priests,
As if they fear'd to tread on holy ground.
No noise was heard; no voice, but of the cryer
Proclaiming peace, and liberty to Sparta.
At that a peal of loud applause rang out,
And thinn'd the air, till even the birds fell down
Upon the shouter's heads; the shops flew open,
And all the busy trades renew'd their tasks;
No law was chang'd, no custom was controul'd;
That had Lycurgus liv'd, or you return'd,
So Sparta would have shown."

Act I.

Dryden is peculiarly fond of infusing a sort of magnanimous self-complaisance into his hero, in which he is sometimes very happy, as in the following speech of Cleomenes of his son.

"I love to see him sparkle out betime,
For 'twas my flame that lighted up his soul:
I'm pleas'd with my own work; Jove was not more
With infant nature, when his spacious hand
Had rounded this huge ball of earth, and seas,
To give it the first push, and see it roll
Along the vast abyss."

We will place together, as they occur, the other passages in this play which are worthy of especial notice. Cassandra says of men, that

"Some are born kings,
Made up of three parts fire, so full of Heaven,
It sparkles at their eyes: inferior souls
Know 'em as soon as seen, by sure instinct,
To be their lords, and naturally worship
The secret God within 'em."

There is put into the mouth of the Egyptian Sosibius, a very appropriate and well-expressed comparison.

" For, as our Apis, tho' in temples fed,
And under golden roofs, yet loaths his food,
Because restrain'd; and longs to roam in meads,
Among the milky mothers of the herd:
So, Cleomenes, kept by force in Egypt,
Is sullen at our feasts; abhors our dainties;
And longs to change 'em for his Spartan broth."

Act III.

This same Sosibius has a singular theory concerning the mutability of human notions.

" Man is but man; unconstant still, and various;
There's no to-morrow in him, like to day.
Perhaps the atoms rolling in his brain,
Make him think honestly this present hour;
The next a swarm of base, ungrateful, thoughts
May mount aloft: and where's our Egypt then?
Who would trust chance? since all men have the seeds
Of good and ill, which should work upward first."

Ibid.

Cleomenes, in a reflecting mood, says,

" Just such is death,
With a black veil, covering a beauteous face!
Fear'd afar off
By erring nature: a mistaken phantom;
A harmless, lambent, fire. She kisses cold,
But kind, and soft, and sweet, as my Cleora.
Oh could we know
What joys she brings; at least, what rest from grief!
How should we press into her friendly arms,
And be pleas'd not to be, or to be happy?"

Act IV.

Cleanthes gives up the Egyptians.

" 'Tis all in vain; we have no further work;
The people will not be dragg'd out to freedom;
They bar their doors against it; nay, the prisoners
Even guard their chains, as their inheritance;
And man their very dungeons, for their masters;
Lest god-like liberty, the common foe,
Should enter in; and they be judg'd hereafter
Accomplices of freedom."

Ibid.

XUM

Of the interesting character of *The Maiden Queen* we shall say nothing more, except that the winding up of the plot is very unsatisfactory and inartificial; but proceed to our business of pointing out the poetical beauties.

Philocles, when speaking of the unknown lover who has neglected the Queen's advances, says,

> " He's blind, indeed!
> So the dull beasts in the first paradise
> With levell'd eyes gaz'd each upon their kind;
> There fix'd their love: and ne'er look'd up to view
> That glorious creature Man, their Sovereign Lord."
>
> *Act* III.

A lover thus speaks of the happiness he should enjoy with the object of his affections:

> " All my ambition will in you be crown'd;
> And those white arms shall all my wishes bound.
> Our life shall be but one long nuptial day,
> And like chaf'd odours melt in sweets away;
> Soft as the night our minutes shall be worn,
> And cheerful as the birds that wake the morn." *Ibid.*

We glean the following passages, the first of which is very lovely:

> " Then, setting free a sigh, from her fair eyes
> She wip'd two pearls, the remnant of wild show'rs,
> Which hung like drops upon the bells of flow'rs:
> And thank'd the heav'ns,
> Which better did, what she design'd, pursue,
> Without her crime, to give her pow'r to you. *Act* IV.

Philocles enters, and thus addresses the loved Candiope:

> " *Phil.* How now, in tears, my fair Candiope?
> So through a wat'ry cloud
> The sun at once seems both to weep and shine.
> For what forefather's sin do you afflict
> Those precious eyes! For sure you have
> None of your own to weep.
> *Cand.* My crimes both great and many needs must shew,
> Since heav'n will punish them with losing you.
> *Phil.* Afflictions sent from heav'n without a cause,
> Make bold mankind inquire into its laws.
> But heav'n, which, moulding beauty takes such care,
> Makes gentle fates on purpose for the fair:
> And destiny, that sees them so divine,

Spins all their fortune in a silken twine:
No mortal hand so ignorant is found
To weave coarse work upon a precious ground."

Act III.

Of the *Duke of Guise* only the first scene, the fourth act, and the better part of the fifth, are by Dryden. The rest is the production of Nat. Lee.

The following speech of Guise is marked by the powerful pen of Dryden.

"Poison on her name!
Take my hand on't, that cormorant dowager
Will never rest, till she has all our heads
In her lap. I was at Bayon with her,
When she, the king, and grisly d'Alva met;
Methinks I see her listening now before me,
Marking the very motion of his beard,
His op'ning nostrils, and his dropping lids—
I hear him croak too, to the gaping council;—
Fish for the great fish, take no care for frogs,
Cut off the poppy-heads, Sir: Madam, charm
The winds but fast, the billows will be still."

Almost the only beautiful lines besides these in this play, are Lee's; a poet who has not had justice done him. We select the few passages that follow, which will perhaps dispose the reader to think more favorably of one, whose name is only associated with an idea of rant and fustian.

Malicorne is taunting Grillon with a false accusation of his daughter.

"Yet I have brain, and there is my revenge;
Therefore I say again, these eyes have seen
Thy blood at court, bright as a summer's morn,
When all the heaven is streak'd with dappled fires,
And fleck'd with blushes, like a rifled maid;
Nay, by the gleamy fires that melted from her,
Fast sighs and smiles, swol'n lips and heaving breasts,
My soul presages."———

And in the speech of Marmoutiere, that shortly follows, there is an affecting simplicity which was out of Dryden's vein.

"O Heav'ns! Did ever virgin yet attempt
An enterprize like mine? I that resolv'd
Never to leave those dear delightful shades
But act the little part that nature gave me,

On the green carpets of some guiltless grove,
And having finish'd it, forsake the world!
Unless sometimes my heart might entertain
Some small remembrance of the taking Guise:
But that far, far from any dark'ning thought,
To cloud my honour, or eclipse my virtue."

The king says,

"O Marmoutiere! now will I haste to meet thee;
The face of beauty, on this rising horror,
Looks like the midnight-moon upon a murther."

The following is a beautiful, though fanciful reason, for attributing an awful importance to the last words of a dying man:

"For souls just quitting earth, peep into heaven,
Make swift acquaintance with their kindred forms,
And partners of immortal secrets grow."

Many fine passages also occur in the *Œdipus*, by Lee, which, as well as the *Duke of Guise*, was written in conjunction with Dryden. We question whether extracts of greater beauty than those we shall now quote from that play are to be found in Dryden—certainly not of tenderer cast.

Tiresias, feeling the inspiration of the god, thus addresses his daughter Manto, who is leading him:

———"I feel him now,
Like a strong spirit charm'd into a tree,
That leaps, and moves the wood without a wind?
The roused God, as all this while he lay
Intomb'd alive, starts and dilates himself;
He struggles, and he tears my aged trunk
With holy fury, my old arteries burst,
My rivell'd skin,
Like parchment, crackles at the hallow'd fire;
I shall be young again: Manto, my daughter,
Thou hast a voice that might have sav'd the bard
Of Thrace, and forc'd the raging bacchanals,
With lifted prongs, to listen to thy airs;
O charm this god, this fury in my bosom,
Lull him with tuneful notes, and artful strings,
With pow'rful strains; Manto, my lovely child,
Sooth the unruly god-head to be mild."

Œdipus, talking in his sleep, thus addresses his wife:

"O, my Jocasta! 'tis for this the wet

Starv'd soldier lies on the cold ground;
For this he bears the storms
Of winter camps, and freezes in his arms;
To be thus circled, to be thus embrac'd:
That I could hold thee ever."

Jocasta, finding him in this situation, says,

"Then my fears were true.
Methought I heard your voice, and yet I doubted—
Now roaring like the ocean, when the winds
Fight with the waves; now, in a still small tone
Your dying accents fell, as racking ships
After the dreadful yell, sink murmuring down,
And bubble up a noise."

Jocasta, finding the internal misery of Œdipus, thus refuses consolation:

"In vain you sooth me with your soft endearments,
And set the fairest countenance to view;
Your gloomy eyes, my lord, betray a deadness
And inward languishing: that oracle
Eats like a subtle worm its venom'd way,
Preys on your heart, and rots the noble core,
Howe'er the beauteous outside shews so lovely."

When Œdipus hears his name called out by the Ghost, he falls into this soliloquy, which reminds us more nearly of Shakespear, than any thing we have had the good fortune to discover in the plays of Dryden.

"Ha! again that scream of woe?
Thrice have I heard, thrice since the morning dawn'd—
It holloo'd loud, as if my guardian spirit
Call'd from some vaulted mansion,—Œdipus!
Or is it but the work of melancholy!
When the sun sets, shadows, that shew'd at noon
But small, appear most long and terrible;
So when we think fate hovers o'er our heads,
Our apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds,
Owls, ravens, crickets seem the watch of death,
Nature's worst vermin scare her god-like sons.
Echoes, the very leavings of a voice,
Grow babbling ghosts, and call us to our graves:
Each mole-hill thought swells to a huge Olympus,
While we fantastic dreamers heave and puff,
And sweat with an imagination's weight;
As if, like Atlas, with these mortal shoulders

We could sustain the burden of the world."

What can be more beautiful than the "dying fall" of these lines:

"Of no distemper, of no blast he dy'd,
But fell like autumn-fruit that mellow'd long:
Ev'n wonder'd at, because he dropt no sooner.
Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore years;
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more:
'Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

Or than the easy and natural picture thus drawn.

"Oft-times before I thither did resort,
Charm'd with the conversation of a man
Who led a rural life, and had command
O'er all the shepherds who about those vales
Tended their numerous flocks: in this man's arms
I saw you smiling at a fatal dagger,
Whose point he often offer'd at your throat;
But then you smiled, and then he drew it back,
Then lifted it again, you smil'd again:
'Till he at last in fury threw it from him,
And cry'd aloud; the gods forbid thy death."

We cannot omit this awful description of the eclipsed moon.

"Ha! my Jocasta, look! the silver moon!
A settling crimson stains her beauteous face!
She's all o'er blood! and look, behold again,
What mean the mystick heavens, she journeys on?
A vast eclipse darkens the labouring planet:
Sound there, sound all the instruments of war;
Clarions and trumpets, silver, brass, and iron,
And beat a thousand drums to help her labours.

Truly, in spite of the serious blemishes which disfigure the *Œdipus*, it is a very powerful drama, and though the dramatic points of the fable are not seized with the taste, nor worked up with the masterly genius of Sophocles, yet it contains scenes of almost awful grandeur. Excepting a few lines, the opening scene is worthy of being quoted. The effect it produces upon the mind, is almost as dreary as the pestilence itself; the sentences seem to drop from the lips of the speakers, as if, amidst the wreck of all things, they hardly thought it worth while to finish them. The only brisk speech in it, is

where Alcander wraps himself all round in the argument of necessity.

" Methinks we stand on ruins; nature shakes
About us; and the universal frame
So loose, that it but wants another push
To leap from off its hinges.
Dioc. No sun to cheer us; but a bloody globe
That rolls above; a bald and beamless fire:
His face o'er grown with scurf: The sun's sick too:
Shortly he'll be an earth.
Pyr. Therefore the seasons
Lie all confus'd; and, by the heav'ns neglected,
Forget themselves; blind winter meets the summer
In his mid-way, and, seeing not his livery,
Has driv'n him headlong back; and the new damps
With flaggy wings fly heavily about,
Scattering their pestilential colds and rheumes
Through all the lazy air.
Alc. Hence murrains follow'd
On bleating flocks, and on the lowing herds;
At last, the malady
Grew more domestic, and the faithful dog
Dy'd at his master's feet.
Dioc. And next, his master;
For all those plagues which earth and air had brooded,
First on inferior creatures try'd their force:
And last they seiz'd on man.
Pyr. And then a thousand deaths at once advanc'd,
And every dart took place; all was so sudden,
That scarce a first man fell; one but began
To wonder, and straight fell, a wonder too;
A third, who stoop'd to raise his dying friend,
Dropt in the pious act. Heard you that groan?

[*Groan within.*

Dioc. A troop of ghosts took flight together there;
Now death's grown riotous, and will play no more
For single stakes, but families and tribes;
How are we sure we breathe not now our last,
And that, next minute,
Our bodies cast into some common pit,
Shall not be built upon, and overlaid
By half a people?
Alc. There's a chain of causes
Link'd to effects; invincible necessity,

That whate'er is, could not but so have been;
That's my security.

To them, enter Creon.

Cre. So had it need, when all our streets lie cover'd
With dead and dying men;
And earth exposes bodies on the pavement
More than she hides in graves!
Betwixt the bride and bridegroom have I seen
The nuptial torch do common offices
Of marriage and of death."

In drawing the character of Creon, Dryden doubtless had Shakespear's crook-backed Richard in his eye.

" Why love renounc'd thee ere thou saw'st the light;
Nature herself start back when thou wert born;
And cry'd, the work's not mine——
The midwife stood aghast; and when she saw
Thy mountain back, and thy distorted legs,
Thy face itself,
Half-minted with the royal stamp of man,
And half o'ercome with beast, stood doubting long,
Whose right in thee were more;
And knew not, if to burn thee in the flames,
Were not the holier work.

Cre. Am I to blame, if nature threw my body
In so perverse a mould; yet when she cast
Her envious hand upon my supple joints,
Unable to resist, and rumpled 'em
On heaps in their dark lodging, to revenge
Her bungled work she stamp'd my mind more fair;
And as from chaos, huddled and deform'd,
The God strook fire, and lighted up the lamps
That beautify the sky, so he inform'd
This ill-shap'd body with a daring soul;
And making less than man, he made me more."

Act I. *Sc.* III.

There is, in the first act, a truly dramatic effect, produced by this little dialogue between Tiresias and his daughter, who is leading the blind old man.

" Now stay:
Methinks I draw more open, vital air.
Where are we?

Man. Under covert of a wall;
The most frequented once, and noisy part

Of Thebes, now midnight silence reigns ev'n here;
And grass untrodden springs beneath our feet.
Tir. If there be nigh this place a sunny bank,
There let me rest awhile: A sunny bank!
Alas! how can it be, where no sun shines!
But a dim winking taper in the skies,
That nods, and scarce holds up his drowsy head
To glimmer through the damps."

Creon thus soliloquizes on death.

"*Cre.* The thought of death to one near death is dreadful?
O 'tis a fearful thing to be no more.
Or if to be, to wander after death!
To walk as spirits do, in brakes all day?
And when the darkness comes, to glide in paths
That lead to graves; and in the silent vault
Where lies your own pale shroud, to hover o'er it,
Striving to enter your forbidden corpse!
And often, often, vainly breathe your ghost
Into your lifeless lips;
Then, like a lone benighted traveller
Shut out from lodging, shall your groans be answer'd
By whistling winds, whose every blast will shake
Your tender form to atoms."

We afterwards find him railing against fools.—He is the most spirited person of the drama.

"*Cre.* Every where.
Fine empty things, like him,
The court swarms with them.
Fine fighting things; in camps they are so common,
Crows feed on nothing else; plenty of fools;
A glut of 'em in Thebes.
And fortune still takes care they should be seen;
She places 'em aloft, o' th' topmost spoke
Of all her wheel; fools are the daily work
Of nature; her vocation; if she form
A man, she loses by't, 'tis too expensive;
'Twou'd make ten fools! A man's a prodigy."

Act III.

There is something peculiarly solemn in the mysterious chaunt, in which the soothsayers celebrate their superstitious rites.

"*Tir.* Chuse the darkest part o' th' grove;
Such as ghosts at noon-day love.

Dig a trench, and dig it nigh
Where the bones of Laius lie;
Altars rais'd of turf or stone,
Will th' infernal pow'rs have none.
Answer me, if this be done?
All Pr. 'Tis done.
Tir. Is the sacrifice made fit,
Draw her backward to the pit;
Draw the barren heifer back;
Barren let her be, and black.
Cut the curly hair that grows
Full betwixt her horns and brows,
And turn your faces from the sun;
Answer me, if this be done?
All Pr. 'Tis done.
Tir. Pour in blood, and blood-like wine,
To mother earth and Proserpine;
Mingle milk into the stream;
Feast the ghosts that love the steam;
Snatch a brand from funeral pile;
Toss it in to make 'em boil;
And turn your faces from the sun;
Answer me, if all be done?
All Pr. All is done.

The Rival Ladies is a tragi-comedy of a very confused and intricate nature, but is adorned with gems of poetry, which are scattered as thick through this as the generality of his plays.

Angelina, in the disguise of male attire, asks herself,

"Where had I courage for this bold disguise,
Which more my nature than my sex belies?
Alas! I am betray'd to darkness here;
Darkness which virtue hates, and maids most fear:
Silence and solitude dwell every where:
Dogs cease to bark; the waves more faintly roar,
And roll themselves asleep upon the shore:
No noise but what my foot-steps make, and they
Sound dreadfully, and louder than by day:
They double too, and every step I take
Sounds thick methinks, and more than one could make.
Ha! who are these?
I wish'd for company, and now I fear.
Who are you, gentle people, that go there?"

Act 1.

The answer of Amideo to Hippolito and Gonsalvo, who is also disguised in male attire, and taken for a boy, is a beautiful specimen of simple eloquence.

" *Hip.* Poor child, who would'st be wise above thy years,
Why dost thou talk, like a philosopher,
Of conquering love, who art not yet grown up
To try the force of any manly passion?
The sweetness of thy mother's milk is yet
Within thy veins, not sour'd and turn'd by love.
Gons. Thou hast not field enough in thy young breast,
To entertain such storms to struggle in.
Amid. Young as I am, I know the pow'r of love;
Its less disquiets, and its greater cares,
And all that's in it, but the happiness.
Trust a boy's word, Sir, if you please, and take
My innocence for wisdom; leave this lady;
Cease to persuade yourself you are in love,
And you will soon be freed: Not that I wish
A thing so noble as your passion lost
To all the sex; bestow it on some other;
You'll find many as fair, though none so cruel.
Would I could be a lady for your sake."

The further selections which we intend making from this, we will string together—as pearls on a necklace:

" Perfection is discovered in a moment;
He that ne'er saw the sun before, yet knows him.

To a lady fearing rudeness:

" Your very fears and griefs create an awe,
Such majesty they bear; methinks I see
Your soul retir'd within her inmost chamber,
Like a fair mourner sit in state, with all
The silent pomp of sorrow round about her."

Act I.

" Is this an hour for valiant men to fight?
They love the sun should witness what they do;
Cowards have courage when they see not death;
And fearful hares, that sculk in forms all day,
Yet fight their feeble quarrels by the moonlight."

Ibid.

" What right have parents over children, more
Than birds have o'er their young? yet they impose
No rich-plum'd mistress on their feather'd sons;

But leave their love, more open yet and free
Than all the fields of air, their spacious birth-right."

Act II.

"His sweetness for those frowns no subject finds:
Seas are the field of combat for the winds:
But when they sweep along some flow'ry coast,
Their wings move mildly, and their rage is lost."

Act III.

"Like the day-dreams of melancholy men,
I think, and think on things impossible,
Yet love to wander in that golden maze."

Ibid.

Again:

"While I am compass'd round
With mirth, my soul lies hid in shades of grief,
Whence, like the bird of night, with half-shut eyes,
She peeps, and sickens at the sight of day."

Ibid.

"Thou com'st, all cloy'd and tir'd with his embraces,
To proffer thy pall'd love to me: his kisses
Do yet bedew thy lips; the very print
His arms made round thy body, yet remains."

Act IV.

Rodorick dying, says,

"So, now I am at rest:———
I feel death rising higher still, and higher,
Within my bosom; every breath I fetch
Shuts up my life within a shorter compass:
And like the vanishing sound of bells, grows less
And less each pulse, 'till it be lost in air."

Ibid.

"As from some steep and dreadful precipice,
The frighted traveller casts down his eyes,
And sees the ocean at so great a distance,
It looks as if the skies were sunk below him;
Yet if some neighb'ring shrub (how weak soe'er)
Peeps up, his willing eyes stop gladly there,
And seem to ease themselves, and rest upon it."

Act V.

It has been with the greatest possible reluctance, that we have abstained from adorning our pages with some of the scenes of the *All for Love* and *Don Sebastian*. For this

some excuse might have been found, in the fact that Dryden's peculiar dramatic merits might have been best illustrated by the quotation of passages from these two plays; but the length of the extracts, which we found ourselves compelled to make, have prevented our discussing this point in the manner we could have wished; and thus rendered these authorities, which we should have produced, less necessary. These two, however, as well as *The Spanish Friar,* are plays to which we can refer our readers as wholes; and though very far from being without great blemishes and deficiencies, they will amply repay them for a repeated perusal. *The Spanish Friar* has been chiefly praised for the happy union of two plots. For our parts, we profess ourselves sceptical as to the merits of this union; and if it had possessed no other claim to our notice, than the ingenuity with which the adventures of a camp profligate are connected with the intrigues of the court, we could have seen no reason why it should not sleep in the same oblivion in which *Love Triumphant* has been entombed. The structure of the plot is intrinsically the same; perhaps the connection more complete in the one case, than in the other; or, in other words, the discordant and unharmonizing actions are more closely compacted, and the juncture more artfully concealed, though, in fact, there is the same inartificial combination in both. There is no Gordian knot to untie here, as is the case in the *Merchant of Venice;* the folds of which are so complicated that, to disentangle any part, you must mangle the whole. It may be worth our while, once for all, to disclose the secret of this artifice, and characterize the method by which the poet has endeavoured to delude us into an idea, that the very different scenes which he places before our eyes, belong to one and the same picture. The hero of the tragic plot is generally the cousin—the fewer degrees removed, the more felicitous the combination—of the hero of the comic plot, who is either an officer in the army commanded by the first, or a courtier in the palace where his relative is a lord of the bedchamber. The comic character occasionally appears at court; the tragic is sometimes seen in the street; and with this slight intercourse, each pursues his several way, through the first three or four acts. The one is little nice in distinctions, and associates pretty promiscuously with ladies both of high and low degree, with much risque to his constitution, while the other intrigues with queens and princesses, and cabals with lords and courtiers, to the imminent hazard of his head. At length, the plot thickens, and we reach in good time the grand point of connexion. The tragic hero has occasion for some two or three hundred partizans, to put down his most uncompromising opponents, and who so proper to head them

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as his cousin, the debauchee? The latter accordingly musters his regiment, if he has one; or if not, no matter—his drunken boon companions will do just as well—who sally forth with "hose ungartered," and make nothing of beating a set of sober-gaited citizens, or guards of the palace. Thus the tragic hero now gains all his ends, and it may be, in the height of victory, throws himself at the feet of his insulted sovereign. The heroism of his generous submission does his business effectually, and seals his pardon; while his companion in arms is left in peace, to enjoy his mistress, or quarrel with his wife, (if she does not turn out to he his sister, as in *The Spanish Friar*,) to the end of the chapter. The merit of this happy conception—for happy it has been pronounced by the general voice of critics, from one generation to another—we are at a loss to imagine; though we are very far from being of the faction, who would hunt down tragi-comedy as a monster, to which criticism should give no quarter: on the contrary, we are disposed to think that it is the only species of the drama, which is calculated to afford a just description of human life. There—all is not gloom—nor all sunshine—pleasant smiling vallies peep forth amidst utter desolation, the dreariest waste and the most inaccessible rocks neighbour a fertile soil; as the ripe and blushing strawberry frequently pillows itself on a bed of snow, by the side of which it often grows on the lofty mountains of Switzerland. All is unequal, all diversified. The hero of the court may be the hero of the tavern, and the armed warrior who kills his thousands, may scare pacific passengers in the streets in his drunken frolics. In this light, Shakespear saw man, and his tragi-comedy is merely the history of human life.

Of the comedies of Dryden we have said nothing, and all we shall say is this, that they are forced and exaggerated exhibitions of an attempt at comic wit, wrung from a brain which, being ill adapted for a successful effort, took refuge in obscenity, and was fain to season its dullness with coarse and indecent allusions. In reckoning up the number of plays from which we have extracted passages, and those which we have not mentioned, we cannot but lament, that Dryden should have dribbled away his genius in so large a number of successless attempts. Had his talent been concentrated in the production of two or three, or even half a dozen, after his judgment had been matured, and his taste purified from the defilement of the age, we might perhaps have numbered so many more among the noblest monuments of English genius; but diffused as it is over five times that number, it was hardly enough to instil into one or two, a spirit that should suffice to preserve them from the corruptions of time. Their unnatural, tawdry, and sometimes dis-

gusting forms, sleep like neglected lumber, in the corner of that temple, where we place the immortal works of the admired masters of the preceding age, and he who would drag them forth, wipe off the accumulated dust of centuries, and set them up, each on his pedestal, would produce an effect as strange and incongruous, as though he had introduced the grotesque and savage abortions of Otaheite among the divinely inspired forms of ancient genius. Without intending any such dishonour to the illustrious group of our dramatic writers, we have adventured an examination of this heap of lumber, for the benefit of less daring or curious investigators; and when we have, in the course of our survey, chanced to espy a limb of more exquisite proportion than common, or a feature of more than ordinary beauty, in selecting these relics of his genius into a group, we conceive we have been doing a kinder office to his memory, than were we to make a portentous exhibition of the whole of his forgotten dramas.

Art. X. *A MS. Volume of Sir* Thomas Browne's *Letters to his Son.*

We are not satisfied with the published works of a great writer; we like to see him face to face, and to examine the more minute lineaments of his mental physiognomy. We are desirous of beholding him in the midst of his family, that we may observe his temper and disposition, and the circumstances which ruffle the former, or the little kindnesses and attentions displayed in the latter. It is not enough to hear a set speech; we must also hear his familiar conversation. When we contemplate him in his guarded moments, we are apt to think him too much above us, and are glad to find him, on a nearer approach, a little more upon our own level. The manuscript letters of Sir Thomas Browne we thought must be interesting—we expected to be made acquainted with a few more of the singularities of his extraordinary mind—we promised ourselves, indeed, great discoveries, and we set to work to read his letters with eagerness. Our eagerness, however, met with some check—we did not get on quite so rapidly as we expected—we found that before we could engage in the pleasant occupation of selection, we must exercise our patience in deciphering the most difficult and singular hand-writing we have ever met with, even in old MSS. To this task we applied ourselves, and succeeded in partially deciphering, amongst others, the letters which succeed; in which our readers will discover something of the kind of speculation in which Sir T. Browne delighted. It is pleasant to

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see the terms of equality on which the father corresponded with his son, and the affection which he shows for him. The letters we have extracted, we think, possess sufficient interest to warrant us in making them public; and if, in the progress of our investigation, we find others which are of sufficient importance to be also published, they will be given in our subsequent numbers. Some parts of the letters which did not appear in the least remarkable, and related only to trifling circumstances which happen to every one, we have taken the liberty to omit, and have inclosed the unintelligible words in brackets.

" Oct. 15, 1660.

D. S.

I am glad to hear you are all in health this sickly time * * * * * I am also glad that Mr. John ——'s daughter is recovered, who is a good young gentlewoman, and very deare unto her parents; when you see them remember me unto them. I think you are in the right when you say that physitians coaches in London are more for state than for business, there being so many wayes whereby they may be assisted at lesser charge and care in London. The Thames and hackney coaches being no small help, besides the great number of coaches kept by private gentlemen in and about London. When I read G——s Travells in America many years ago, I was much surprised to finde there twentie thousand coaches in Mexico—perhaps there may be in London halfe that number. When Queene Elizabeth came to Norwich, 1578, she came on horsebacke from Ipswich, by the high road to Norwich, in the summer time, but she had a coach or two in her trayne. She rid through Norwich unto the Bishop's palace, where she stayed a week, and went sometimes a hunting on horseback, and up to Musfold Hill often, to see wrestling and shooting. When I was a youthe many persons travelled with three horses, but now there is a new face of things. * * *

God bless you all.

Y. D. F.

T. B.

For Dr. Edward Browne, in Salisbury
Court, nr to ye Golden Balls,
Flt. St. London."

D. S. * * * *

I am glad you have put an end to that laboure, though I am not sorry that you undertook it.—We are glad to understand by my daughter Browne's letter, that my daughter-in-law is delivered of a sonne—the blessing of God bee upon you both, and send health—The vessel of cider sent you from Guernzey was waik, it came not out of Normandy, but from Guernzey, though it was not of my sonne and daughter's making—they might have made much, there being plentie of apples, butt they made butt 2 or 3 hoggesheads for their own use.—Your sister tells me that they have plentie of large oysters like [ ]

oysters about Guernzey, and althowe [rocky] they have I understand acquired a peculiar waye of disposing and selling of them, that they are not decayed before they bee eaten—they bring them in their hands into vessels that may containe a vast quantitie, and when they come to a competent distance from land they ancher and cast all the oysters overboard into the sea, and when the tide goes away and the ground bare, and the people come to buy them, and the owners stand on drye ground and sell them—and when the tide comes in the buyers retire, and come again at the next ebbe and buye, and so every ebbe until all sould: so the oysters are kept securely and well tasted, being so often under the salt sea-water—and if they load a vessel of a [large size] full they might sell them while they were good, being thus ordered, although it should take some time to sell them all.—This seems a good contrivance, and such as I have not heard of in England. * * *

Y. D. F.
T. B.

Dr. Edward Browne.

" July 14.

D. S.

You have done very well to obtayne the manuscript or book, which you mention you had from my Lord of A——'s house—how you came to knowe of it, or obtayne the use of it, I know not; but I believe you might if you would putt forward, obtayne such a favor of my Lord himself, who when he was at Norwich asked for you. Hee was at Montpelier about the time when you were there. Now you have the booke by you, it will be fitt to make the best use you canne of it—for perhaps it must be returned unto the French ambassadour, or if he [ ], unto my Lord; 'tis like he will expect it agayne from you in a short time, therefore bestowe most of your vacant time about it—transcribe all you can out of it, and drawe out the most material cutts yourself, by [tracing] or otherwise, which you can do well enough—for I would not have it out of your hands, and I do not desire that Moreland should have any thing to do with it—hee will drawe out of it for himself and his owne use, so all will who take notice of it. Nor would I have you to showe it to any, or very fewe, and such as are not like to make use thereof. B——— (as I sent you word) hath lately published anatomical observations upon many animals, and probably of many in this booke. Transcribe what you can out of it, and sett downe the names of the animals, and the singular and peculiar observations upon any. The cutts being so, [large] 'tis probable there are not many.

* * *

if you did not keep the skull of the Dolphin you cutt up, I will, God willing, send you one—tis likely the cutts are not of common animals at least not altogether, butt of such strange animals as have been brought to Paris or some of the King's houses.—When you see the Elephant, observe whether hee bendeth his knees before and behind, inward, different from other quadrupeds as [ ] observeth, and whether his belly bee the softest and smoothest part, the [ ] are not

exterior and outward but inwardly inflected as Aristotle sayth—Perhaps the booke hath the dissection of the Camell—it were good to observe of what that bunch in the back consisteth, whether the back bone or spine riseth up into it or it be a lump of flesh on the spine * * * I thought good to mention these hints—my hedgehog being putt into my yard hee got away with 2 young ones but I look to finde them agayne.

* * *

To Dr.
Edward Browne. God bless you all.

Y. D. F.
T. B.

Dec. 27.

D. S.

I received yours and cannot but comend you for taking notice of the comet, and for giving so [good] a description—how you found it, and for having drawne a figure thereof—it was the first account of it that came to Norwich, though some report there was, that it had been seen, and therefore your description in what manner you saw it was the more welcome, and [ ] the bookseller would needs write it out that you might gratifie his friends and customers with your account thereof. T———'s letters mention it; but to little or no purpose, or any information. We have had somewhat cloudy and foggy evenings, so that we heard no more of it, and this day was clear and frostie, and the sunne silvery bright, but we could not get [a sight of] it was so mistie before this night, while I am writing, which is between seven and eight o'clock. I never saw a larger and [longer] tayle of a comet since 1618, when I was at schoole. I believe it will be much observed and discussed, and accounts given of it by the learned, and observed beyond the sea.

"T. B."

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THE

Retrospective Review.

Vol. I. Part II.

Art. I. *An Apology for the Life of Mr.* Colley Cibber, *Comedian, and late Patentee of the Theatre Royal, with an Historical View of the Stage in his own Time, written by Himself. The Second Edition. London,* 1740.

There are, perhaps, few individuals, of intense personal feeling, whose lives, written by themselves, would be destitute of interest or of value. Works of this description enlarge the number of our intimacies without inconvenience, awaken, with a peculiar vividness, pleasant recollections of our own past career, and excite that fond and gentle sympathy with the little sorrows, cares, hopes, and enjoyments of others, which infuses new tenderness into all the pulses of individual joy. The qualification which is most indispensable to the writer of such auto-biographies, is vanity. If he does not dwell with gusto on his own theme, he will communicate no gratification to his reader. He must not, indeed, fancy himself too outrageously what he is not, but should have the highest sense of what he is, the happiest relish for his own peculiarities, and the most blissful assurance that they are matters of great interest to the world. He who feels thus, will not chill us by cold generalities, but trace with an exquisite minuteness all the felicities of his life, all the well remembered moments of gratified vanity, from the first beatings of hope and first taste of delight, to the time when age is gladdened by the reflected tints of young enterprize and victory. Thus it was with Colley Cibber; and, therefore, his *Apology* for his own life is one of the most amusing books that have ever been written. He was not, indeed, a very wise or lofty character —nor did he affect great virtue or wisdom—but openly derided gravity, bade defiance to the serious pursuits of life, and honest-

ly preferred his own lightness of heart and of head, to knowledge the most extensive or thought the most profound. He was vain even of his vanity. At the very commencement of his work, he avows his determination not to repress it, because it is part of himself, and therefore will only increase the resemblance of the picture. Rousseau did not more clearly lay open to the world the depths and inmost recesses of his soul, than Cibber his little foibles and minikin weaknesses. The philosopher dwelt not more intensely on the lone enthusiasm of his spirit, on the alleviations of his throbbing soul, on the long draughts of rapture which he eagerly drank in from the loveliness of the universe, than the player on his early aspiring for scenic applause, and all the petty triumphs and mortifications of his passion for the favour of the town. How real and speaking is the description which he gives of his fond desires for the bright course of an actor—of his light-hearted pleasure, when, in the little part of the Chaplain in *The Orphan*, he received his first applause—and of his higher transport, when the next day Goodman, a retired actor of note, clapping him on the shoulder at a rehearsal, exclaimed, with an oath, that he must make a good actor, which almost took away his breath, and fairly drew tears into his eyes! The spirit of gladness which gave such exquisite keenness to his youthful appetite for praise, sustained him through all the changes of his fortune, enabling him to make a jest of penury, assisting him to gather fresh courage from every slight, adding zest to every success, until he arrived at the high dignity of "Patentee of the Theatre Royal." When "he no revenue had but his good spirits to feed and clothe him," these were ample. His vanity was to him a kingdom. The airiest of town butterflies, he sipped of the sweets of pleasure wherever its stray gifts were found; sometimes in the tavern among the wits, but chiefly in the golden sphere of the theatre,—that magic circle whose majesties do not perish with the chances of the world, and whose glories never grow dim. In reading his life, we become possessed of his own feathery lightness, and seem to follow the course of the gayest and the emptiest of all the bubbles, that, in his age of happy trifling, floated along the shallow but glittering stream of existence.

The *Life of Cibber* is peculiarly a favorite with us, not only by reason of the superlative coxcombry which it exhibits, but of the due veneration which it yields to an art too frequently under-rated, even among those to whose gratification it ministers. If the degree of enjoyment and of benefit produced by an art be any test of its excellence, there are few indeed, which will yield to that of the actor. His exertions do not, indeed, often excite emotions so deep or so pure as those which the noblest poetry inspires, but their genial influences are far more widely extended.

The tenderest beauties of the most gifted of bards, find in the bosoms of a very small number an answering sympathy. Even of those who talk familiarly of Spenser and Milton, there are few who have fairly read, and still fewer who truly feel their divinest effusions. It is only in the theatre, that any image of the real grandeur of humanity—any picture of generous heroism and noble self-sacrifice—is poured on the imaginations, and sent warm to the hearts of the vast body of the people. There are eyes, familiar through months and years only with mechanic toil, suffused with natural tears, engendered by sacred pity. There are the deep fountains of hearts, long encrusted by narrow cares, burst open, and a holy light is sent in on the long sunken forms of the imagination, which shone fair and goodly in boyhood by their own light, but have since been sealed and forgotten in their "sunless treasuries." There, do the lowliest and most ignorant catch their only glimpse of that poetic radiance which is the finest glory of our being. While they gaze on the wondrous spectacle, they forget the petty concerns of their own individual lot, and recognize and rejoice in their kindred with a nature capable of high emprise, of meekest suffering, and of defiance to the mortal powers of agony and the grave. They are elevated and softened into men. They are carried beyond the ignorant present time; feel the past and the future on the instant, and kindle as they gaze on the massive realities of human virtue, or on those fairy visions which are the gleaming fore-shadows of golden years, which hereafter shall bless the world. Their horizon is suddenly extended from the narrow circle of low anxieties and selfish joys, to the farthest and most sacred hills which bound our moral horizon; and they perceive, in clear vision, the eternal rocks of defence for their nature, which the noblest spirits of their fellow men have been privileged to raise. While they feel that "which gives an awe of things above them," their souls are expanded in the heartiest sympathy with the vast body of their fellows. A thousand hearts are swayed at once by the same emotion, as the high grass of the meadow yields, as a single blade, to the breeze which sweeps over it. Distinctions of fortune, rank, talent, age, all give way to the warm tide of emotion, and every class feel only as partakers in one primal sympathy, "made of one blood," and equal in the mysterious sanctities of their being. Surely the art that produces an effect like this—which separates, as by a divine alchemy, the artificial from the real in humanity—which supplies to the artisan in the capital, the place of those woods and free airs and mountain streams, which insensibly harmonize the peasant's character—which gives the poorest to feel the old grandeur of tragedy, sweeping by with sceptered pall—which makes the heart of the child leap with strange joy, and enables the old man

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to fancy himself again a child—is worthy of no mean place among the arts which refine our manners by exalting our conceptions!

It has sometimes been objected to the theatrical artist, that he merely repeats the language and embodies the conceptions of the poet. But the allegation, though specious, is unfounded. It has been completely established, by a great and genial critic of our own time, that the deeper beauties of poetry cannot be shaped forth by the actor,* and it is equally true, that the poet has little share in the highest triumphs of the performer. It may, at first, appear a paradox, but is nevertheless proved by experience, that the fanciful cast of the language has very little to do with the effect of an acted tragedy. Mrs. Siddons would not have been less than she is, though Shakespear had never written. She displayed genius as exalted in the characters drawn by Moore, Southern, Otway, and Rowe, as in those of the first of human bards. Certain great situations are all the performer needs, and the grandest emotions of the soul all that he can embody. He can derive little aid from the noblest imaginations or the richest fantasies of the author. He may, indeed, by his own genius,—like the matchless artist to whom we have just alluded—consecrate sorrow, dignify emotion, and kindle the imagination as well as awaken the sympathies. But this will be accomplished, not by the texture of the words spoken, but by the living magic of the eye, of the tone, of the action; by all those means which belong exclusively to the actor. When Mrs. Siddons cast that unforgotten gaze of blank horror on the corpse of Beverley, was she indebted to the play-wright for the conception? When, as Arpasia in *Tamerlane*, she gave that look of inexpressible anguish, in which the breaking of the heart might be seen, and the cold and rapid advances of death traced —and fell without a word, as if struck by the sudden blow of destiny—in that moment of unearthly power, when she astonished and terrified even her oldest admirers, and after which, she lay herself really senseless from the intensity of her own emotion —where was the marvellous stage-direction, the pregnant hint in the frigid declamatory text, from which she wrought this amazing picture, too perilous to be often repeated? Do the words "I'm satisfied," in *Cato*, convey the slightest image of that high struggle—that contest between nature long repressed and stoic pride—which Mr. Kemble in an instant embodied to the senses, and impressed on the soul for ever? Or, to descend

* See Mr. Lamb's *Essay on the Tragedies of Shakespear, as adapted to representation on the stage*—a piece, which combines more of profound thought with more of deep feeling and exquisite beauty, than any criticism with which we are acquainted.

into the present time and the lowlier drama, does the perusal of *The School of Reform* convey any vestige of that rough sublimity which breathes in the Tyke of Emery? Are Mr. Liston's looks out of book, gotten by heart, invented for him by writers of farces? Is there any fancy of invention in its happiest mood —any tracings of mortal hand in books—like to the marvellous creations which Munden multiplies at will? These are not to be "constrained by mastery" of the pen, and defy not only the power of an author to conceive, but to describe them. The best actors indeed, in their happiest efforts, are little more indebted to the poet, than he is to the graces of nature which he seizes, than the sculptor to living forms, or the grandest painters to history.

Still less weight is there in the objection, that part of the qualities of an actor, as his form and voice, are gifts of nature which imply no merit in their possessor. They are no more independent of will, than the sensibility and imagination of the bard. Our admiration is not determined by merit, but by beauty; we contemplate angelic beauty of soul with as tender a love as virtue, which has been reared with intense labour among clouds and storms, and follow with as delighted a wonder the quick glances of intuition as the longest and most difficult researches. The actor exhibits as high a perception of natural grace, as fine an acquaintance with the picturesque in attitude, as the sculptor. If the forms of his imagination do not stand for ages in marble, they live and breathe before us while they last—change with all the variations of passion—and "discourse most eloquent music." They sometimes, as in the case of Mr. Kemble's Roman characters, supply the noblest illustrations of history. The story of Coriolanus is to us no dead letter; the nobleness of Cato is an abstract idea no longer. We seem to behold even now the calm approaches of the mighty stoic to his end—to look on him, maintaining the forms of Roman liberty to the last, as though he would grasp its trembling relics in his dying hands—and to listen to those solemn tones, now the expiring accents of liberty passing away, and anon the tremulous breathings of uncertain hope for the future. The reality with which these things have been presented to our youthful eyes is a possession for ever—quickening our sympathy with the most august instances of human virtue, and enriching our souls with palpable images of the majesty of old.

It may be said, that if a great actor carries us into times that are past, he rears up no monument which will last in those which are to come. But there are many circumstances to counterbalance and alleviate the shortness of his fame. The anxiety for posthumous renown, though there is something noble in it as abstracted from mere personal desires, is scarcely

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the loftiest of human emotions. The Homeric poets, who breathed forth their strains to untutored ears and left no visible traces of their genius, could scarcely anticipate the duration of their works. Shakespear seems to have thought little in his life-time of those honors which through all ages will accumulate on his memory. The best benefactors of their race have left the world nothing but their names, and their remembrances in grateful souls. The true poet, perhaps, feels most holily when he thinks only of sharing in the immortality of nature, and "owes no allegiance but the elements." Some feeling, not unallied to this, may solace the actor for the short-lived remembrance of his exertions. The images which he vivifies are not traced in paper, nor diffused through the press, nor extant in marble; but are engraven on the fleshly tables of the heart, and last till "life's idle business" ceases. To thousands of the young has he given their "first mild touch of sympathy and thought," their first sense of communion with their kind. As time advances, and the ranks of his living admirers grow thin, the old tell of his feats with a tenderer rapture, and give such vivid hints of his excellence as enable their hearers richly to fancy forth some image of grandeur or delight, which, in their minds at least, is like him. The sweet lustre of his memory thus grows more sacred as it approaches its close, and tenderly vanishes. His name lives still—ever pronounced with happiest feelings and in the happiest hours—and excites us to stretch our thoughts backward into the gladnesses of another age. The grave-maker's work, according to the Clown in *Hamlet*, outlasts all others even "till domesday," and the actor's fades away before most others, because it is the very reverse of his gloomy and durable creations. The theatrical picture does not endure because it is the warmest, the most living of the works of art; it is short as human life, because it is as genial. Those are the intensest enjoyments which soonest wither. The fairest graces of nature—those touches of the ethereal scattered over the universe—pass away while they ravish us. Could we succeed in giving permanence to the rainbow, to the delicate shadow, or to the moon-beam on the waters, their light and unearthly charm would be lost for ever. The tender hues of youth would ill exchange their evanescent bloom for an enamel which ages would not destroy. And if "these our actors" must "melt into air, thin air," leaving but soft tracings in the hearts of living admirers—if their images of beauty must fade into the atmosphere of town gaiety, until they only lend some delicate graces to those airy clouds which gleam in its distance, and which are not recognized as theirs, they can scarcely complain of a transitoriness which is necessarily connected with the living grace which belongs to no other order of artists.

The work before us, however, may afford better consolation than we can render to actors; for it redeems not the names, but the vivid images of some of the greatest artists of a century ago, from oblivion. Here they are not embalmed, but kept alive—and breathe in all the glory of their meridian powers before us. Here, Betterton's tones seem yet to melt on the entranced hearer—Nokes yet convulses the full house with laughter on his first appearance—and Mrs. Monfort sinks with her dainty, diving body to the ground, beneath the conscious load of her own attractions. The theatrical portraits in this work are drawn with the highest gusto, and set forth with the richest coloring. The author has not sought, like some admirable critics of this age of criticism, to say as many witty or eloquent things on each artist as possible, but simply to form the most exact likeness, and to give to the drapery the most vivid and appropriate hues. We seem to listen to the prompter's bell—to see the curtain rise—and behold on the scene the goodly shapes of the actors and actresses of another age, in their antique costume, and with all the stately airs and high graces which the town knows no longer.

Betterton is the chief object of our author's admiration; but the account of his various excellencies is too long to extract entire, and perhaps, on account of the spirit of boundless eulogy in which it is written, has less of that nicety of touch, which gives so complete an individuality to his pictures of other performers.

The following are, perhaps, the most interesting parts of the description:

"You have seen a Hamlet perhaps, who, on the first appearance of his father's spirit, has thrown himself into all the straining vociferation requisite to express rage and fury, and the house has thundered with applause; tho' the mis-guided actor was all the while (as Shakespear terms it) tearing a passion into rags.—I am the more bold to offer you this particular instance, because the late Mr. Addison, while I sate by him, to see this scene acted, made the same observation, asking with some surprize, if I thought Hamlet should be in so violent a passion with the Ghost, which, tho' it might have astonished, had not provoked him? for you may observe that in this beautiful speech, the passion never rises beyond an almost breathless astonishment, or an impatience, limited by filial reverence, to enquire into the suspected wrongs that may have raised him from his peaceful tomb! and a desire to know what a spirit so seemingly distrest, might wish or enjoin a sorrowful son to execute towards his future quiet in the grave? This was the light into which Betterton threw this scene; which he opened with a pause of mute amazement! then rising slowly, to solemn, trembling voice, he made the Ghost equally terrible to the spectator, as to himself! and in the descriptive part of the natural emotions which the ghastly vision gave him, the boldness of his expostulation was still governed by decency, manly, but not braving; his voice never rising into that seeming outrage, or wild defiance of what

he naturally revered. But alas! to preserve this medium, between mouthing, and meaning too little, to keep the attention more pleasingly awake, by a tempered spirit, than by mere vehemence of voice, is of all the master-strokes of an actor the most difficult to reach. In this none have yet equalled Betterton.

"A farther excellence in Betterton, was, that he could vary his spirit to the different characters he acted. Those wild impatient starts, that fierce and flashing fire, which he threw into Hotspur, never came from the unruffled temper of his Brutus; (for I have, more than once, seen a Brutus as warm as Hotspur) when the Betterton Brutus was provoked, in his dispute with Cassius, his spirit flew only to his eye; his steady look alone supplied that terror, which he disdained an intemperance in his voice should rise to. Thus, with a settled dignity of contempt, like an unheeding rock, he repelled upon himself the foam of Cassius. Perhaps the very words of Shakespear will better let you into my meaning:

> Must I give way, and room, to your rash choler?
> Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

And a little after;

> There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats! &c.

Not but in some part of this scene, where he reproaches Cassius, his temper is not under this suppression, but opens into that warmth which becomes a man of virtue; yet this is that hasty spark of anger, which Brutus himself endeavours to excuse."

The account of Kynaston, who, in his youth, before the performance of women on the stage, used to appear in female characters, is very amusing. He was particularly successful in Evadne, in *The Maid's Tragedy*, and always retained "something of a formal gravity in his mien, which was attributed to the stately step he had been so early confined to" in his female attire: the ladies of quality, we are told, used to pride themselves in taking him with them in their coaches to Hyde Park, in his theatrical habit, after the play, which then used to begin at the early hour of four. There was nothing, however, effeminate in his usual style of acting. We are told, that

"He had a piercing eye, and in characters of heroick life, a quick imperious vivacity in his tone of voice, that painted the tyrant truly terrible. There were two plays of Dryden in which he shone, with uncommon lustre; in *Aurenge-Zebe* he played Morat, and in *Don Sebastian*, Muley Moloch; in both these parts, he had a fierce lion-like majesty in his port and utterance, that gave the spectator a kind of trembling admiration."

The following account of this actor's performance in the now neglected character of Henry the Fourth, gives us the most

vivid idea of the grave yet gentle majesty and kingly pathos, which the part requires.

"But above this tyrannical, tumid superiority of character, there is a grave and rational majesty in Shakespear's Harry the Fourth, which tho' not so glaring to the vulgar eye, requires thrice the skill and grace to become and support. Of this real majesty, Kynaston was entirely master; here every sentiment came from him, as if it had been his own, as if he had himself, that instant, conceived it, as if he had lost the player, and were the real king he personated! a perfection so rarely found, that very often, in actors of good repute, a certain vacancy of look, inanity of voice, or superfluous gesture, shall unmask the man to the judicious spectator; who from the least of those errors plainly sees the whole but a lesson given him, to be got by heart, from some great author, whose sense is deeper than the repeater's understanding. This true majesty Kynaston had so entire a command of, that when he whispered the following plain line to Hotspur,

Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it!

he conveyed a more terrible menace in it, than the loudest intemperance of voice could swell to. But let the bold imitator beware, for without the look, and just elocution that waited on it, an attempt of the same nature may fall to nothing.

But the dignity of this character appeared in Kynaston still more shining, in the private scene between the King, and the Prince his son: there you saw majesty, in that sort of grief, which only majesty could feel! there the paternal concern, for the errors of the son, made the monarch more revered and dreaded: his reproaches so just, yet so unmixed with anger (and therefore the more piercing) opening as it were the arms of nature, with a secret wish, that filial duty, and penitence awaked, might fall into them with grace and honour. In this affecting scene, I thought Kynaston shew'd his most masterly strokes of nature; expressing all the various motions of the heart, with the same force, dignity, and feeling, they are written; adding to the whole, that peculiar and becoming grace, which the best writer cannot inspire into any actor, that is not born with it."

How inimitably is the varied excellence of Monfort depicted in the following speaking picture:

"Monfort, a younger man by twenty years, and at this time in his highest reputation, was an actor of a very different style: of person he was tall, well made, fair, and of an agreeable aspect: his voice clear, full, and melodious: in tragedy he was the most affecting lover within my memory. His addresses had a resistless recommendation from the very tone of his voice, which gave his words such a softness, that, as Dryden says,

——Like flakes of feather'd snow,
They melted as they fell!

All this he particularly verified in that scene of *Alexander*, where the heroe throws himself at the feet of Statira for pardon of his past infide-

lities. There we saw the great, the tender, the penitent, the despairing, the transported, and the amiable, in the highest perfection. In comedy, he gave the truest life to what we call the Fine Gentleman; his spirit shone the brighter for being polished with decency: in scenes of gaiety, he never broke into the regard, that was due to the presence of equal or superior characters, tho' inferior actors played them; he filled the stage, not by elbowing, and crossing it before others, or disconcerting their action, but by surpassing them, in true and masterly touches of nature. He never laughed at his own jest, unless the point of his raillery upon another required it.—He had a particular talent, in giving life to bon mots and repartees: the wit of the poet seemed always to come from him extempore, and sharpened into more wit, from his brilliant manner of delivering it: he had himself a good share of it, or what is equal to it, so lively a pleasantness of humour, that when either of these fell into his hands upon the stage, he wantoned with them, to the highest delight of his auditors. The agreeable was so natural to him, that even in that dissolute character of *The Rover* he seemed to wash off the guilt from vice, and gave it charms and merit. For tho' it may be a reproach to the poet, to draw such characters, not only unpunished, but rewarded, the actor may still be allowed his due praise in his excellent performance. And this is a distinction which, when this comedy was acted at Whitehall, King William's Queen Mary was pleased to make in favour of Monfort, notwithstanding her disapprobation of the play.

He had besides all this, a variety in his genius, which few capital actors have shewn, or perhaps have thought it any addition to their merit to arrive at; he could entirely change himself; could at once throw off the man of sense, for the brisk, vain, rude, and lively coxcomb, the false, flashy pretender to wit, and the dupe of his own sufficiency: of this he gave a delightful instance in the character of Sparkish in Wycherly's *Country Wife*. In that of Sir Courtly Nice his excellence was still greater: there his whole man, voice, mien, and gesture, was no longer Monfort, but another person. There, the insipid, soft civility, the elegant and formal mien; the drawling delicacy of voice, the stately flatness of his address, and the empty eminence of his attitudes, were so nicely observed and guarded by him, that had he not been an entire master of nature, had he not kept his judgment, as it were, a centinel upon himself, not to admit the least likeness of what he used to be, to enter into any part of his performance, he could not possibly have so completely finished it."

Our author is even more felicitous in his description of the performers in low comedy and high farce. The following critique brings Nokes—the Liston of his age—so vividly before us, that we seem almost as well acquainted with him, as with his delicious successor.

"Nokes was an actor of a quite different genius from any I have ever read, heard of, or seen, since or before his time; and yet his general excellence may be comprehended in one article, viz. a plain and

palpable simplicity of nature, which was so utterly his own, that he was often as unaccountably diverting in his common speech, as on the stage. I saw him once, giving an account of some table-talk, to another actor behind the scenes, which, a man of quality accidentally listening to, was so deceived by his manner, that he ask'd him, if that was a new play he was rehearsing? It seems almost amazing, that this simplicity, so easy to Nokes, should never be caught by any one of his successors. Leigh and Underhil have been well copied, tho' not equalled by others. But not all the mimical skill of Estcourt (famed as he was for it) tho' he had often seen Nokes, could scarce give us an idea of him. After this, perhaps, it will be saying less of him, when I own, that though I have still the sound of every line he spoke, in my ear, (which used not to be thought a bad one) yet I have often tried, by myself, but in vain, to reach the least distant likeness of the *vis comica* of Nokes. Though this may seem little to his praise, it may be negatively saying a good deal to it, because I have never seen any one actor, except himself, whom I could not, at least so far imitate, as to give you a more than tolerable notion of his manner. But Nokes was so singular a species, and was so formed by nature, for the stage, that I question if (beyond the trouble of getting words by heart) it ever cost him an hour's labour to arrive at that high reputation he had, and deserved.

"The characters he particularly shone in, were Sir Martin Marrall, Gomez in *The Spanish Friar*, Sir Nicolas Cully in *Love in a Tub*, Barnaby Brittle in *The Wanton Wife*, Sir Davy Dunce in *The Soldier's Fortune*, Sosia in *Amphytrion*, &c. &c. &c. To tell you how he acted them, is beyond the reach of criticism: but, to tell you what effect his action had upon the spectator, is not impossible: this then is all you will expect from me, and from hence I must leave you to guess at him.

"He scarce ever made his first entrance in a play, but he was received with an involuntary applause, not of hands only, for those may be, and have often been partially prostituted, and bespoken; but by a general laughter, which the very sight of him provoked, and nature could not resist; yet the louder the laugh, the graver was his look upon it; and sure, the ridiculous solemnity of his features were enough to have set a whole bench of bishops into a titter, could he have been honoured (may it be no offence to suppose it) with such grave and right reverend auditors. In the ludicrous distresses, which, by the laws of comedy, folly is often involved in; he sunk into such a mixture of piteous pusillanimity, and a consternation so ruefully ridiculous and inconsolable, that when he had shook you, to a fatigue of laughter, it became a moot point, whether you ought not to have pitied him. When he debated any matter by himself, he would shut up his mouth with a dumb studious pout, and roll his full eye into such a vacant amazement, such a palpable ignorance of what to think of it, that his silent perplexity (which would sometimes hold him several minutes) gave your imagination as full content, as the most absurd thing he could say upon it. In the character of Sir Martin Marr-all, who is always committing blunders to the prejudice of his own interest, when he had brought himself to a dilemma in his affairs, by vainly proceeding upon

his own head, and was afterwards afraid to look his governing servant and counsellor in the face; what a copious and distressful harangue have I seen him make with his looks (while the house has been in one continued roar, for several minutes) before he could prevail with his courage to speak a word to him! Then might you have, at once, read in his face *vexation*, that his own measures, which he had piqued himself upon, had failed;—*envy*, of his servant's superior wit;—*distress*, to retrieve the occasion he had lost;—*shame*, to confess his folly;—and yet a sullen desire, to be reconciled and better advised for the future! What tragedy ever shew'd us such a tumult of passions, rising, at once, in one bosom? or what buskined heroe, standing under the load of them, could have more effectually moved his spectators, by the most pathetic speech, than poor miserable Nokes did, by this silent eloquence, and piteous plight of his features?

"His person was of the middle size, his voice clear, and audible; his natural countenance grave, and sober; but the moment he spoke, the settled seriousness of his features was utterly discharged, and a dry, drolling, or laughing levity took such full possession of him, that I can only refer the idea of him to your imagination. In some of his low characters, that became it, he had a shuffling shamble in his gait, with so contented an ignorance in his aspect, and an aukward absurdity in his gesture, that had you not known him, you could not have believed, that naturally he could have had a grain of common sense. In a word, I am tempted to sum up the character of Nokes, as a comedian, in a parodie of what Shakespear's Mark Antony says of Brutus as a hero:

> His life was laughter, and the ludicrous
> So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,
> And say to all the world—This was an actor."

The portrait of Underhil has not less the air of exact resemblance, though the subject is of less richness.

"Underhil was a correct and natural comedian; his particular excellence was in characters, that may be called still-life, I mean the stiff, the heavy, and the stupid: to these he gave the exactest and most expressive colours, and in some of them, looked, as if it were not in the power of human passions to alter a feature of him. In the solemn formality of Obadiah in *The Committee*, and in the booby heaviness of Lolpoop in *The Squire of Alsatia*, he seemed the immoveable log he stood for! a countenance of wood could not be more fixt than his, when the blockhead of a character required it: his face was full and long; from his crown to the end of his nose, was the shorter half of it, so that the disproportion of his lower features, when soberly composed, with an unwandering eye hanging over them, threw him into the most lumpish, moping mortal, that ever made beholders merry! not but, at other times, he could be wakened into spirit equally ridiculous.—In the coarse, rustick humour of Justice Clodpate, in *Epsome Wells*, he was a delightful brute! and in the blunt vivacity of Sir Sampson, in *Love for Love*, he shewed all that true perverse spirit, that is commonly seen in much wit and ill-nature. This character is one of those few so well

written, with so much wit and humour, that an actor must be the grossest dunce, that does not appear with an unusual life in it: but it will still shew as great a proportion of skill, to come near Underhil in the acting it, which (not to undervalue those who soon came after him) I have not yet seen. He was particularly admired too, for the Gravedigger in *Hamlet*. The author of *The Tatler* recommends him to the favour of the town, upon that play's being acted for his benefit, wherein, after his age had some years obliged him to leave the stage, he came on again, for that day, to perform his old part; but, alas! so worn and disabled, as if himself was to have lain in the grave he was digging: when he could no more excite laughter, his infirmities were dismissed with pity: he died soon after, a superannuated pensioner, in the list of those, who were supported by the joint sharers, under the first patent granted to Sir Richard Steele."

We pass reluctantly over the account of Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Betterton, and others of less note, to insert the following exquisite picture, of one who seems to have been the most exquisite of actresses:

"Mrs. Monfort, whose second marriage gave her the name of Verbruggen, was mistress of more variety of humour, than I ever knew in any one actress. This variety, too, was attended with an equal vivacity, which made her excellent in characters extremely different. As she was naturally a pleasant mimick, she had the skill to make that talent useful on the stage, a talent which may be surprising in a conversation, and yet be lost when brought to the theatre, which was the case of Estcourt already mentioned: but where the elocution is round, distinct, voluble, and various, as Mrs. Monfort's was, the mimick, there, is a great assistant to the actor. Nothing, tho' ever so barren, if within the bounds of nature, could be flat in her hands. She gave many heightening touches to characters but coldly written, and often made an author vain of his work, that in itself had but little merit. She was so fond of humour, in what low part soever to be found, that she would make no scruple of defacing her fair form, to come heartily into it: for when she was eminent in several desirable characters of wit and humour, in higher life, she would be in as much fancy, when descending into the antiquated Abigail of Fletcher, as when triumphing in all the airs and vain graces of a fine lady; a merit, that few actresses care for. In a play of D'Urfey's, now forgotten, called *The Western Lass*, which part she acted, she transformed her whole being, body, shape, voice, language, look, and features, into almost another animal; with a strong Devonshire dialect, a broad laughing voice, a poking head, round shoulders, an unconceiving eye, and the most bedizening, dowdy dress, that ever covered the untrained limbs of a Joan Trot. To have seen her here, you would have thought it impossible the same creature could ever have been recovered, to what was as easy to her, the gay, the lively, and the desirable. Nor was her humour limited to her sex; for, while her shape permitted, she was a more adroit pretty fellow, than is usually seen upon the stage: her easy air, action, mien, and gesture, quite chang'd from the quoif, to the cocked

hat, and cavalier in fashion. People were so fond of seeing her a man, that when the part of Bays in *The Rehearsal*, had, for some time, lain dormant, she was desired to take it up, which I have seen her act with all the true, coxcombly spirit and humour that the sufficiency of the character required.

But what found most employment for her whole various excellence at once, was the part of Melantha, in *Marriage-Alamode*. Melantha is as finished an impertinent, as ever fluttered in a drawing-room, and seems to contain the most compleat system of female foppery, that could possibly be crowded into the tortured form of a fine lady. Her language, dress, motion, manners, soul, and body, are in a continual hurry to be something more than is necessary or commendable. And though I doubt it will be a vain labour, to offer you a just likeness of Mrs. Monfort's action, yet the fantastick impression is still so strong in my memory, that I cannot help saying something, tho' fantastically, about it. The first ridiculous airs that break from her, are, upon a gallant, never seen before, who delivers her a letter from her father, recommending him to her good graces, as an honourable lover. Here now, one would think she might naturally shew a little of the sex's decent reserve, tho' never so slightly covered! No, sir; not a tittle of it; modesty is the virtue of a poor-souled country gentlewoman; she is too much a court lady, to be under so vulgar a confusion! she reads the letter, therefore, with a careless, dropping lip, and an erected brow, humming it hastily over, as if she were impatient to outgo her father's commands, by making a compleat conquest of him at once; and that the letter might not embarrass her attack, crack! she crumbles it at once, into her palm, and pours upon him her whole artillery of airs, eyes, and motion; down goes her dainty, diving body, to the ground, as if she were sinking under the conscious load of her own attractions; then launches into a flood of fine language, and compliment, still playing her chest forward in fifty falls and risings, like a swan upon waving water; and, to complete her impertinence, she is so rapidly fond of her own wit, that she will not give her lover leave to praise it: silent assenting bows, and vain endeavours to speak, are all the share of the conversation he is admitted to, which, at last, he is relieved from, by her engagement to half a score visits, which she swims from him to make, with a promise to return in a twinkling."

In this work, also, the reader may become acquainted, on familiar terms, with Wilkes and Dogget, and Booth—fall in love with Mrs. Bracegirdle, as half the town did in days of yore—and sit amidst applauding whigs and tories on the first representation of *Cato*. He may follow the actors from the gorgeous scene of their exploits to their private enjoyments, share in their jealousies, laugh with them at their own ludicrous distresses, and join in their happy social hours. Yet with all our admiration for the theatrical artists, who yet live in *Cibber's Apology*, we rejoice to believe that their high and joyous art is not declining. Kemble, indeed, and Mrs. Siddons, have forsaken

that stateliest region of tragedy which they first opened to our gaze. But the latter could not be regarded as belonging to any age; her path was lone as it was exalted, and she appeared, not as highest of a class which existed before her, but as a being of another order, destined "to leave the world no copy," but to enrich its imaginations for ever. Yet have we, in the youngest of the Kemble line, at once an artist of antique grace in comedy, and a tragedian of look the most chivalrous and heroic—of "form and moving most express and admirable"—of enthusiasm to give vivid expression to the highest and the most honorable of human emotions.——Still can we boast of one, whose rich and noble voice is adapted to all the most exquisite varieties of tenderness and passion—one, whose genius leads him to embody characters the most imaginative and romantic—and who throws over his grandest pictures, tints so mellow and so nicely blended, that, with all their inimitable variety, they sink in perfect harmony into the soul.——Still have we a performer of intensity never equalled—of pathos the sweetest and the most profound—whose bursts of passion almost transport us into another order of being, and whose flashes of genius cast a new light on the darkest caverns of the soul. If we have few names to boast in elegant comedy, we enjoy a crowd of the richest and most original humourists, with Munden—that actor of a myriad unforgotten faces—at their head. But our theme has enticed us beyond our proper domain of the past; and we must retire. Let us hope for some Cibber, to catch the graces of our living actors before they perish, that our successors may fix on them their retrospective eyes unblamed, and enrich with a review of their merits some number of our work, which will appear, in due course, in the twenty-second century.

ART. II. *The Works of Ben Jonson, folio,* 1616.

The reader, who may compare the length of this article with the dignity and importance of its title, may justly consider us no unworthy disciples of Procrustes. To remove his scruples, and to explain our plans, we shall state, that in the subsequent article, two only of his plays are minutely considered, which we have selected for their similarity of construction, and as forming a class of themselves among the dramas of Jonson. They are the most careful and high-wrought of his works. Trusting that the elucidation of so great a master may prove a subject well worthy the attention of our readers, we shall not confine ourselves to the present attempt, but probably, in future numbers

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of our work, pursue the course of his genius through all its varieties, and endeavour to accompany him in his loftier and more poetical flights.

The object, at least, of our aim we feel to be just. To restore the taste for antient simplicity of style—for wit, whose zest is moral, and for humour, whose foundation is truth, can be no unbecoming trial. To shew, that the noblest exertions of imagination, and the most interesting pictures of passion, may be found amid the severest morals and the chastest methods of writing, will, at least, be an effort towards reclaiming the luxuriant romance of the age, and engaging the judgment in the assistance of the fancy. We cannot, perhaps, expect that the novel-reading lady should prefer Ben Jonson to her piquante food, but we will, at least, do her and her sentimental male gossips the service to shew them, that the solid fare which honest Ben has prepared for their palates is of a description which will not disgust by its homeliness, nor pall by its false relish. Mr. Gifford's admirable edition, at all events, is within their reach, and may, by its more modern type, if not by its excellent explanations, afford some excuse to a fashionable friend for its lying on a reading desk. We shall prefix to our present offering at the altar of immortal greatness, the names of two of its noblest supports.

"*Every Man in his Humour.*"—"*Every Man out of his Humour.*"

> Next Jonson came, instructed from the school,
> To please by method and invent by rule:
> His studious patience and laborious art,
> With regular approach essay'd the heart;
> Cold approbation gave the lingering bays,
> And they, who durst not censure, scarce could praise.

So says Samuel Johnson of his more illustrious namesake, in a prologue, which has been celebrated beyond any attempt of its kind for the mathematical justice of its criticism: so says the oracle of his day, of one of our greatest dramatists. These six lines are a curious specimen of how far a position, delivered with an air of certainty under the sanction of an authoritative name, will pass for years as a current truth, and become a test for the examination of the very powers which it misconstrues and belies. In a sense, however, evidently unmeant by the author, the last line, to which we in particular allude, is probably a historical fact. It has been the misfortune of Jonson's fame, that in order to be praised he must be understood; and that to be understood he must be studied. The "coldness of men's

approbation" arose from their incapacity of understanding the justice of cause and effect, the nice link of character and action which Jonson, above any other even of his age of intellectual giants, comprehended and depicted. Jonson was no meretricious dramatist; with him, the pedigree of a jest is carefully inspected before it is installed in his house of fame; and his adoption of the ideas of others, or the use he makes of his own, is the badge and coat armour of their merit. His endeavour, from the beginning, was not so much to gain applause, as to shew that, if he failed, he deserved it. His plays possess not only their own intrinsic interest, but he has endeavoured to throw around them a new one—the justice of his own plea of encouragement from his auditors. In *Every Man out of his Humour*, in particular, our constant feeling is of a trial and proof of dramatic skill; and we feel no less pleasure in the author's success in his undertaking, than in the perfect and artful catastrophe of his subject. It is from this cause that, though much talked of, he is little read. He speaks to us with the gravity and command of an instructor, and the age is too weak and petulant to bear with his severities. He is of all authors the most perfect writer, because he is an exemplification throughout of his own precepts. His works are a grammar of classical sentiment and dramatic propriety. But let it not be supposed, that we mean to degrade him to the mere rank of a critic: to shew that he is fit to become the instructor of others, we shall prove not only that his rules are true, and his precepts golden, but that he affords proofs of a mighty poetical genius, which his art frequently rather prevented from making use of unworthy means, than fettered from the attempt and attainment of its legitimate objects. There is another cause for his present neglected state;—his characters, although far from being in his best comedies individual satires, are the representatives of the embodied follies of his times; not mere abstract passions with voices, but individual enough in their respective humours, though in their excellencies, vices, or absurdities, they include the major part of mankind. With Jonson, the improvement of the times was the first object; the reprehension of their follies was the proper end of his comedies; while with Beaumont and Fletcher, and Shakspeare, they are only introduced occasionally; and these last rather attack the constant source of frivolity, and engage the passion of vanity in itself, than occupy themselves, like Jonson, with turning its outward form into ridicule. With Master Stephen, we debate the merits of a silk or a woollen stocking; in Master Slender, we behold the vanity of a man endeavouring to recommend himself to his mistress, by his valour in a bear-fight: in the former we see the bare instance, in the latter the humour is incidental, and heightened by the

interest of its purpose. Still, Jonson must not be considered as the mere satirist of his age. If the gallants of this time delight not in flame-coloured stockings, their pleasures of dress are not unworthy of their critical progenitors. The breed is not lost, though its motley is composed of different patches. The affectation of a Puntarvolo may be obsolete in the generality of travel to which easier communications have given birth; but a Sordido and a Fungoso are "weeds of every soil," they will endure as long as avarice holds its iron reign in man's heart, and the respect paid to externals induces the weak to consider them the objects of highest attainment. In proportion, however, as Jonson becomes less interesting to the common-place reader, does he rise in utility to the historian of manners: in proportion as he is less understood by the crowd, is he valuable as a record of the habits of his time; and hence, though a first reading may be almost unprofitable, upon a second we begin to feel his spirit, and on the third become actual existents of the reign of Elizabeth, roving over Moorfields to Hoxton, through meadows and rustic avenues; or "drinking grist at the Windmill," in all the delight of antiquated jollity. If the fire of his genius were allayed by his learning, it was not in his comedy: under the name of comedy, he produced not only scenes of pure wit and humour, refined from the dross of nature in which he found them; but tragic passions and reflections, sublime elucidations of truth, which bestow on him a lustre of transcendent brightness when he wields the bolt and hurls the lightnings of anger, or wears the steady grandeur of undeviating rectitude. The name of tragedy, indeed, was a spell of dark and unwholesome magic upon the powers of Jonson: he deemed it necessary to withdraw from the contemplation of those living models, which were the evident originals of his comedy; and which, when produced, seem ennobled by a reciprocity of nature and art: he found that men were no longer heroes, and, without examining the present beauties of the world, he endeavoured to cast his statues in the immense moulds of antique Rome.

But the composition of those mighty forms was lost, and the fragile materials yet left were unable to bear the cumbrous adornments which he selected from the pages of history. To compare his *Volpone* with his *Sejanus* or *Catiline*, we shall have ample proof that, had he been content with the passions which he beheld, and spoken with the voice of that nature which he heard, we should have had, in spite of the want of romantic interest in the subjects, the noble and soul-rending summer storm of tragedy, instead of cold dramatic editions of Tacitus, Pliny, and Suetonius, embellished with the beauties of Latin literature, breaking, like spring flowers, through a frosty earth. Yet all that could be done, under this error of judgment, was

accomplished by Jonson: if his characters were inanimate, they are Romans in their very sleep of death—decent, graceful, sublime; and, where historic materials are deficient, Jonson's mind leaps forth in its native vigour. Achilles arises to compensate for the fall of Patroclus.

" *Petreius.* The straits and needs of Catiline being such,
As he must fight with one of the two armies
That then had near inclos'd him, it pleas'd fate
To make us th' object of his desperate choice,
Wherein the danger almost pois'd the honour:
And, as he rose, the day grew black with him,
And fate descended nearer to the earth,
As if she meant to hide the name of things
Under her wings, and make the world her quarry.
At this we rous'd, lest one small minute's stay
Had left it to be inquired what Rome was;
And (as we ought) arm'd in the confidence
Of our great cause, in form of battle stood,
Whilst Catiline came on, not with the face
Of any man, but of a public ruin:
His countenance was a civil war itself;
And all his host had, standing in their looks,
The paleness of the death that was to come;
Yet cried they out like vultures, and urg'd on,
As if they would precipitate our fates.
Nor stay'd we longer for 'em, but himself
Struck the first stroke, and with it fled a life,
Which out, it seem'd a narrow neck of land
Had broke between two mighty seas, and either
Flow'd into other; for so did the slaughter;
And whirl'd about, as when two violent tides
Meet and not yield. The furies stood on hills,
Circling the place, and trembling to see men
Do more than they; whilst piety left the field,
Griev'd for that side, that in so bad a cause
They knew not what a crime their valour was.
The sun stood still, and was, behind a cloud
The battle made, seen sweating, to drive up
His frighted horse, whom still the noise drove backward:
And now had fierce Enyo, like a flame,
Consum'd all it could reach, and then itself,
Had not the fortune of the common wealth
Come, Pallas-like, to every Roman thought;
Which Catiline seeing, and that now his troops

Cover'd the earth they 'ad fought on with their trunks,
Ambitious of great fame to crown his ill,
Collected all his fury, and ran in
(Arm'd with a glory high as his despair)
Into our battle, like a Libyan lion
Upon his hunters, scornful of our weapons,
Careless of wounds, plucking down lives about him,
Till he had circled-in himself with death:
Then fell he too, t' embrace it where it lay.
And as in that rebellion 'gainst the gods,
Minerva holding forth Medusa's head,
One of the giant brethren felt himself
Grow marble at the killing sight; and now,
Almost made stone, began to inquire what flint,
What rock, it was that crept thro' all his limbs;
And, ere he could think more, was that he fear'd:
So Catiline, at the sight of Rome in us,
Became his tomb; yet did his look retain
Some of his fierceness, and his hands still mov'd,
As if he labour'd yet to grasp the state
With those rebellious parts.
Cato. A brave bad death!
Had this been honest now, and for his country,
As 'twas against it, who had e'er fall'n greater?

The sublimity of the images made use of in this description, and the human passion displayed in it, render it awful and interesting—we think of it as we should of the ruin of a cloud-capt prison—rejoicing, yet wondering and sorrowful in our joy.

The critical examination of the plays mentioned in our title, will now probably be called for by the reader, and we shall endeavour to extract such portions as shall amuse the superficial, keeping in view the higher aim of opening a door to the more studious, whom we trust to induce to seek his collective beauties of character, by proving that they are adorned with the minor yet more generally interesting elegancies of abstract charms. *Every Man in his Humour* may be ranked among the first of Jonson's comedies, and, therefore, among the very first in the English language. Perhaps it is surpassed by the fire and action of *Volpone*, and the single character of Morose in *Epicœne*, but by nothing else in this author. *Every Man in his Humour* is a conversation by Gerrard Doüw; a cabinet group of the highest finish. Exactitude is as much aimed at as effect, and every face is marked with lineaments as distinct and perfect as the hand of art can trace from the varied features of na-

ture. It may challenge comparison with any work of the kind, for the contrast, the number, and the perfection of its characters, and for the neatness and justice of its plot; and, perhaps, in no effort of the comic muse are these two excellencies so admirably combined. To examine the characters in their proper order. Old Knowell is a fine picture of the sententious gravity of a discreet old age. Weaned from the gaieties of the world, from "idle poetry—that fruitless and unprofitable art," he contemns all that does not tend to worldly thrift; and with all the inconsistency of changed opinions allows, in a breath, himself to have had the very pursuits in his youth, the propriety of which he now denies in his son. He breaks open a letter directed to his son, and finding in it some raillery of himself, his self-love magnifies the freedom of his son's manners into licentiousness. In the next scene, we are introduced to the witty Brainworm, a character of infinite jest, in a manner peculiarly appropriate, and which gives us a hint of the shrewdness he subsequently displays.

"*E. Knowell.* Did he open it, say'st thou?

Brainw. Yes, o' my word, sir, and read the contents.

E. Know. That scarce contents me.—What countenance, pr'ythee, made he i' the reading of it?—Was he angry or pleas'd?

Brainw. Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

E. Know. No? how know'st thou then that he did either?

Brainw. Marry, sir, because he charged me on my life to tell nobody that he opened it—which, unless he had done, he would never fear to have it reveal'd."

The wits of this play are of the first class. Wellbred, in particular, bears the native stamp of a gentleman in his manners and conversation, and may be a proof to us that true politeness and generosity of breeding is not a matter founded on the observance of mere daily custom; for a character of this description could not be supposed unpolished in the most brilliant modern drawing-room. Next have we the two gulls. There is but one instance of the gradation of folly superior to this in the language—we mean the incomparable one in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where fathomless depth is deepened from Shallow to Slender, and from Slender to his man Simple. Here, however, the nicety of humour is most exquisitely preserved. Master Matthew is a town gull; the objects of his vanity are no less than,—his own poetry, his gallantry, his keeping company with the better sort: he is evidently an individual of some consequence to himself, and he imagines he hath the parts and appurtenances of a gallant: he hath his humours

of melancholy, and times for poetic invention: he is the natural link between a Bobadil and a Stephen; a fool, half transformed into a coxcomb; a grub, with one of its wings. Master Stephen has yet some time to crawl, and sighingly to look forward to this pre-eminence: he "had as leive as an angel, he could swear as well as that gentleman:"—his jest is, stealing a cloak—his firmness, buying a bad sword against his cousin's advice—his courage, telling the man who has cheated him, that "he is a rascal under his favour."

A braggart is a character that the whole world has delighted to cudgel with wordy and with wooden weapons. It is a kind of safe revenge, which this most magnanimous world takes upon those who have more imagination than heart—whose minds give their bodies the slip, and act deeds in their high fantasy, to which the clay that confines them denies corporeal birth. He who could plan, he who could, by his special rules, his punto, his reverso, his stoccata, and the like, undertake the challenge and defeat of forty thousand men, is destined by his malignant star to be the despised and confounded patient of a bastinado. Bobadil is the prince of conceit; the very obscure poverty of his lodging is to prevent too great resort; his science of defence is the light, and his courage the fire, of the martial world, while his oaths are the very conversation of art military and travelled boldness. If the world would good-naturedly take the character from the idea of its fanciful and creative possessor, this is Bobadil: but it is impertinent enough to break in upon his ideal grandeur, and enviously to reduce him to the feelings of inglorious frailty. A warrant, that unpoetical, that unwarlike, that anti-romantic revenge, is the last resort of poor Bobadil; and the salve for his wounded honour is the witchcraft and fascination which rendered him patient under his sufferings.—The name of Downright speaks for itself: he is the very opposite of the airy "butcher of a silk button"—a matter-of-fact cudgellist, neither indulging in aught ideal himself, nor allowing it in others; one to whom "a rhime is worse than cheese or a bagpipe." He is no jocund companion of his brother Wellbred, and no sympathetic confidant of his brother-in-law Kitely's jealous fears; his remedies are uniform plain words, followed up by unequivocal actions. In this respect he is precisely contrasted with Kitely: jealousy forces his very speeches askance, and a hidden purport peers above the apparent one in every inconstant action.

> "No, Thomas, I dare take thy word;
> But if thou wilt swear, do as thou think'st good,
> I am resolv'd without it—at thy pleasure.
> *Cash.* By my soul's safety then, sir, I protest

My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a word
Deliver'd me in nature of your trust.
Kitely. It is too much, these ceremonies need not;
I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.
Thomas, come hither, near, we cannot be
Too private in this business—So it is—
(Now he has sworn, I dare the safelier venture)
I have of late, by divers observations—
(But whether his oath can bind him, yea or no?
Being not taken lawfully? ha! say you,
I will ask council ere I do proceed;)
Thomas, it will be now too long to stay,
I'll spy some fitter time soon—or to-morrow."

In no instance is the passion of jealousy brought so justly within the province of the comic muse as in this play. Kitely's is of the exact kind likely to be felt by a merchant; it is an interruption to him in his business; no artificial dignity interposes to render it sentimental, and there is a kind of quaint order in it which denies a gentlemanly luxury in the feeling. The humour of Cob, the water-bearer, is obsolete: his pathetic address to his herring may have been ludicrous in those days; in these, the gallery would laugh, the pit would stare, and the boxes remain in their usual indifference.—Cash is the commonplace inhabitant of a counting-house.—Robert Formal, the justice's man, answers to his name as exactly and precisely as he would were he alive to perform his response to a volunteer muster-roll. From the latter idea only, can we frame any comparison for his ludicrous situation, when, awaking from a drunken sleep, he finds himself invested with military paraphernalia, and wedged into a coat of mail. But there is a tit-bit of the eccentric reserved for the close of the play; nothing but the various, the quick-spirited Justice Clement was fit to dispose of the pretensions of the parties whose oddities came before him in their most humourous shape.

"He is a city magistrate, a justice here, an excellent good lawyer, and a good scholar; but the only mad merry old fellow in Europe.
E. Knowell. * * * * * They say he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horse.
Wellbred. Ay, or wearing his cloak on one shoulder, or serving of God—any thing, indeed, if it come in the way of his humour."

He may almost be pictured by his character; hawk-eyed, portly, and healthy. If Justice Clement had a living original, the city magistrates of these days are a dull degenerate race indeed.

A general fault of Jonson, and indeed of some of his contemporaries, is the want of female interest in their plays. Not only the difficulties of performing those parts rendered it the author's interest to prevent their being too prominent, but there is another cause in the want of prominence of character in the originals themselves, whose every day actions, being the proper models of the delineation of comedy, need the absurdities of more modern times and fashions, to bring them generally within the scope of the dramatist of humour. Hence the very few strictly comic female characters written at that period, and hence the fact, that all who are properly stiled so, are the possessors of native wit rather than peculiar humour, and are rather our friends, with whom we converse, than objects of our laughter. They are possessed of the indelible humours of their sex; not the absurd and affected peculiarities which distinguish modern life, and give a false and vitiated zest to modern comedy. In the next play, we shall have to notice one of the very few fine ladies which the old drama has admitted into its precincts. Dame Kitely is a mere woman, easily persuaded and easily dissuaded, and that is the sum of her character; but there are some hints at domestic attention and kindness, which give us no unamiable picture of the manners of those days—and Mrs. Bridget's candid love at first sight, is quite in harmony with the old frankness. Perhaps marriage then, though more in the hands of friends than now, was less a matter of bargain and sale; and the happiness of which historical records give us frequent instances, are often the rewards of the last act of filial duty. In those times, Doctor Johnson's idea of marrying, by order of the Lord Chancellor, a properly qualified helpmate, would hardly have been ridiculous, and its effects perhaps seldom unhappy. The catastrophe of the play is truly just and perfect: the gay Ned Knowell and his amiable Mrs. Bridget are married; Kitely and his wife reconciled; the "sign of a soldier," and the verse-making Master Matthew, are condemned to nightly penance in an outer court, in custody of the warlike Roger Formal; Master Stephen has a knife and fork in the buttery; and Brainworm, whose disguises must have required a Matthews, is the chosen companion of the merry Justice.

This play is, from the number and excellence of its characters, the vivacity, interest, perspicuity, and completeness of its plot, better adapted for representation than any comedy of its time; perhaps, with very few exceptions, than any of its successors. The secret in its want of attraction is not altogether in the antiquity of its manners; these might be rendered much more amusing, by the research of those who should undertake their representation: but to the actor, the scholar and the man of industry must be added to complete the performance of

any of Ben Jonson's characters. Single instances are not sufficient to uphold and demonstrate its various and contrasted merits: beautiful flowers become wild when neglected, and disfigure what they should adorn. Garrick and Cooke in Kitely, and Knight in Master Stephen, are however among the illustrious few who have felt and elucidated the beauties of their author.

To produce instances of wit and humour from a play which consists of little else, were to disgrace the performance;—and the sentiment, which flows in a noble course throughout the part of the elder Knowell, is a fine specimen of Jonson's right judgment.—To sum its merits, we must confess our incapacity to do justice to them, and refer the reader to the work for its own comment.

Who is so patient of this impious world,
That he can check his spirit or rein his tongue?
Or who hath such a dead unfeeling sense,
That heaven's horrid thunders cannot wake?
To see the earth crackt with the weight of sin,
Hell gaping under us, and o'er our heads
Black rav'nous ruin with her sail-stretch'd wings
Ready to sink us down and cover us:—
Who can behold such prodigies as these,
And have his lips seal'd up? Not I; my soul
Was never ground into such oily colours,
To flatter vice and daub iniquity;
But (with an armed and resolved hand)
I'll strip the ragged follies of the time
Naked as at their birth.
* * * * * * *
and with a whip of steel,
Print wounding lashes in their iron ribs.
I fear no mood stampt in a private brow,
When I am pleas'd t'unmask a public vice.
I fear no strumpet's drugs nor ruffian's stab,
Were I dispos'd to say they're all corrupt.
I fear no courtier's frown, should I applaud
The easy flexure of his supple hams.—
Tut, these are so innate and popular,
That drunken custom would not shame to laugh
(In scorn) at him, that he should dare to tax 'em;
And yet, not one of these but knows his works,
Knows what damnation is, the devil, and hell:
Yet hourly they persist, grow rank in sin,
Puffing their souls away in perj'rous air,

To cherish their extortions, pride, and lusts.
* * * * * * *
O, but to such whose faces are all zeal,
And (with the words of Hercules) invade
Such crimes as these! that will not smell of sin,
But seem as they were made of sanctity!
Religion in their garments, and their hair
Cut shorter than their eyebrows! when the conscience
Is vaster than the ocean, and devours
More wretches than the Counters.
Mitis. Gentle Asper,
Contain your spirit in some stricter bounds,
And be not thus transported with the violence
Of your strong thoughts.
Cordatus. Unless your breath had power
To melt the world and mould it new again,
It is in vain to spend it in these moods.
Asper. I not observed this thronged round till now.
Gracious and kind spectators, you are welcome:
Apollo and the Muses feast your eyes
With graceful objects, and may our Minerva
Answer your hopes unto their largest strain.
Yet here mistake me not, judicious friends;
I do not this, to beg your patience,
Or servilely to fawn on your applause,
Like some dry brain, despairing in his merit.
Let me be censur'd by th' austerest brow;
Where I want art or judgment, tax me freely;
Let envious censors, with their broadest eyes,
Look through and through me. I pursue no favour;
Only vouchsafe me your attentions,
And I will give you music worth your ears.
O, how I hate the monstrousness of time,
Where every servile imitating spirit,
(Plagued with an itching leprosie of wit)
In a mere halting fury, strives to fling
His ulc'rous body in the Thespian spring,
And straight leaps forth a poet! but as lame
As Vulcan, or the founder of Cripplegate.
* * * * * * *

This is the worthy prologue of a great play. This is the author who, when he speaks of himself and to his judges, disdains the trammels of imitation, and uses language which breathes the vital life of unfettered poetry in every tremendous

epithet. Here Jonson felt—by this we may conceive why his conversation at "the Mermaid" was sometimes overbearing, but always great and noble; here we have a justification of his pride in the magnificent sublimity of the ideas which defend it. It were almost unfit, in an age of presumption, conceit, and arrogance, that the lord of so vast a domain should be humble.

The plan of *Every Man in his Humour*, and that of *Every Man out of his Humour*, assimilate almost as nearly as their titles. In each, a certain groupe of characters is drawn together for the purpose of moral comment. This play is, however, less interesting than its predecessor, from the design of the plot being more apparent. It is neither less nor more than the gratification of an envious man in beholding finally that there is nothing to be envied in the characters he has contemplated.

Macilente is the master-spring of the play; he is described by Jonson, in his "Character of the Persons" prefixed to the play, as "a man well parted, a sufficient scholar, and travelled; who (wanting that place in the world's account which he thinks his merit capable of) falls into such an envious apoplexy, with which his judgment is so dazzled and distasted, that he grows violently impatient of any opposite happiness in another." The envy of Macilente, however, is of the most generous sort, at least in point of taste. The character, indeed, is half an apology for the vice—"The insolence of office and the spurns that patient merit of th' unworthy takes," are at least some excuse for the feeling that fortune has not dealt kindly with us. Nature has implanted in all great minds a propensity to employ them to the full, and nothing less than great successes engage their ambitious hope. But when the force of a soul like this is driven back upon itself, it sweeps down the common boundaries of right, and almost makes evil admirable. The groupe of characters upon which the envy of Macilente is exercised, will prove, that he did no wrong to gentle or noble spirits, and that the superior aggrandizement of knaves and fools alone excited his spleen. First, we have the traveller Sir Puntarvolo, whose character, as well as that of most of his brethren, we shall give in Jonson's own words:—"A vain-glorious knight, over-Englishing his travels, and wholly consecrated to singularity; the very Jacob's staff of compliment; a sir that hath lived to see the revolution of time in most of his apparel. Of presence good enough, but so palpably affected to his own praise, that (for want of flatterers) he commends himself to the floutage of his own family—He deals upon returns and strange performances, resolving (in despight of public derision) to stick to his own particular fashion, phrase, and gesture." It is said that Jonson has drawn many of the characters in this play from living originals; if so, Puntarvolo is certainly among the number. There are so many

real occurrences in life, so many absurdities of character and affected singularities, which far transcend the most monstrous inventions of comedy, that to offer these fearlessly to the public eye, requires external evidence as well as internal truth to prove their correctness. Of this sort is Puntarvolo. The age, too, seems likely to have produced him: all his follies are the offspring of a chivalrous and romantic imagination. He is the last decayed ruin of ancient heroism, which totters with every breath, though once thought certain of immortal endurance. The flattery which he has taught his servant, and which she repeats to him when he approaches, as though he were a stranger, is not, however, perishable in principle. The secrets of many modern publications, and those of the first reputation too, would shew that we are not always displeased with our own praises of ourselves at second-hand. Macilente, though a fit minister for the misfortunes of Puntarvolo, is not his commentator in the play. Upon the ridiculous properties of most of the other gulls, he entertains us with a perpetual lecture, which, though tinged with the envy of his character, is a grand moral test to which all their actions are reduced. The follies of Puntarvolo are not however of the description to be envied in themselves, or their effects; and consequently, Jonson (whose aim has been in this play not to throw away a single stroke of wit for the want of its being pointed out) has provided him a companion and critic in the person of Carlo Buffone: "A public, scurrilous, and profane jester, that (more swift than Circe) with absurd similes will transform any person into deformity. A good feast-hound or banquet-beagle, that will scent you out a supper some three miles off, and swear to his patrons (damn him) he came in oars when he was but wafted over in a sculler. A slave that hath an extraordinary gift in pleasing his palate, and will swill up more sack at a sitting than would make all the guard a posset. His religion is railing, and his discourse ribaldry. They stand highest in his respect, whom he studies most to reproach." Buffone, however, is not confined in his remarks to the subject of the vain-glorious knight. It is his province to give the lighter colouring to the picture, to exhibit what is ludicrous rather than pernicious. Fearful of Macilente's superior genius, he yet aids him in his plots against the other characters, and in the end gets a good beating for his pains. Puntarvolo, though unable to reply to his wit, is his superior in point of physical power; and a contest of mind is here, as sometimes elsewhere, ended by blows, which silence if they do not convince. Next in the groupe is a figure full of life and gaiety, that rides on the airy pinions of vanity over the world, which he scarce deigns to notice, unless to impart to it something in the best taste. The court is the heaven into which he soars, and the fair Saviolina

his gentle deity; "a neat, spruce, affecting courtier; one that wears clothes well, and in fashion: practiseth by his glass how to salute, speaks good remnants, (notwithstanding the bass viol and tobacco,) swears tersly and with variety, cares not what lady's favour he belies, or great man's familiarity; a good property to perfume the boot of a coach. He will borrow another man's horse to praise, and backs him as his own; or, for a need, on foot can post himself into credit with his merchant only by the jingle of his shin, and the jirk of his wand." This is a proper personage to feed the humour of the splenetic Macilente.—"Well, would my father had left me but a good face for my portion yet; though I had shar'd the unfortunate wit hat goes with it, I had not car'd—I might have past for somewhat i'the world then."—And though he is not the first, he certainly becomes the most important object of Macilente's attention: not content with seeing him disgraced by his mistress, he pursues him into a prison, and discovers his amour with Deliro's wife to that enraged creditor. From his consequence in the play, he is worthy of such complicated punishment. Not only does Fallace doat upon him, but her brother Fungoso is his servile copyist. In dress, indeed, he is altogether so fantastical as to be worthily in the vaward of fashion.

In his account of a duel, our sympathy for massacred gold twist and amputated spangles can only be equalled by our feeling for the minute taste of the illustrious wearer. Blood, which would not follow the thrusts of the combatants, is drawn by the wearer's spur, which likewise overthrows him, rending two pair of silk stockings, and a pair of Spanish leather boots: the vanquisher takes horse, and the wounded Fastidius pursues and embraces him at the court-gate, after having bound up his hurts with parts of his wrought shirt. Fungoso, though he does not aim at the gentlemanly valour here so punctiliously displayed, spends all he can wring from his father's avarice and his sister's doating passion for the courtier, upon the rendering himself the looking glass of Monsieur Brisk. However, he only follows the fashion "afar off like a spie," "and still lights short a suit," till at length he swoons for very despair, and being obliged to pay a tavern reckoning, in which he has had no share, he resolves in future to quit this part of his absurdities. The extract following is an example of his character and that of his sister:

"*Fallace.* Brother, sweet brother, here's four angels I'll give you towards your suit: for the love of gentry, and as ever you came of Christian creature, make haste to the water-side (you know where Master Fastidius uses to land) and give him warning of my husband's malicious intent; and tell him of that lean rascal's treachery: O

Heavens, how my flesh rises at him! Nay, sweet brother, make haste: you may say I would have writ to him, but that the necessity of the time would not permit. He cannot chuse but take it extraordinarily from me: and commend me to him, good brother—say, I sent you.

"*Fungoso.* Let me see; these four angels, and then forty shillings more I can borrow on my gown in Fetter Lane. Well, I will go presently, 'say on my suit, pay as much money as I have, and swear myself into credit with my taylor for the rest."

It is not to be wondered at, that the means Fallace uses to quicken Fungoso's diligence effectually retard it. Saviolina is the remaining satellite of Fastidius Brisk. She is "a court lady, whose weightiest praise is a light wit, admired by herself and one more, her servant Brisk." In order to put her out of her humour, Sogliardo is introduced to her, "an essential clown, yet so enamoured of the name of a gentleman, that he will have it though he buys it. He comes up every term to learn to take tobacco, and see new motions. He is in his kingdom when he can get himself into company, where he may be well laught at." He is presented to her as counterfeiting that which he is; and her discrimination, in discovering his hidden gentility, is highly amusing. It not only affords a practical lesson upon the prejudice of names, and the desire of being considered wiser than we are, but perhaps as justly shews that extremes often meet, and that a gentleman counterfeiting a clown would not be very unlike a clown counterfeiting a gentleman. We may, indeed, go farther and observe, that the excess of politeness is vulgarity, and that vulgar familiarity is sometimes very near the excess of common-place politeness. Even Sogliardo is, however, amiable as compared with his brother Sordido. Their punishments are proportionate: that of the former is only to discover that the man he had loved, upon his own description of his feats as a highwayman, never committed a robbery—the last hangs himself, but, being saved, repents and reforms. Jonson describes him, "a wretched hob-nail'd chuff, whose recreation is reading of almanacks, and felicity foul weather. One that never pray'd but for a lean dearth, and ever wept in a fat harvest." Every passion, when its prevalence over the heart occasions it to fill it with unmixed and elemental purity and singleness, becomes in a degree sublime. His chuckling over the almanack, which prognosticates ill to all but himself—his revelling upon the misery which increases his riches, give him somewhat of demoniac awfulness. If there be none now who will own his sentiments, we could wish that none had adopted his principles. When he is informed by his hind, that he must bring his corn to market, his observations are characteristic of the spirit of selfishness in all ages.

"O but (some say) the poor are like to starve;
Why, let 'em starve, what's that to me; are bees
Bound to keep life in drones and idle moths? no.
Why such are these that term themselves the poor,
Only because they would be pitied;
But are, indeed, a sort of lazy beggars,
Licentious rogues, and sturdy vagabonds,
Bred (by the sloth of a fat plenteous year)
Like snakes, in heat of summer, out of dung;
And this is all that these cheap times are good for.
Whereas a wholesome and penurious dearth
Purges the soil of such vile excrements,
And kills the vipers up."

Macilente interferes no farther, in his distaste for his former pursuits, than in the following imprecation, which is a grand specimen of tragic power.

"Ha! ha! ha! is not this good? Is't not pleasing this?
Ha! ha! ha! God pardon me! ha! ha!
Is't possible that such a specious villain
Should live, and not be plagued? or lies he hid
Within the wrinkled bosom of the world,
Where Heaven cannot see him? why, methinks,
'Tis rare and strange that he should breathe and walk,
Feed with digestion, sleep, enjoy his health,
And (like a boist'rous whale, swallowing the poor)
Still swim in wealth and pleasure! Is't not strange?
Unless his house and skin were thunder-proof,
I wonder at it! Methinks, now, the hectick,
Gout, leprosy, or some such loath'd disease
Might fall upon him; or that fire (from Heaven)
Might fall upon his barns; or mice and rats
Eat up his grain: or else that it might rot
Within the hoary reeks, e'en as it stands:
Methinks this might be well; and, after all,
The Devil might come and fetch him. I, 'tis true!
Meantime he surfeits in prosperity,
And thou (in envy of him) gnaw'st thyself:
Peace, fool, get hence, and tell thy troubled spirit,
'Wealth, in this age, will scarcely look on merit.'"

Without considering the minor characters of Shift, a versatile bully; and Clove and Orange, two citizens, who, "like a pair of wooden foils, are fit only to be practis'd upon;" we shall give Jonson's description of Deliro.

"A good doting citizen, who, it is thought, might be of the common-council for his wealth, a fellow sincerely besotted on his own wife, and so rapt with a conceit of her perfection, that he simply holds himself unworthy of her; and, in that hood-winkt humour, lives more like a suitor than a husband, standing in as true dread of her displeasure as when he first made love to her. He doth sacrifice two-pence in juniper to her every morning before she rises, and wakes her with villainous out-of-tune music, which she, out of her contempt (though not out of her judgment) is sure to dislike."

Of his wife Fallace, our account has already justified the author's character, "Deliro's wife and idol—a proud mincing peat, and as perverse as he is officious—she dotes as perfectly upon the courtier, as her husband doth on her, and only wants the face to be dishonest."

Macilente having poisoned Puntarvolo's dog, on which his ventures depended, gained Carlo Buffone a beating, by persuading him to taunt the Knight with his misfortune, disproved the wit of Saviolina, and cured the imitative vanity of Fungoso—crowns the victory of his envy, by exposing Brisk and Fallace to the opening eyes of Deliro, and consigning poor Fastidius to a hopeless prison. He then completes the play, by resigning his own peculiar passion.

"Why here's a change, now is my soul at peace;
I am as empty of all envy now,
As they of merit to be envied at.
My humour (like a flame) no longer lasts,
Than it hath stuff to feed it; and their folly
Being now rak'd up in their repentant ashes,
Affords no ampler subject for my spleen.
I am so far from malicing their states,
That I begin to pity 'em. It grieves me
To think they have a being. I could wish
They might turn wise upon it, and be sav'd now,
So heav'n were pleas'd—but let them vanish,—vapours!

We think that our extracts and description have sufficiently endeavoured to prove, that this play is replete with character and sentiment. Jonson doubtless thought highly of it. It was his challenge—his examination theme. That the public might lose no jot of his intentions, we have not only the characters of Macilente and Carlo Buffone in the play itself, who are constant lecturers upon the others, but we have a chorus of critics, and a definition of the characters prefixed. This, at least the chorus, must have been a great drawback upon the power of the illusion; which, successfully preserved, might

have spoken more highly in the author's praise, than his own continued and laboured defence. But it was for Jonson to instruct a whimsical and barbarous public; and if his instructions were a punishment, it fell far short of what their presumption merited. That he has left these proofs of skill to us is, however, highly fortunate, as they enable him to become far more serviceable to us, than he would have been had he been a dramatist only. Indeed, there is something so noble in a great man's demand of the rights of his greatness, that the cause is itself a drama of no mean interest.

These then are the twins of Jonson's first and most laboured stile; they are literally a pair of plays: they are the works of a master, before popularity has made him indolent, or taught him to look for success to any means but those which deserve it. There is throughout a judgement of design, which renders every part of the complicated plots clear and conspicuous. The very sentiments are proper for comedy: they may be serious, but they are only directed to the follies of mankind, and such vices as are, from their sordid unpoetic nature, unworthy of tragic representation. To say that this is a field of great utility, most ably cultivated, is affording a praise far too common-place. If the decisive intuition of Shakspeare is denied to these plays; if his bold colouring and sketchy power, that created a figure at a stroke, would be sought for here in vain; there is no want even of the greatly fanciful or the tremendous in conception—true it is, the effort may have been more painful and less instantaneous, but industry and science have supplied what was wanting to natural strength. The artifices of ingenuity and judgement were at length enabled to rival original capacity. The imitation of acknowledged greatness gave them immediate, certain, and intrinsic worth. The mind, in their perusal, may not be constantly expanded, but it is always corrected. Were the tribes of creeping rhymesters and would-be dramatists of the present day to explore his works—if we should not be delivered from their tediousness, we might from their absurdity. If the great men, which this age has undoubtedly produced, would profit by his example, they might learn that severity of style is the concomitant of severity of manners, and that the rock-based edifice of Jonson is firm from its simplicity, and reverend because unpolluted. They have condescended to build airy castles of unreal fancies, which, though delightful, are not permanent—day-dreams of meretricious beauty, which obscure the sun of truth, but which, when his beams shine forth, vanish into nothingness. All he had, he exerted to the noblest purpose, the reformation of mankind. His wit was human, for its constant endeavour was to wean us from our follies. The cause of justice he alike upheld in morals and poetry, and was equally

reckless in laying bare the front of vice, and exposing the dogmas of conceited ignorance. Though that age only could give him birth and nourishment, he has, if studied, lived for this—he gives us a test of the good old virtue for our morality, and an example of the only worthy use of heaven-born genius for the exercise of our talents.

ART. III. *Anglia Judaica: or the History and Antiquities of the Jews in England, collected from all our Historians, both printed and manuscript, as also from the Records in the Tower, and other Public Repositories, by* D'Bloissiers Tovey, L.L.D. ; *and Principal of New Inn Hall, in Oxford. Oxford,* 1738.

The Jews have been, from the earliest times, in possession of the most common sources of interest and sympathy—they have been enlightened when others were in a state of darkness —they have been the peculiar and chosen people of the Deity, when their neighbours were grovelling idolaters—their great lawgiver impressed upon them indelible marks of distinction from every nation, and, from the time of Moses, they have been a separated, peculiar, and singular race—they have been the sport of power, and the butt of ridicule and malice—they have been tortured, exiled, enslaved, persecuted, all but exterminated, and yet they have borne their sufferings with an unshrinking fortitude, and adhered in foreign lands, without a country, a home, or a government, to the laws of their ancestors, without giving up a tittle either to the menaces of authority or the blandishments of luxury. The Jewish character if it be unamiable and disagreeable, is the creature of the circumstances by which it has been jostled and pushed about. But, "bann'd and barr'd" as it has been from all Christian sympathies, it is gratifying to the lover of human nature to observe, that it has not been materially injured, nor much if at all deteriorated below the general level of the human race, as found in civilized countries. Shut out from the learned professions and more elevated walks of life, they have been driven to traffic, and to the most corrupting kind of traffic too, the dealing in money, for their chief support ; the natural consequence of which is, a narrowing of the affections, and a chaining down of the imagination to the grossest considerations of profit and loss. This influence, however, has been powerfully opposed by the romance of their history, by the proud and elevating thoughts reflected from a long line of ancestry. The Jew is a captive in a foreign land, yearly looking for a glorious deliverer ; he is the last relic of an illus-

trious race, which is coeval with the world—the nations about him are infantine, when compared with the hoary age of Judaism. He is a member of a small band, amid a world of aliens; and the ties of kindred are therefore stronger, and the social affections more animated and called into action, than in the case of a Christian, who meets a brother in every man he meets. Assembled in their synagogue, built after the fashion of the temple of Solomon, and looking towards the east, their distant home, they chaunt a solemn worship in a strange tongue, with ceremonials and religious observances that are constantly reanimating a high enthusiasm and holy joy, which forbid the degradation of their character. The very persecution which has been inflicted upon them has called into action the virtue of fortitude, by which they are distinguished; and the temporizing and subservient manners to which they have been frequently compelled to resort, has softened and civilized the character which might otherwise have been harsh and brutal—the natural effects of the ill usage which it has been their hard lot to encounter. But, allowing the truth of the charge of meanness and unamiability which has been laid against them, and which is the natural rust of their situation, the circumstances of their history—the decided nationality and the oriental colouring of the Jewish character, relieve them, in our eyes, from that contempt and prejudice which is not uncommonly felt even in these enlightened times, and which has always induced us to trace, with more than common interest, the fates of this unfortunate nation, from their last dispersion, through the dark and dismal periods of European history.

The history of the Jews in England, though a dreary tale of woe, we have been induced to select as the subject of this article, from the light which it throws upon the national character of the people of this country, and the nature of its government, during the dark ages of its annals: and if it be painful to read of massacres, extortions, and persecutions, it is still a subject of congratulation to turn our eyes upon the improved state both of the persecuted and the persecutors—an idea which is naturally reflected from the opaque surface of these barbarous times with a luminous brightness, upon our own more happy epoch.

The Jews, it has been commonly affirmed by historians, were introduced into England by William the Conqueror. That many Jews accompanied that sovereign and his army into Britain, and afterwards, during his reign, flocked into the country in greater numbers than at any previous period, is very true; but this wandering nation had made a settlement in England a considerable time before the conquest, as is proved by the industrious antiquary who compiled the book before us. The Jews

are mentioned in the laws of Edward the Confessor, wherein it is laid down, that "the Jews and all they possess belong to the king." And "in a charter of Witglaff, king of Mercia, made to the monks of Croyland, we find confirmed to them, not only such lands as had at any time been given to the monastery by the kings of Mercia, but also all their possessions whatever, whether they were originally bestowed on them by Christians or Jews."* This charter was granted A.D. 833 ; but we have farther proof that the Jews were settled in England 143 years before the date of this grant. In the *Canonical Excerptions*, published by Egbricht, Archbishop of York, in A.D. 740, Christians are forbid to be present at the Jewish feasts. This is the earliest mention of the Jews in the annals of Great Britain. When they did enter Great Britain, it is impossible to ascertain. There have been antiquaries, who have concluded that the Jews lived in England during the first settlements of the Romans. A Roman brick, it seems, was found in digging the foundation of a house in London, having on one side a bas relief, representing Sampson driving the foxes into a field of corn. Without relying upon so slender an authority thus afforded, it is by no means improbable that the Jews, after the final destruction of Jerusalem, should wander into Britain, and settle in London, which was, even in Cæsar's time, a port and trading city, celebrated for the beauty of its situation, and for being the residence of a multitude of merchants.

Dr. Tovey seems to think, that the historians are silent concerning the Jews, from their introduction by the Conqueror till the reign of his successor. The chronicler, Hoveden, however, states, that in the fourth year of his reign, the first William held a council of his barons, in which, among other things, it was provided, "that the Jews, settled in this kingdom, should be under the king's protection ; that they should not subject themselves to any other without his leave : it is declared, that they and all theirs belong to the king ; and if any should detain any of their goods, he might challenge them as his own."† This seems to have been the only tenure this miserable people ever held on this country before their banishment : the king vindicated them as his own property, lest they should become the prey of any other ; their claim to protection was, that as long as the king preserved them from the aggressions of others, they would yield the richer prey to himself. Their whole history, in England, represents them in the light of plunder, contended for between two parties—sometimes dragged within the

* *Anglia Judaica. p.* 3. *Ingulp. Hist. p.* 9.
† *Anglo-Judæus, p.* 6.

clutches of one, and again snatched by the no less dangerous fangs of the other. By extorting usurious interest, and by taking advantage of the wants of needy borrowers, they fattened upon the land and acquired immense wealth, which they were periodically required to disgorge by the party in whose hands they happened to be. The measures which the king and the powerful barons were compelled to resort to, for the purpose of wringing the hard earned riches from the tenacious grasp of avaricious Jews, were, we may be sure, by no means of a gentle nature. We shall see in the course of this article, that from the time of William the Conqueror to the 18th of Edward I. the period of their final banishment, the unfortunate Israelites of this country were alternately indulged with privileges that they might get rich ; calumniated, abused, and massacred by the people, whose hard creditors they were ; and, in due time, that is to say, when the king wanted money, tortured, imprisoned, and executed by their protector, into whose presiding care they fled for refuge, and who, like a good shepherd, guarded them from the wolves till their fleeces were grown, and their carcases ready for the butcher. " Dealing with them as sponges," says the author of an old pamphlet (the *Anglo-Judæus)* we have before quoted, " suffering them to suck up the English treasure, which they then squeeze out into their own coffers."

The first mention made of the Jews, in the reign of William Rufus, is on the occasion of a very singular transaction : whether it was that the king's conscience was troubled with scruples, or whether he was prevailed upon by the handsome presents of the Jews, or, what is more probable than either, in utter carelessness of all religion, he wished to make sport, by bringing the professors of two diametrically opposite ones into close contest, for the amusement of himself and courtiers ; however this may be, he determined to hold a solemn conference of Jews and Christians, to dispute on the evidence of Christianity —and the heartless king declared, *by the face of St. Luke,* that he would abide by the result, and adhere to the faith of the victorious party. The chief leaders, on both sides, met in the city of London ;

" And, after the matter had been for some time strenuously debated, it pleased God that victory appeared, very plainly, in behalf of the Christians, whose arguments could not possibly be withstood ; tho' the Jews opposed them with so much vigour and resolution, that the bishops and clergy were not without some pious fear and solicitude how the disputations might terminate :* yet so insolent were the Jews, after all was over, (knowing how secure a friend they had in the king,)

* 1 *Will. Malm. de Gestis, p.* 122.

that they did not stick to boast publickly, they were overthrown more by fraud than force. Stow,* after having mentioned the wickedness of Rufus, observes, that it was followed by such dreadful claps of thunder, and so violent an earthquake, that the like was scarce ever observed in England. And notwithstanding, also, what must necessarily have been so clearly and convincingly urged in behalf of Christianity, upon such a solemn occasion, we find the king's heart still continuing hardened, and his majesty no otherwise a Christian than in profession."

The king's perfect impartiality and freedom from all religious bias is farther illustrated, by a story told by Hollingshed, and which we will give in the words of the chronicler himself.

"The king being at Rhoan, on a time, there came to him divers Jews, who inhabited that city, complaining that divers of that nation had renounced their Jewish religion, and were become Christians; wherefore they besought him, that for a certain summ of money, which they offered to give, it might please him to constrain them to abjure Christianity, and turn to the Jewish law again. He was content to satisfy their desires. And so receiving their money, called them before him; and what with threats, and putting them otherwise in fear, he compelled divers of them to forsake Christ, and to turn to their old errors. Hereupon the father of one Stephen, a Jew converted to the Christian faith, being sore troubled for that his son was turned a Christian, (and hearing what the king had done in like matters,) presented unto him sixty marks of silver, conditionally, that he should enforce his son to return to his Jewish religion: whereupon the young man was brought before the king, unto whom the king said, Sirrah! thy father here complaineth that without his licence thou art become a Christian; if this be true, I command thee to return again to the religion of thy nation, without any more adoe. To whom the young man answered, Your grace (as I guess) doth but jest. Wherewith the king being moved, said, What! thou dunghill knave, should I jest with thee? Get thee hence quickly, and fulfil my commandment, or by St. Luke's face, I shall cause thine eyes to be plucked out of thine head. The young man nothing abashed thereat, with a constant voice, answered, Truly I will not do it, but know for certain, that if you were a good Christian you would never have uttered any such words; for it is the part of a Christian to reduce them again to Christ which are departed from him, and not to separate them from him which are joyned to him by faith. The king herewith confounded, commanded the Jew to get him out of his sight; but the father perceiving that the king could not perswade his son to forsake the Christian faith, required to have his money again. To whom the king said, he had done so much as he promised to do; that was, to perswade him so far as he might. At length, when he would have had the king dealt further in the matter, the king, to stop his mouth, tendered back to him half of his money, and kept the

* 1 *Stow. Chron. p.* 129.

other himself. All which increased the suspicion men had of his infidelity."

When a see or living, in the gift of this wary king, fell vacant, he was in the habit of retaining it in his own hands until he became pretty well acquainted with its revenues, when he sold it to the best bidder. The royal simonist was in the habit of appointing Jews to take care of the vacant benefices, and to manage these negociations for his benefit: from this mark of confidence, and from the increasing wealth of the Jews, we may conclude, that the reign of Rufus was very favorable to the interests of this class of his subjects. In Oxford it appears, more particularly, that the Jews had obtained possession of considerable property; many of the students were their tenants, and three of the hostels, or places of reception for scholars, were called after their Jewish proprietors, viz. Lombard Hall, Moses Hall, and Jacob Hall.* At this time so jealous were the English of being polluted by a Jew, that only a single burying-place was allowed them in the whole kingdom. In whatever place the Jew died, he was gathered to his fathers in a place which was then in the neighbourhood of London, now in the heart of the metropolis, and called, after its former proprietors, Jewen-street.

During the long reign of Henry I. and until the 10th year of King Stephen, we hear nothing of the Jews. Dr. Tovey expresses his surprise, that "such a turbulent sort of people" should not have attracted the notice of chroniclers, who are sufficiently minute in other respects. Though it is true we have no direct accounts of this persecuted race, during this space of forty-five years, yet it is by no means difficult to guess the reason of the deficiency, nor impossible to supply it. The Jews are never mentioned in our early history, except to record some flagrant persecution or horrible massacre; to reckon up the amount of sums extorted from them by kings in distress, or to detail some story about the crucifixion of infants, got up by their enemies for the sake of making the objects of their injustice odious as well as unfortunate. And when these subjects did not occur to the notice of the monkish historians of the time, that is to say, when the Jews were unmolested, peaceably employing themselves in traffic, and gradually acquiring wealth, which was not demanded from them too largely or too rudely in return for their safety and opportunities of commerce, it would be conceived they were unworthy of mention on any other account. Historians always find the most prosperous, the most barren

* *Wood's Hist. and Antiq.* ad ann.

periods of history; as the richest and most fertile country affords but an uninteresting landscape, when compared with the wild rocks, rugged precipices, and unproductive solitudes of mountain scenery: so we may fairly conclude, that during the interval from the death of Rufus, in whose sight the Jews found favour, to the next mention of them under Stephen, they were enjoying, without molestation, the benefits of their traffic, and increasing in wealth and accumulating their merchandize, till they became too tempting a prey to escape any longer the alternate avarice of king, lords, and commons.

In the tenth of King Stephen (1135, A. D.) the Jews are again mentioned, for the purpose of being accused of the crucifixion of a boy at Norwich. The fact rests on the authority of Brompton, the Latin chronicler. Our author very justly observes:

"The reader will do well to suspend his judgment, till he comes, hereafter, to read how often this same crime is objected, and observes, that the Jews are never said to have practised it, but at such times as the king was manifestly in great want of money."

This crucifixion of infants is the very charge that is made against the early Christians of Rome, by the unconverted Pagans, with this difference only, that the Christians were accused of doing it in honor of Christ, and the Jews in mockery of him. Both calumnies doubtless had the same foundation—the malice of enemies and the imprudence of friends.

The reign of Henry II. seems, upon the whole, not to have been very unfavorable to the prosperity of the Jews. They experienced the usual allowance of imprisonment, fine, and banishment, which does not seem to have much depressed their general state. From the nature of some of the fines, which may be seen in the records, we may infer the wealth and power of individuals among them. One Josce, it seems, was fined by the king for supplying the rebels, in Ireland, with large sums of money: another Jew, called Sancto, was fined for taking in pawn the abbey-plate of St. Edmondsbury. When the king intended to proceed to the Holy Land, the Jews were appointed to supply nearly half the subsidy requisite for the undertaking: the Christians being taxed seventy thousand pounds, and the Jews at sixty thousand; and, though this money was never levied, yet these are facts which clearly prove the flourishing state of the Jewish finances in England, during this reign. This was not the only great impost laid upon them. The monk of Canterbury tells us, that the king, being in want of money, banished the wealthiest of the Jews from England, and fined those whom he suffered to remain five thousand marks. If we may judge from the free humour of the following jest, which is at-

tributed to a Jew of this reign by Giraldus Cambrensis, the Jews began to feel buoyed up by the indulgence of the government, and the power and influence which their wealth procured them. It is, perhaps, too much to judge of the state and condition of a body of people by a casual jest, which fell from an individual of that body, and yet we would not wish for better information, concerning the actual condition of a small society of men, dwelling in and at the mercy of an alien country, than the manners and character of a single person out of the whole community. A spirit of free and careless humour, regardless whom the jest stings, is as inconsistent with a state of oppression, subserviency, and contempt, as servility, caution, and fearful and watchful suspicion, are their constant concomitants.

"A certain Jew (says Giraldus) having the honour, about this time, to travel towards Shrewsbury, in company with Richard Peché, (Sin) Arch-deacon of Malpas, (Bad-Steps) in Cheshire, and a reverend dean, whose name was Deville: amongst other discourse, which they condescended to entertain him with, the arch-deacon told him, that his jurisdiction was so large, as to reach from a place called Ill-street, all along till they came to Malpas, and took in a very wide circumference of the country. To which the infidel, being more witty than wise, immediately replied, Say you so, sir? God grant me then a good deliverance! for it seems, I am riding in a country where Sin is the arch-deacon, and the Devil himself the dean; where the entrance into the arch-deaconry is Ill-Street, and the going forth from it Bad-Steps: alluding to the French words, Peché and Mal-pas."

We will apologise for the introduction of this antiquated piece of wit in the simple words of our good antiquary, Dr. Tovey.

"I should not have ventured upon this idle story (says he) but to prove, likewise, that they must necessarily have been a very offensive people to the common sort of inhabitants, since two such reverend personages could not escape their railery. And I don't know but, happily, there may be something more gathered from it, than what I have hinted at: since it is given us by that grave and learned prelate, Giraldus Cambrensis, who was certainly no trifler."*

The reign of Richard was ushered in by a dreadful massacre of the Jews. Many Jews had flocked to London on occasion of the king's coronation, with presents for the new monarch, attended with much pomp and display of riches. Either the king or some of his courtiers, afraid of the witchcraft with which the Israelites were commonly charged, gave orders, that no Jew

* 1 *Ger. Camb. Itin.* l. 2. c. 13.

should be admitted into Westminster Abbey, lest they should cast an evil eye on the ceremony of his coronation.

" But several of them, who had come a great way off, on purpose to behold the bravery of it, not careing to lose the labour and expence of their journey, and perswading themselves, that being strangers in London, they should pass undiscovered, ventured, notwithstanding the proclamation, to appear at Westminster; but being, somehow or other, found out by the officers of the abbey, they were set upon with great violence, and dragged half dead out of the church.

" The rumour of which quickly spreading itself into the city, the populace, believing they should do the king a pleasure, immediately broke open the Jews' houses, and murdered every one they could meet with, not confining their rage to their persons, but destroying likewise their habitations with fire.

" Happy were they who could find a true friend to shelter them! all kinds of cruelty were exercised against them: insomuch that the soberest part of the citizens, who had in vain endeavoured to quiet matters by themselves, sent messengers to Westminster desiring some assistance from the king; for fear the tumult should grow so outrageous as to endanger the whole city."

No interference of the chief-justice and his officers, whom the king had despatched to quell the tumult, availed, until the multitude were gorged with spoil, and tired with the labour of slaughter. Three of the ringleaders of this dreadful riot were hanged; and it is curious to observe, what were the charges which the prejudices of the times allowed to be brought against them.—They were executed, not for the murder of Jews, or for the destruction of their houses and goods, but " *two* for plundering a Christian, under pretence that he was a Jew; and *one* for burning a Jew's house, which fired a Christian's that was next it."

" While the uproar lasted, one Benedict, a Jew of York, being seized on, and threatned with immediate death, unless he would receive baptism, and profess himself a Christian, to save his life, consented. But as soon as matters were quieted, being brought before the king, and asked whether or no he retained his late profession, and was still a Christian, he confessed that, for fear of death, he had, indeed, submitted to the ceremony, but that, in his heart, he ever remained a Jew. Upon which the king, turning to the Archbishop of Canterbury, it was Baldwin, said, This is a new case, my lord! pray, what must we do in it? to which the archbishop, being an illiterate and worthless man, replied, Do, sir? why, if he is not willing to become a servant of God, he must even continue a servant of the Devil. With which answer the king being something surprised, suffered the man to slip away, and there was no further notice taken of him. This archbishop, delighting more in carnal than spiritual warfare, had his brains knocked out, within a few months after, at the siege of Acres."

XUM

This reign was fruitful in sufferings to the poor Jews, in despite of the favorable disposition which the king seems to have entertained for them. But the careless Richard was intent abroad upon his romantic plans of glory and conquest, while his kingdom at home was disgraced by successive massacres of the Jews in almost every principal town of the realm. Norwich, St. Edmondsbury, Stamford, Lincoln, and York, were, one after the other, the scenes of the most barbarous outrages on a spiritless and defenceless people. In the latter city, the circumstances attending the tragedy assume a singularly wild and horrible form.—We have, in this case, the advantage of a cotemporary historian, Walter Hemingford, who was a Yorkshireman, and resided not far distant from the spot.

"Benedict the Jew, who was forced to receive baptism while the massacre was carrying on at London (and who escaped afterwards from the king's presence, as I have before mentioned) died there of his wounds the next day; but that one Jocenus, who was his friend, and had set out with him from York, had the good fortune (if it may be so called) to return thither safely; where, giving an account how matters had passed at London, (instead of exciting pity and compassion in his hearers) he stirred up many of them to follow the example; who, accordingly, setting fire to several parts of the town, (that the citizens taken up with extinguishing it might give them no interruption) began their assault upon the house of the aforesaid Benedict, wherein were his wife and children, with several other relations, and the greatest part of their merchandise. For the house being large, and of some strength, they used to lodge there for greater security. This they quickly got possession of, and, having murdered every one they found within it, burnt intirely to the ground; which barbarous action giving an alarm to the rest of the Jews, who dispersedly inhabited several parts of the city, (and particularly to Jocenus, a man of mighty wealth) they most of them, under his conduct, addressed themselves to the governor of the castle, and prevailed with him to give them shelter, both for their persons and effects; which he had no sooner done, than the rioters, flying to the house of Jocenus, wreaked their vengeance upon it in the same manner they had done upon that of his friend Benedict; and seizing upon those unhappy wretches who were not so provident as to get into the castle, with their fellows, put them all to the sword, without distinction either of age or sex, except such as complied immediately with their offers, and were baptized.

"While they continued thus in their strong hold, expecting certain proofs of what they only wished for, the governor chancing one day to go forth, some crafty person amongst their enemies, pretending great friendship, insinuated to them that his business was to conclude a treaty with the rioters, about delivering them up, on condition that he was to have the largest share of the booty."

Upon his return, they refused him entrance.

"The sheriff of the county happened to be in the city at that time,

about the king's affairs, and a great number of soldiers attending him. The governor complained to him of the Jews' treachery. The ring-leaders of the disorder joyned with him in the complaint. They said it would highly reflect upon the king's authority, if the Jews were suffered to continue masters of the castle; adding several other matters to enflame him against them. The sheriff therefore gave immediate orders to attack the castle and rescue it. That was what they wanted. Under protection of his command they joyned the soldiers, and began a most furious assault; yet before they had done much mischief, the sheriff perceiving that their intentions were only to get the Jews into their power, repented of his order, and revoked it, in as publick a manner as he had before given it. But, alas! it was now too late. The rabble was too much heated to be restrained by words. All exhortations were fruitless. They continued the attack on every side, and even desired the better sort of citizens to give them their assistance; which they prudently refusing, the mob applied themselves to the city clergy, and found them not so backward to encourage them.

"In particular, a certain Canon Regular, of the Præmonstratensian Order, was so zealous in the cause, that he would often stand by them in his surplice, and proclaim with a loud voice, *Destroy the enemies of Christ: destroy the enemies of Christ:* which did not a little increase their fury. And as the siege continued several days (believing, good man, that he was engaged in the cause of God and religion,) 'tis reported of him, that before he went out in the morning, to assist in battering the walls, he would eat a consecrated host.

"But as he was one day very eager at his work, and approached too near to some parts that were well defended, he had the misfortune to be crushed to death, by a large stone that was tumbled down from the battlements.

"Yet the people, nothing dismayed even with the loss of so considerable a leader, continued their attack so successfully, that the Jews, believing they should not be able to hold out much longer, called a council among themselves, to consider what was best to be done, in case they were driven to extremities.

"When they were assembled, their senior rabbi, who was a foreigner, (and had been sent for over to instruct them in the law, on account of his great learning and experience,) rose up and said, Men of Israel! the God of our fathers, to whom none can say, what doest thou? commands us, at this time, to dye for his law; and, behold! death is even before our eyes, and there is nothing left us to consider, but how to undergo it in the most reputable and easy manner. If we fall into the hands of our enemies, (which I think there is no possibility of escaping,) our deaths will not only be cruel, but ignominious. They will not only torment us, but despitefully use us. My advice therefore is, that we voluntarily surrender those lives to our Creator, which he seems to call for, and not wait for any other executioners than our selves. The fact is both rational and lawfull; nor do we want examples, from amongst our illustrious ancestors, to prove it so: they have frequently proceeded in the like manner, upon the same occasions.

"Having thus spoken, the old man sat down, and wept.

"The assembly was divided: some affirming that he had spoken wisely, others that it was a hard saying.

"To which the rabbi, standing up a second time, replied: Seeing, brethren, that we are not all of one mind, let those who don't approve of this advice, depart from this assembly. They departed. But the greater number continued stedfastly with him. And as soon as they perceived themselves alone, (their despair encreasing) they first burnt every thing belonging to them, that was consumable by fire, and buried the remainder in the earth, (to prevent its falling into the possession of their enemies,) then setting fire to several places of the castle, at once, they took each man a sharp knife, and first cut the throats of their wives and children; then their own. The persons who remained last alive were this rash counsellor, and the aforementioned Jocenus, occasioned by nothing but a strong desire of seeing every thing performed according to their directions; for as soon as that was over, the rabbi, out of respect to Jocenus, (who was a person of distinction,) first slew him, and then himself.

"To encrease the horror of the fact, this dismal tragedy was acted in the night-time; so that when the assailants returned, next morning, they found the castle all in flames, and only a few miserable wretches, upon the battlements, who pretended to no resistance; for, acquainting them, (as well as sighs and tears would permit,) with the lamentable fate of their brethren, they offered to surrender themselves, with their remaining treasure, and also become Christians, provided they might have assurance of life.

"But, as nothing can appease a religious fury, while the objects of it are remaining: no sooner had these unhappy wretches delivered up the gates, (upon having their conditions agreed and sworn to,) than the rioters poured in upon them, like a torrent, and destroyed them utterly; which, notwithstanding, did not put an end to the tumult. For, (whatever pretences they made to religion,) as the main cause of their acting, was the sin of coveting their neighbour's goods, they flew streightway to the cathedral church, and would not lay down their arms till the keeper of it, who had likewise the custody of all the bonds and obligations, which had been given by any Christian man to the Jews, had delivered them into their possession; which as soon as they had bundled up, and cast into a fire, made for that purpose, they declared themselves satisfied, and the city was restored to its former tranquillity."

In justice to the king, it should be observed, that when the news of these outrages reached his ears, he directed strong measures to be pursued for bringing the offenders to punishment. They were, however, in a great measure ineffectual, as the chief leaders in the tumult escaped into Scotland, as soon as the king's proclamation was made public. We may gather the great increase in the Jewish population, in this country, up to this time, from the fact, that no less than five hundred Jews, at least, were slain in this massacre; some say, fifteen hundred. On the return of the king, he took the affairs of the Jews into particular

consideration, and established some curious regulations for their protection and his own profit. The revenues arising from the Jews were placed under the care of an office for that purpose, called the Jew's exchequer, in which the *Justiciaries of the Jews* presided. To these places, Jews and Christians were indifferently appointed. They had not only the Jewish revenues under their care, but were also judges of all civil matters, where a Jew was one of the parties. Lord Coke takes notice of a court, called the "Court of the Justices of the Jews."

"The king likewise (says Dr. Tovey) appointed justices itinerant thro' every county, who, amongst other articles, were to inquire concerning the murtherers of the Jews. Who they were that slew them? What lands and chattels were belonging to them, at the time they were slain? Who took possession of them, and were aiders and abettors of the murther?

"They were likewise to give orders, that all their effects should be applied to the king's use; and that those who were guilty of any of these particulars, and had not made fine to our Lord the King, or his justices, should be apprehended, and not delivered, unless by the said justices, or our Lord the King himself.

"And in order to know what were the particular monies, goods, debts, real and personal estates, belonging to every Jew in the nation, (that he might fleece them at his pleasure,) he commanded, (something after the manner of the Conqueror's Domesday,) that all effects, belonging to Jews, should be registered."

We shall quote the rest of the regulations, as they are very curious, and strikingly illustrate the state of the people at the time.

"That the concealment of any particular should be forfeiture of body and whole estate.

"That six or seven publick places should be appointed, wherein all their contracts were to be made.

"That all such contracts should be made in the presence of two assigned lawyers, who were Jews, two that were Christians, and two publick notaries.

"That the clerks of William de Sancta Maria, and William de Chimelli, should likewise be present at all such contracts.

"That such contracts should likewise be made by indenture: one part of which was to remain with the Jew, sealed with the seal of him to whom the money was lent; and the other in a common chest, to which there was to be three locks, and three keys.

"One key whereof was to be kept by the aforesaid Jewish lawyers, the other by the Christian lawyers, and the third by the aforesaid clerks.

"The chest also was to be sealed with their three seals.

"The aforesaid clerks were also commanded to keep a transcript roll of all such contracts: which roll was to be altered, as often as the original charters of contract were altered.

"And the fee for drawing every such charter was to be three pence: one moiety whereof was to be paid by the Jew, and the other moiety by him to whom the money was lent. Whereof the two writers were to have two pence, and the keeper of the rolls the third.

"It was ordained, likewise, that as no contracts for money, so no payment of it, or acquittance, or any other alteration in the charters, or transcript rolls were to be made, but in the presence of the aforesaid persons, or the greater part of them.

"The aforesaid two Jews were to have a copy of the said transcript roll, and the two Christians another.

"Every Jew was to take an oath, upon his roll,* that he would truly and faithfully register all his estate, both real and personal, as above directed; and discover every Jew whom he should know guilty of any concealment; as likewise all forgers, or falsifyers of charters, and clippers of money.

Under these regulations they continued to live, without any serious molestation, until the death of Richard, who died in 1199, as he had lived, distinguishing himself by his valour and prowess, before Castle Galliard in Aquitaine. His successor, John, perceiving the rich harvest that might be gathered from the Jews, if they were well cultivated, began his reign with conferring peculiar benefits upon them. Nothing was omitted that seemed likely to induce others of the nation to settle in this country, or which might put those already residing in it in perfect good humour. Among other privileges, he allowed them to choose a high priest;

"And granted him a charter of safe conduct, in such high flown terms of love and respect, that I question whether they were ever equalled by any prince, speaking of his subject. He stiles him not only Dilectus and Familiaris, but commands all persons to be as careful of him as they would of his own person." *Anglia Judaica*, p. 63.

In the next year, came out the great charter of their privileges—an instrument which, if its conditions had been preserved, would have raised them in freedom and security even above the native subjects of the realm. By this charter, it

"Was granted, not only to the English Jews, but likewise to those of Normandy, that they might reside in the king's dominions, freely and honourably; that they might hold of King John, all things which they held of King Henry I. and which they now rightfully hold in lands, fees, mortgages, and purchases; and that they should have all their liberties and customs, as amply as they had them in the time of the said King Henry.

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* Viz. *Pentateuch.*

"That if a plaint was moved between a Christian and a Jew, he who appealed the other should produce witnesses to deraign his plaint; namely, a lawful Christian and a lawful Jew; that if the Jew had a writ concerning his plaint, such writ should be his witness; that if a Christian had a plaint against a Jew, the plaint should be tried by the Jew's peers; that when a Jew died, his body should not be detained above ground, and his heirs should have his chatels and credits, in case he had an heir that would answer for him, and do right touching his debts and forfeitures; that the Jews might lawfully receive and buy all things which were offered them, except things belonging to the church, and cloth stained with blood.*

"That if a Jew was appealed by another, without a witness, he should be quit of that appeal by his single oath taken upon his book; and if he was appealed for a thing that appertained to the king's crown, he should likewise be quit thereof by his single oath taken upon his roll; that if a difference arose between a Christian and a Jew about lending of money, the Jew should prove the principal money, and the Christian the interest; that a Jew might lawfully and quietly sell a mortgage, made to him, when he was certain he had held it a whole year and a day; that the Jews should not enter into plea except before the king, or before the keepers of the king's castles, in whose baily-wicks the Jews lived.

"That the Jews wherever they were, might go whither they pleased, with their chatels, as safely as if they were the king's chatels, nor might any man detain or hinder them: and the king by this charter commanded, that they should be free throughout England and Normandy of all custom, tolls, and modiations of wine, as fully as the king's own chatels were; and that his liege men should keep, defend, and protect them, and no man implead them, touching any of the matters aforesaid, under pain of forfeiture, as the charter of King Henry the Second did import."

By another charter, granted on the same day, it was decreed, that all differences amongst themselves, which did not concern the pleas of the crown, should be determined by themselves, according to their own law.

For these charters the Jews paid four thousand marks. The immediate consequence of these favors was, to excite discontent and envy among the people; who straight began to

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* So Mr. Madox, in his *Hist. Excheq.* p. 174, translates *Pannus Sanguinolentus.* But I believe it signifys no more than deep red or crimson cloth, which is sometimes called *Pannus Blodeus*, or bloody cloth, relating merely to the colour of it. For in the accompts of the Prior of Burcester, who gave his servants red liveries, we read——Et in *Blodeo panno empto pro Armigeris & Valectis. Kennet. Paroch. Antiq.* p. 576. But why the Jews were not permitted to buy red cloth is to me a secret. Bloody cloth, strictly so called, I think they woudn't buy. *Ang. Jud.*

accuse the Jews of crucifixion, of circumcising their children, and false coining.

"The citizens of London offered them so many indignities, and abused them in such a manner, that the king was forced to take publick notice of it. And thereupon wrote a very menacing letter to the mayor and barons; wherein he told them that he had always loved them much, and protected them in their rights and libertys; wherefore he believed they retained the same affection for him, and would do every thing for his honour, and the tranquillity of his kingdom; yet he could not but wonder that, since they well knew what special protection he had lately granted the Jews, they should so little regard his peace, as to suffer them to be evil entreated; especially when other parts of the nation gave them no disturbance. Wherefore he commanded them to take particular care how they were injured for the future; assuring them, that if any ill happened to the Jews, thro' their connivance or neglect, they should be answerable for it. For, (continues the king,) I know full well, that these insolencies are committed only by the fools of the city, and it is the business of wise men to put a stop to them. This happened in the 5th year of King John."

This solicitous care of the Jews lasted during the first ten years of the reign of this monarch, without his demonstrating that they were his sole property, except by a great many private exertions of arbitrary power over them, which appear on the records. As in the instance of Robert, the son of Roger, who had married a wife, whose father was much in their debt, for which debts the king granted him a full and complete discharge.* And in the taking away a house from a Jew, and giving it, without any consideration, to Earl Ferrars.†

John, in the eleventh year of his reign, began to act to the Jews in his real character, and disclosed his hitherto concealed purposes. An account of the measures which were adopted by the king is thus given by Dr. Tovey.

"But the next year after, viz. 1210, in the eleventh year of his reign, the king began to lay aside his mask, and finding that no new comers made it worth his while to stay any longer, he set at once upon the old covey which he had drawn into his net, and commanded all the Jews of both sexes, throughout England, to be imprisoned, till they would make a discovery of their wealth; which he appointed officers to receive in every county, and return to his exchequer. Many of them, no doubt, pleaded poverty, or pretended to have given up all: but as the tyrant was in earnest to have their last farthing, he extorted it by the most cruel torments.

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* *Pat.* 10. *Joh. m.* 5.

† *Claus.* 15. *Joh. m.* 3.

"* Stow says, that the generality of them had one eye put out. And Matthew Paris tells us, that from one particular Jew at Bristol, the king demanded no less than ten thousand marks of silver, (a prodigious summ in those days!) which being resolutely denied him, he commanded one of his great teeth to be pulled out, daily, till he consented. The poor wretch, whose money was his life, had the courage to hold out seven operations, but then, sinking under the violence of the pain, ransomed the remainder of his teeth, at the price demanded. The whole summ extorted from them, at this time, amounted to threescore thousand marks of silver."

Again:

"John therefore being disappointed of any foreign assistance, his subjects were able for some time to cope with him, and the troubles continued. Which continuing, likewise, his occasion for money, the Jews were called upon a second time, after their fleeces had been suffered to grow for four years. In vain did they take refuge in their common plea of inability. For some of them, who dwelt at Southampton, being tardy in their payments, the sheriff was commanded to imprison them immediately in the castle of Bristol, and send up, forthwith, to London, all such summs of money as he had already received from any of them, or should receive hereafter."

Again, when the king was contending with his barons, the Jews reverted into the hands of the latter as legitimate plunder.

"But after this second storm was blown over, they met with nothing but fair weather for two years; and then, the war continuing between the king and his people, the barons (whose lands had been miserably ravaged by the king's forces) coming to London, made what reprisals they could upon the king's Jews; and after having ransacked their treasures, and demolished all their houses, employed the materials of them to repair the city walls and gates, which they had broken down at their entry."

Our antiquary adds:

"Yet, altho this year proved unfortunate to the Jews at London, it might be reckoned favourable to the Jews in general; for within two months after this accident, they were acknowledged by the king to be so considerable a body of people, as to deserve some notice in his Magna Charta; an honour thought proper to be omitted in the new great charter, which was afterwards published by King Henry the Third."

The last act of King John to the Jews was to employ them in a deed, to execute which he could not compel any of his

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* Matthew Paris and Stow, ad annum 1210.

Christian subjects. Having taken a great part of the Scotch army, who assisted the barons, prisoners at Berwick, he determined to inflict such a variety of tortures upon them, that he could find none, except the Jews, whom he was able to force, that did not refuse to be made the instruments of his cruelty. The Jews, in the neighbourhood, were therefore obliged to become his executioners.*

The first act of the guardians of King John's successor, Henry the 3rd, was a measure in favor of the Jews. This monarch, like all his predecessors, began his reign with an indulgence to the Jews. The Earl of Pembroke, guardian during the minority, immediately issued orders for the liberation of all Jews that were, on any account, found imprisoned: and, in the succeeding year, it was directed, that in all the towns where the Jews chiefly resided, twenty-four burgesses should be elected, for the especial purpose of protecting their interests and securing their safety; a measure which very significantly intimates the danger of the objects, whose necessities demanded that they should be thus defended. In the writs, sent for this purpose to the respective sheriffs, the *pilgrims to Jerusalem*† are mentioned by name, as a class whose insults are to be particularly guarded against: for it seems, these meritorious individuals conceived they had a right to pay themselves the expenses of so long and arduous a journey out of the funds of the obnoxious Jews; to whose ancient land they were proceeding, and whose ancestors had originally been the cause of their pilgrimage. It was soon after this, and for the ostensible purpose of distinguishing and protecting them, that the king, by proclamation, ordered, that all Jews, resident in the kingdom, should wear upon the fore-part of their upper garment two broad stripes of white *linen* or *parchment*.

These encouragements, it appears, drew great numbers of foreign Jews to settle in this country, and consequently excited loud complaints among the mass of the people. For, independent of usury being held in abhorrence, and of the detestation which always burnt fiercely against the religious tenets of Judaism, the Jews understood the secrets of trade much better than the native merchants. In consequence of their extensive connexions abroad, and their knowledge of the use of bills of exchange and other negotiable paper, they were enabled to cultivate commerce with great advantage: thus their inland traffic was well supplied; in addition to the convenience resulting from the brotherhood, which existed among them, and amalgamated all the Jews

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* *Chron. de Mailross*, ad ann. 1216. *Ang. Jud.* p. 76.

† Ne permittatis.....ab aliquibus vexentur, et maxime *de Cruce signatis.*

in England, as it were, into one extensive firm. Their skill in their own literature and the art of writing Hebrew, which was always kept up among them, gave a great superiority over the illiterate churls of the time—not to mention the secrecy which attended all mutual communications in an unknown language. Usury, likewise, which was forbidden to Christians, was permitted to the Jews;* and their superior craft in the management of business was so evidently great, that those kings who were careful of their revenue were very glad to procure Jewish stewards and accountants to fill the offices of the exchequer, and other places of a like nature, as we have seen in the case of William Rufus.† The consequence of all this was, a great outcry in the nation against the Jews, on the part of the people, who were vigorously supported by the clergy and resisted by the king. Stephen Langton, the Archbishop of Canterbury, held a synod, in which, among other things, it was decreed,

"That Jews do not keep Christian slaves. And let the slaves (says he) be compelled by ecclesiastical censure, to observe this; and the Jews by canonical punishment, or by some extraordinary penalty contrived by the diocesans. Let them not be permitted to build any more synagogues; but be looked upon as debtors to the churches of the parishes wherein they reside, as to tithes and offerings."

And both he and the Bishop of Lincoln published an injunction, that no Christian should hold any intercourse with a Jew, or sell him any provisions, under pain of excommunication. These injunctions were quickly dissolved by the precepts of the king, directed to the principal officers of the towns where the Jews chiefly resided. Dr. Tovey observes, on this clerical plan of starving the Jews out of the country;

"Persons unacquainted with the nature of false zeal, when backed by authority, will scarce believe that the Jews had been in any great danger of starving, tho' the king had not interposed in this matter. Yet Rapin tells us, that when the Gerhardine hereticks made their appearance in the time of Henry the Second, and orders were given not

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* See Lord Coke, 2nd Inst.

†. "The diligence and expertness of this people in all pecuniary dealings," observes Mr. Hallam, of the Jews, in his late excellent work *On the State of Europe during the Middle Ages,* "recommended them to princes who were solicitous about the improvement of their revenue. We find an article in the general charter of privileges, granted by Peter III. of Aragon, in 1283, that no Jew should hold the office of bayle or judge. And two kings of Castile, Alonso XI. and Peter the Cruel, incurred much odium by employing Jewish ministers in their treasury." Vol. 3, p. 404.

XUM

to relieve them; the prohibition was so punctually observed, that all those wretches miserably perished with hunger."

The Christians of the middle ages seem to have been very little solicitous about the conversion of the Jews from their erroneous faith, though there was a place in London, called the "House of Converts," established for their reception. For it appears to have been the universal custom of the Christian princes, to seize upon the property of every Jew that embraced the received religion—a practice which held out but small inducement to produce a change. When one Augustine, however, a Jew of Canterbury, renounced his errors, the king was graciously pleased to give him his house again, to live in; notwithstanding (says the writ) that he was converted, *(non obstante eo quod conversus est.)* Our antiquary very justly terms this, but "a poor invitation to the rules of holiness."

By this time, however, (1230) the Jews had become a wealthy prey. The king came to be in want of money; and the Jews were consequently ordered to pay down, without delay, into the exchequer, the full third part of all their moveable property, to which exaction they were compelled to submit. The history of the Jews, for the remainder of this long reign, is little else, with the exception of two or three massacres of them by the barons and populace, than a series of levies upon the Jews, to an amount which fills the modern reader, accustomed as he is to hear of immense taxes, with surprise. The supplies, indeed, required of them were frequently more than they were able, by any means, to collect—the constant punishment of which was, a general imprisonment, which, more than once in this reign, extended to all the Jews in the land.*

Once, the whole community determined, or feigned a determination of retiring from the country. Whenever the barons refused, as they constantly did, any longer to supply the extravagance of the king with money, to lavish on his favorite foreigners, the Jews were his never-failing resource: on one of these occasions, the king demanded money which they were unable to furnish.

"The king therefore parting from them in a fury, commissioned

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* "On the walls of an old vault, at Winchester, was found an affecting evidence of their imprisonment in the succeeding reign, in an inscription which some captive Jew had scratched, in Hebrew, upon a soft stone—the translation of which is,

> All the Jews of this nation were imprisoned in the year five thousand and forty-seven (1287 A.D.) I, Asher, wrote this.
> *Selden de Jur. Nat.* l. 2. c. 6.

his brother, Earl Richard, to raise what money he wanted, upon the Jews. Which as he punctually endeavoured to execute, these unhappy people were driven to such despair, as to resolve, one and all, to depart the country; and therefore deputed Elias, one of their senior rabbies, to acquaint the earl, that, (as they plainly perceived their utter destruction would be inevitable, if they staid any longer in England,) they humbly besought the king for leave to go away; assuring him, that, were it in their power, his demands no sooner should be made than satisfyed; but that, as matters were with them at present, they could not possibly supply him, tho' they should sell their skins: for, by his connivance at the Caursini, and some of his own private bankers, their trade had been so far ruined, as not to yield them a subsistence. At the end of which speech, (it being delivered with great concern and vehemence,) the poor old man fainted, and was with some difficulty brought again to himself.

"Upon which the earl, prudently considering that their removal was no ways consistent with the king's affairs at present, (who had rather get little by them than nothing,) pretended to be very much their friend; and answered, that the king, his brother, was their loving prince, and ready at all times to oblige them; but, in this matter, could not grant their request: because the King of France had lately published a severe edict against Jews, and no other Christian country would receive them; by which means they would be exposed to such hardships and difficultys, as would much afflict the king, who had always been tender of their welfare. In short, they raised what money they could, and the king, for this once, was contented to take it.

"Yet, notwithstanding such manifest desolation, this loving prince called upon them again the very next year; and when they presumed to remonstrate, and again begged leave to depart, they could obtain nothing further than the following royal declaration.

"'It is no marvel if I covet money; it is an horrible thing to imagine the debts wherein I am well bound. By the head of God, they amount to the summ of two hundred thousand marks; and if I should say three, I should not exceed the bounds of truth. I am deceived on every side. I am a maimed and abridged king; yea now but a halfed king. For having made a certain estimate of the expences of my rents, the summ of the annual rent of Edward my son amounts to above fiveteen thousand marks. There is therefore a necessity for me to live of the money gotten from what place soever, and from whomsoever, and by what means soever.' Therefore, as Mr. Prynne continues to express it, being made another Titus or Vespasian, he sold the Jews, for some years, to Earl Richard, his brother; that those whom the king had excoriated, he might eviscerate."

The deed, which contains this curious mortgage, is well worth quoting, and runs thus:

"Rex omnibus, &c. Noveritis nos mutuo accepisse à dilecto Fratre, & fideli nostro R. Comite Cornubiæ, quinque millia marcarum sterlingorum novorum, & integrorum; ad quorum solutionem, assignavimus, & tradidimus ei, omnes Judæos nostros Angliæ. Assigna-

vimus etiam, & obligavimus, eosdem Judæos prædicto Comiti, ad solutionem trium millium marcarum in quibus nobis tenebantur, de Tallagio eidem Comiti faciendo, in hunc modum; videlicet, that the Jews should pay to the earl, his executors, or assigns, in Quind. Trin. anno 39. 1000*l.* in Quinden. S. Mich. the same year, 1000*l.* &c. and that the Jews should forfeit 500*l.* for every default of payment. The king further grants the earl power to destrain them by their chatels and bodies; with other covenants, which may be seen at length in *Rymer*."

For it is a singular fact, that so absolutely were the Jews considered the property of the monarch, that he, more than once, made them over to others, either as security for a loan, or farmed them out for a given time in payment of his debts. They were handed over, in turns, in this manner, to the brother of Henry, the Earl Richard; to his son Edward, and to the Caturcensian, the deeds of which conveyances are still extant.

One of the most remarkable circumstances of this reign, relating to the Jews, is the summoning of the *Jewish parliament*, as it has been called, by the king, "to consult," says the writ, "with us, as well concerning our, as your own, interest." *(Ad tractandum nobiscum, tam de nostrâ quam suâ utilitate.")* Dr. Tovey gives the following account of it:

"But I question whether very many are acquainted with *Parliamentum Judaicum*. Yet such a one was now held (being the 25th of H. 3,) as properly deserves that title. For the king directed writs to the sheriffs of each county, commanding them to return before him, at Worcester, upon Quinquagesima Sunday, six of the richest Jews from every town; or two only, from such places where there were but few: to treat with him as well concerning his own, as their benefit; and threatening the sheriffs, that, if they failed, he would so terribly handle them, that they should remember it as long as they lived.

"Great, no doubt, was the surprise of these unhappy people, to find themselves thus, all of a sudden, made counsellors to the king, after so many years spent in ignominious servitude: I could almost think they believed he was desirous to become Jew himself: when they observed how little he regarded the Christian sabbath, by appointing it for their day of meeting. But, whatever sanguine hopes this great honour might have inspired them with, when they came, poor men, to understand no other part of his Majesty's most gracious speech, but that he wanted money—they must raise him money—he had called them together to think of ways and means, to furnish him with twenty thousand marks; their consternation was inexpressible. But there was no remedy. Liberty of speech, for this one time, was denyed in parliament; and they were only commanded to go home again, and get half of it ready by Midsummer, and the remainder by Michaelmas.

"Prynne (in his *Demurrer*, p. 29) has given us above a hundred names of those persons who were returned to this parliament; but, as they make but indifferent musick, I shan't repeat 'em."

Nearly the last act of the king was one of oppression against the Jewish community, to whom he had been indebted for the chief means of supporting his lavish expenses.

"And now (says Dr. Tovey) as if King Henry foresaw, that all worldly commerce between him and his Jews was soon to be broken off, and for ever cease, he called upon them to make up the whole accompt, and pay in the ballance. All arrears of talliage were to be cleared in four months, and half of them paid in seventeen days. And, in the mean time, such as could not give security were to be imprisoned; and no otherwise bailed than by body for body. And if any one of them, or their sureties, did not clear the whole upon the days prefixed, any summs formerly paid in part were to be forfeited, and their persons, goods, and chatels, at the king's mercy. Pat. 56 H. 3. p. 2. m. 10.

"Numbers of them, upon this occasion, were imprisoned in the Tower of London, and other places. Nothing but weeping and wailing was to be seen in every corner. Even the friers, who had so lately taken possession of their synagogue, as it is said, pityed them: nor were the Caursini and Caturcensian brokers (tho' their rivals in extortion) without compassion. For nothing could be more rigorous and unmercyful than the king's proceedings at this time: but death, as inexorable as himself, quickly after seized him, and gave the Jews some short respite from those afflictions which could not otherwise have been supported."

Edward I. in whose reign their perpetual banishment from England was to take place, began by dealing fiercely with this despised race. They were not only fined, taxed, imprisoned, and confined to live in particular districts as formerly, but any, the slightest defalcation in the payment of the taillage, which was now levied on children as well as their parents, was punished by banishment. In such cases, the defaulter was compelled to appear at Dover, before the expiration of three days, prepared for his migration.

"Did the forefathers (asks Dr. Tovey) of this miserable people, think you, meet with more rigorous taskmasters in Egypt? They were only called upon to make brick: but nothing less than makeing gold seems to have been expected from the Jews in England! And, indeed, one would almost think they were masters of the secret."

In the third year of this reign, the statute *de Judaismo* was passed, which, though it abolished usury, placed the Jews on a more comfortable and secure footing than they had been in the reigns of Edward's ancestors. It was not long, however, before the wrath of the king fell upon this devoted people, either through their own folly or the false accusations of their enemies. A general suspicion falling upon them, that they were guilty of

adulterating and clipping the coin, every Jew was seized upon in one day.

"It was the seventeenth of November, 1279; and after full conviction, two hundred and eighty of them, both men and women, received sentence of death at London, and were executed without mercy; besides great numbers in other parts. Many more were continued in prison; and our records of this year abound with instances of the king's selling and granting their houses and lands, forfeited upon this occasion."

This was but a prelude to their final banishment—in the 18th year of his reign, the king seized upon all the real estates of the Jews in the kingdom, and banished the whole community for ever. There is a good deal of difficulty in coming at the motives of the king for this heavy punishment; as, contrary to the usual custom, they are not set forth in the records.

"'King Edward, (says Speed) anno 1290, banished the Jews out of his realm, on account of their having eaten his people to the bones; not neglecting therein his particular gain." And Daniel, the historian, explains this matter still further, by telling us, that 'King Edward eased his people of as great a grievance as corrupt judges, by the banishment of the Jews; for which the kingdom willingly granted him a fifteenth; having before, viz. in his ninth year, offered a fifth part of their goods to have them expelled. But then the Jews gave more, and so stayed till this time, which brought him a great benefit by confiscation of their immoveables, with their tallies and obligations, which amounted to an infinite value. But now hath he made his last commodity of this miserable people, which having never been under other cover but the will of the prince, had continually served the turn in all the necessary occasions of his predecessors, but especially of his father and himself."

The misery of the Jews, previous to their migration, from the insults and injuries of the people, it may easily be conceived were excessive.

"One grievous story (says Dr. Tovey) of this kind is given us by my Lord Coke. He says, that the richest of the Jews having imbarked themselves, with their treasure, in a tall ship of great burthen; when it was under sail, and gotten down the Thames, towards the mouth of the river, beyond Quinborough, the master of it, confederating with some of the mariners, invented a stratagem to destroy them. And to bring the same to pass, commanded to cast anchor, and rode at the same, till the ship, at low water, lay upon the sands: and then, pretending to walk on shore, for his health and diversion, invited the Jews to go along with him: which they, nothing suspecting, readily consented to; and continued there till the tide began to come in again; which as soon as the master perceived, he privily stole away, and was

again drawn up into the ship, as had been before concerted. But the Jews, not knowing the danger, continued to amuse themselves as before. Till at length, observing how fast the tide came in upon them, they crowded all to the ship side, and called out for help. When he, like a profane villain, instead of giving them assistance, scoffingly made answer that they ought rather call upon Moses, by whose conduct their fathers past thro' the Red Sea, and who was still able to deliver them out of those rageing floods which came in upon them: and so, without saying any more, leaving them to the mercy of the waves, they all miserably perished.

"But the fact coming, some how or other, to be known, the miscreants were afterwards tryed for it by the justices itenerant in Kent, convicted of murder, and hanged. The same learned author tells us, that the number of Jews thus banished was fifteen thousand and threescore. But Matthew Westminster says, it amounted to sixteen thousand five hundred and eleven."

From this period until the time of the Commonwealth, the history of the Jews, in England, is a complete blank. It was under Cromwell, however, that the Jews, on the Continent, thought they had found a favorable epoch for commencing a negociation for their return.

After various negociations and a regular council, at Whitehall, upon the matter, by Cromwell and his advisers, the Jewish agent, Rabbi Menasseh Ben-Israel, an able and learned Jew, who had been sent to England, to procure their return, was obliged to depart from the kingdom, without any decided revocation of their banishment. Though it must be stated, that the Jews themselves have averred that they received a private consent to their re-admission; and Bishop Burnet says, positively, that Cromwell brought a company of them over to England, and gave them leave to build a synagogue. Dr. Tovey, however, on consulting the Jewish registers, finds, that, by their own account, until the year 1663, the whole number of Jews did not exceed twelve: and he is justly of opinion, that the date of their introduction again into England, must be referred to the reign of Charles II.—a time when the prejudices against the Jewish faith disappeared, not in the light of a tolerant spirit, but lost in that utter carelessness about all religions, which then pervaded the court and became fashionable in the nation. From this time, the history of the Jews ceases to be singularly distinguished from the history of any other religious sect, which was not tolerated by the laws; and, as we have extended this article much beyond the limits assigned to it, we will conclude it at the point where its interest is likely to cease.

ART. IV. *Steps to the Temple, The Delights of the Muses, and Carmen Deo Nostro, by* Richard Crashaw, *sometime Fellow of Pembroke Hall, and late Fellow of St. Peter's Colledge in Cambridge; the 2nd Edition,* 1670.

Richard Crashaw was a popular preacher of the time of Charles I. and was ejected from the university of Cambridge, where he was a fellow of Peterhouse, by the parliamentary army, in 1644. After his ejection he betook himself to France, where, soon after his arrival, he embraced the Roman Catholic faith. He was recommended into Italy by the queen of Charles I. and became a canon of Loretto, in which situation he died about the year 1650. He was the friend of Cowley and Herbert. In the pulpit he was admired for his energy and enthusiasm.—He is represented as being master of the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, and Spanish languages; and was skilled in poetry, music, drawing, painting, and engraving, which last he considered, says the editor of this posthumous edition of his poems, as "subservient recreations for vacant hours, not the grand business of his soul." Crashaw belongs to that class of poets which has been absurdly enough entitled the metaphysical school—a phrase, however, by which its inventor probably meant nothing more than that these writers drew rather upon the stores of their intellect for poetical supplies, than obeyed the dictates of passion and feeling. The distinctive character of this class of poetry is the exuberance of its ingenuity, exerted on every possible subject in every possible form. A poem, with Crashaw's contemporaries, is a hunt or chase in which every bush is beaten, and every corner ransacked, for images, metaphors, and similes,—where nothing that is true is unpoetical,—where nothing is worthless which is far-fetched,—and where the greatest triumph is to give a value to what is familiar, low, or common, by the situation into which it is introduced. The highest beauty with them is the beauty of ingenuity, the exquisiteness of workmanship,—and the more recondite, unobvious, or intrinsically worthless the matter might be which was so inwrought, the greater the praise of the poetical mechanic. The taste of the times was, a passion for dwelling on the points of agreement or difference in all objects presented to the mind; and this demand produced men who sought likenesses and unlikenesses in all things "in heaven above, in the earth below, and in the water under the earth." A book of poems, printed from about the year 1630 to 1670, with a few exceptions, would admit of a general title something like this: "an ingenious work, in which all things are compared with each other, and their similarities and distinctions curiously pointed out to the intelligent reader,

by way of a poem, addressed by a lover to his supposed mistress;" and the motto should be, *materiem superabat opus.* Extensive learning, a lively fancy, and a facility of versification, were the stock qualities of a poet of those times: then let him procure or feign a mistress with all possible perfections of mind and body, and no other qualifications were wanting to be admitted of their crew—he was then qualified at all points, for breaking a lance in the lists of poetry. The greater part of Crashaw's poems, it must be confessed, largely partake of the vice of the age; they are, it is true, full of conceits, but yet not cold conceits; and in this consists the superiority of this poet, to a great number of those who lived with or soon after him. He was animated by passion, and, had he not lived when he did, must have taken a high rank among the genuinely inspired writers of his country. He is never tame, never dull; and, in despite of the perverted taste which he had, in common with Cowley and others, there are many of his poems which contain passages of natural tenderness, and of great beauty of sentiment and imagery. His versification is nearly always melodious, and his expressions have frequently a delicate and luxurious fullness about them, which makes us lament the strained and unnatural images upon which they are lavished. The greater part of his poems are on religious subjects, which he treats with a warmth of devotion much more congenial with the church of his adoption, than the chaste and sober language of the reformed church. For this choice, much praise is given to the poet by the writer of the singular preface, prefixed to our edition of his poems, which is composed in a strain of great enthusiasm for his subject.

"Here's Herbert's second, but equal, who hath retrieved poetry of late, and returned it up to its primitive use; let it bound back to heaven gates, whence it came. Think ye St. Augustine would have steyned his graver learning with a book of poetry, had he fancied their dearest end to be the vanity of love-sonnets and epithalamiums? No, no, he thought with this our poet, that every foot in a high-born verse might help to measure the soul into that better world: divine poetry, I dare hold it, in position against Suarez on the subject, to be the language of the angels; it is the quintessence of phantasie and discourse centered in heaven; 'tis the very outgoings of the soul; 'tis what alone our author is able to tell you, and that in his own verse."

Again,

"Oh! when the general arraignment of poets shall be, to give an account of their higher souls; with what a triumphant brow shall our divine poet sit above, and look down upon poor Homer, Virgil, Horace, Claudian, &c. who had amongst them the ill luck to talk out a great part of their gallant genius upon bees, dung, frogs, and gnats, &c.:

and not as himself here, upon scriptures, divine graces, martyrs, and angels."

He appears to have been a man of a warm and enthusiastic temperament, which he carried into every thing, and most especially into his religion. No lover ever depicted the charms of his fair enslaver with greater warmth and animation, than fill the verses addressed to St. Theresa, "founder of the discalced Carmelites, both men and women; a woman, who for angelical height of speculation, for masculine courage of performance, more than a woman, who, yet a child, out-ran maturity, and durst plot a martyrdom."

In the very spirit of mystical devotion, he thus speaks of the only "dart" which should have power to "rase her breasts' chaste cabinet."

"So rare,
So spiritual pure and fair,
Must be the immortal instrument
Upon whose choice point shall be spent
A life so lov'd; and that there be
Fit executioners for thee,
The fairest and the first-born loves of fire:
Blest seraphims shall leave their quire,
And turn Love's soldiers, upon thee
To exercise their archery.

O, how oft shalt thou complain
Of a sweet and subtile pain!
Of intolerable joys!
Of a death, in which who dies
Loves his death, and dies again,
And would for ever so be slain:
And lives and dies, and knows not why
To live, but that he still may die."

In some verses on "the assumption of the blessed virgin," he feigns "the immortal dove thus sighing to his silver mate," the mother of Jesus Christ.

"Come away, my love,
Come away, my dove,
Cast off delay.
The court of Heav'n is come
To wait upon thee home,
Come away, come away."

In a most ingenious poem, "on a prayer-book sent to a fe-

male friend," he thus speaks of the "sacred store, hidden sweets, and holy joys," which the soul feels, when the noble bridegroom comes, "who is alone the spouse of virgins, and the virgin's son."

"Amorous languishments, luminous trances,
Sights which are not seen with eyes:
Spiritual and soul-piercing glances,
Whose pure and subtle lightning flies
Home to the heart, and sets the house on fire;
And melts it down in sweet desire:
Yet doth not stay
To ask the window's leave, to pass that way.

Delicious deaths, soft exhalations
Of soul; dear and divine annihilations;
A thousand unknown rites
Of joys, and rarified delights.

An hundred thousand loves and graces,
And many a mystick thing,
Which the divine embraces
Of the dear spouse of spirits with them will bring;
For which it is no shame,
That dull mortality must not know a name."

Besides the religious poetry, among which is a large collection of sacred epigrams, completely worthless, are numerous translations and paraphrases; together with a number of original poems, chiefly on occasional subjects, from which we hope to extract some passages, well worthy of perusal. The first division of his poems is entitled *Steps to the Temple*, so called, says the before-mentioned author of the preface, from his passing the greater part of his time in St. Mary's church, Cambridge.—"There he lodged under Tertullian's roof of angels; there he made his nest, more gladly than David's swallow near the house of God; where, like a primitive saint, he offered more prayers in the night, than others usually offer in the day;" there he penned these poems, "Steps for happy souls to climb Heav'n by." The first step we meet with is a poem, called the *Weeper*, which, had we room to quote, would very completely illustrate the few remarks we have above made on the conceits of this writer, and of the taste of his age. Take the first verse only.

"Hail, sister springs,
Parents of silver-forded rills!
Ever bubbling things!

Thawing crystal! snowy hills!
Still spending, never spent; I mean
Thy fair eyes, sweet Magdalene."

Nevertheless, there are some tender images and expressions to be found even here; and we quote the following verses, as possessing great beauty in their kind.

"The dew no more will weep,
The primrose's pale cheek to deck,
The dew no more will sleep,
Nuzzel'd in the lillie's neck.
Much rather would it tremble here,
And leave them both to be thy tear.

Not the soft gold which
Steals from the amber-weeping tree,
Makes sorrow half so rich,
As the drops distill'd from thee.
Sorrow's best jewels lie in these
Caskets of which Heaven keeps the keys.

When sorrow would be seen
In her brightest majesty,
(For she is a queen)
Then is she drest by none but thee.
Then, and only then she wears
Her richest pearls, I mean thy tears.

Not in the evening's eyes
When they red with weeping are,
For the sun that dies,
Sits sorrow with a face so fair.
No where but here did ever meet
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet."

Some verses, called *the Tear*, then occur, wherein the author asks, "What bright soft thing is this," and conjectures it to be a "moist spark," a "wat'ry diamond," a "star about to drop," or any thing else to which it bears any the least fanciful resemblance: when he is satisfied that it is in truth a tear, he says:

"Such a pearl as this is
(Slipt from Aurora's dewy breast)
The rose-bud's sweet lip kisses;
* * * * * *

Such the maiden gem
By the wanton spring put on,
Peeps from her parent stem,
And blushes on the wat'ry sun."

After catching the said tear on a pillow,

"Stuff'd with down of angel's wings;"

and carrying it to be an eye in Heaven, he finishes, by doubting, with ineffable conceit, whether it had

"rather there have shone
An eye of Heav'n, or still shine here,
In the heav'n of Mary's eye, a tear."

The *Divine Epigrams* follow next in order—and are, to say the least, utterly worthless—we will give a single specimen "upon the infant martyrs."

"To see both blended in one flood,
The mother's milk, the children's blood,
Makes me doubt if Heav'n will gather
Roses hence, or lillies rather.

During the composition of the greater part of the religious poems, it must be confessed, that the genius of Crashaw suffered an eclipse—the nature of his subject is frequently such, that the poet can show nothing but his piety, and even when the ingenuity of his fancy engrafts life and animation on a most unpromising stock, he dresses up a sacred topic in a painted vest, so gaudy and flowery, as to be disgusting to the simpler taste of a good protestant. No one ought to write poems "on the bleeding wounds of our crucified Lord," or "on our Lord, naked and bloody,," much less speak of the lacerations of the crucifixion in terms like these: addressing Mary Magdalen, our converted poet says:

"This foot hath got a mouth and lips,
To pay the sweet sum of thy kisses:
To pay the tears, an eye that weeps,
Instead of tears, such gems as this is.

The difference only this appears,
Nor can the change offend,
The debt is paid in ruby tears,
Which thou in pearls did lend."

In a poem on *the Nativity*, which contains some ingenious, though misplaced, verses, we can excuse the following

lines for the sake of their beauty. He is addressing the infant Saviour.

"Welcome ———
To many a rarely temper'd kiss,
That breathes at once both maid and mother;
* * * * *
She sings thy tears asleep, and dips
Her kisses in thy weeping eye;
She spreads the red leaves of thy lips,
That in their buds yet blushing lie."

In the *Delights of the Muses*, where the poet descends from his lofty contemplations to the humbler topics of the "profane" muse, there are two or three poems on the deaths of some friends, that possess many more charms, and beauties of a higher order, than we expect to meet with in verses of an occasional kind. Though here sometimes the fancy of our author frequently runs wild, and insinuates itself into winding and sequestered paths, forbidden to the dignity of poetry. The following extract, from the verses on the death of Mr. Herrys, may, perhaps, incur the charge of diffuseness; we, however, do not think the poet has weaved "the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument."

"I've seen, indeed, the hopeful bud
Of a ruddy rose, that stood
Blushing to behold the ray
Of the new saluted day;
His tender top not fully spread;
The sweet dash of a shower now shed,
Invited him no more to hide
Within himself the purple pride
Of his forward flower, when lo,
While he sweetly 'gan to show
His swelling glories, Auster spied him,
Cruel Auster thither hied him,
And with the rush of one rude blast,
Sham'd not spitefully to waste
All his leaves, so fresh, so sweet,
And lay them trembling at his feet.
I've seen the morning's lovely ray
Hover o'er the new-born day,
With rosie wings so richly bright,
As if he scorn'd to think of night,
When a ruddy storm, whose scowl
Made Heaven's radiant face look foul,

Call'd for an untimely night,
To blot the newly blossom'd light.
But were the roses' blush so rare,
Were the morning's smile so fair
As is he, nor cloud nor wind
But would be courteous, would be kind."

The lines on Mr. Staninough's death possess great moral beauty, and forcibly remind us of the powerful and enthusiastic preacher, which character belongs to Crashaw as well as that of poet.

"Come then youth, beauty, and blood, all ye soft powers,
Whose silken flatteries swell a few fond hours
Into a false eternity; come, man,
(Hyperbolized nothing!) know thy span;
Take thine own measure here, down, down, and bow
Before thy self in thy idea, thou
Huge emptiness! contract thy bulk, and shrink
All thy wild circle to a point! O sink
Lower and lower yet, till thy small size
Call Heaven to look on thee with narrow eyes;
Lesser and lesser yet, till thou begin
To show a face fit to confess thy kin,
Thy neighbour-hood to nothing! here put on
Thy self in this unfeign'd reflexion;
Here, gallant ladies, this impartial glass
Through all your painting, shows you your own face.
These death-seal'd lips are they dare give the lye
To the proud hopes of poor mortality.
These curtain'd windows, this self-prison'd eye,
Out-stares the lids of large-look'd tyranny:
This posture is the brave one; this that lies
Thus low, stands up (methinks) thus, and defies
The world:—All-daring dust and ashes, onely you
Of all interpreters read nature true."

Crashaw wrote for his own amusement and that of his friends. Careless of fame, he engaged in no long poem, and the subjects of those he has left are generally written on occasions which occur to every man. We cannot regret the "foul morning, the author being then to take a journey," which produced lines so spirited and poetical as these—the poet thus addresses the sun:

"Where art thou, Sol, while thus the blind-fold day
Staggers out of the east, loses her way

Stumbling on night? Rouse thee, illustrious youth,
And let no dull mists choak the light's fair growth.
Point here thy beams. * * *
Say to the sullen morn, thou com'st to court her;
And wilt demand proud Zephirus to sport her
With wanton gales; his balmy breath shall lick
The tender drops which tremble on her cheek;
Which rarified, and in a gentle rain
On those delicious banks distill'd again,
Shall rise in a sweet harvest, which discloses
To every blushing bed of new-born roses.
He'll fan her bright locks, teaching them to flow
And frisk in curl'd meanders; he will throw
A fragrant breath, suck'd from the spicy nest
O' th' precious phœnix, warm upon her breast:
He, with a dainty and soft hand, will trim
And brush her azure mantle, which shall swim
In silken volumes; wheresoe'r she'll tread,
Bright clouds like golden fleeces shall be spread
Rise then, fair blue-ey'd maid, rise and discover
Thy silver brow, and meet thy golden lover.
See how he runs, with what a hasty flight,
Into thy bosome, bath'd with liquid light.
Fly, fly, prophane fogs, far hence fly away,
Taint not the pure streams of the springing day
With your dull influence: it is for you,
To sit and scowl upon night's heavy brow;
Not on the fresh cheeks of the virgin morn,
Where nought but smiles and ruddy joys are worn.
Fly then, and do not think with her to stay;
Let it suffice, she'll wear no mask to day."

His *Satisfaction to the Morning* for having slept too long, is an exquisite specimen of the playfulness and luxuriance of our poet's fancy, and would excuse a much longer extract.

"O in that morning of my shame; when I
Lay folded up in sleep's captivity;
How, at the sight, didst thou draw back thine eyes
Into thy modest veil? how didst thou rise
Twice dy'd in thine own blushes, and did'st run
To draw the curtains, and awake the Sun?
Who rouzing his illustrious tresses came,
And seeing the loath'd object, hid for shame
His head in thy fair bosome, and still hides
Me from his patronage; I pray,—he chides:

And, pointing to dull Morpheus, bids me take
My own Apollo, try if I can make
His Lethe be my Helicon; and see
If Morpheus have a muse to wait on me.
Hence 'tis my humble fancy finds no wings,
No nimble rapture starts to Heaven and brings
Enthusiastick flames, such as can give
Marrow to my plump genius, make it live
Drest in the glorious madness of a muse,
Whose feet can walk the milky way, and chuse
Her starry throne; whose holy heats can warm
The grave, and hold up an exalted arm
To lift me from my lazy urne, and climb
Upon the stooped shoulders of old time;
And trace eternity——But all is dead,
All these delicious hopes are buried
In the deep wrinkles of his angry brow,
Where mercy cannot find them; but O thou
Bright lady of the morn, pity doth lye
So warm in thy soft brest, it cannot dye:
Have mercy then, and when he next shall rise,
O meet the angry god, invade his eyes,
And stroak his radiant cheeks; one timely kiss
Will kill his anger, and revive my bliss.
So to the treasure of thy pearly dew,
Thrice will I pay three tears, to show how true
My grief is; so my wakeful lay shall knock
At th' oriental gates; and duly mock
The early lark's shrill orizons to be
An anthem at the day's nativity.
And the same rosie-finger'd hand of thine,
That shuts night's dying eyes, shall open mine.
But thou, faint god of sleep, forget that I
Was ever known to be thy votary.
No more my pillow shall thine altar be,
Nor will I offer any more to thee
My self a melting-sacrifice; I'm born
Again a fresh child of the buxome morn,
Heir of the Sun's first beams,—why threat'st thou so?
Why dost thou shake thy leaden sceptre? go,
Bestow thy poppy upon wakeful woe,
Sickness and sorrow, whose pale lids ne'er know
Thy downy finger, dwell upon their eyes,
Shut in their tears; shut out their miseries."

The poem on *Lessius, his rule of life,* is reckoned among the best of the productions of Crashaw's muse, and is, though short, fertile in beautiful images, and written with a masterly power over his native language.

" Goe now with some daring drugg,
Bait the disease, and while they tug,
Thou, to maintain their cruel strife,
Spend the dear treasures of thy life:
Go, take physick; doat upon
Some big-nam'd composition,
The oraculous doctor's mystick bills,
Certain hard words made into pills;
And what at length shalt get by these?
Onely a costlier disease.
Goe, poor man, think what shall be,
Remedy against thy remedy.
That which makes us have no need
Of physick, that's physick indeed.
Hark hither, reader, wouldst thou see
Nature her own physician be;
Wouldst see a man all his own wealth,
His own physick, his own health?
A man whose sober soul can tell,
How to wear her garments well?
Her garments that upon her sit,
As garments should do, close and fit?
A well-cloath'd soul that's not opprest,
Nor choakt with what she should be drest?
A soul sheath'd in a chrystal shrine
Through which all her bright features shine?
As when a piece of wanton lawn,
A thin aëreal vail is drawn
O'er beautie's face, seeming to hide
More sweetly shows the blushing bride.
A soul whose intellectual beams
No mists do mask, no lazy steams?
A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day?
Wouldst thou see a man, whose well-warm'd blood
Bathes him in a genuine flood?
A man, whose tuned humours be
A set of rarest harmony?
Wouldst see blith looks fresh cheeks beguile?
Age, wouldst see December smile?

Wouldst see a nest of roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow?
Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering
Winter's self into a spring?
In summer, wouldst see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man?"

The next extract we shall make is a selection from a large number of very pleasing verses, which are entitled, *Wishes, to his supposed Mistress.*

" Who e're she be,
That not impossible she
That shall command my heart and me;

Where e'er she lye,
Lock't up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny:

Till that ripe birth
Of studied fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps to our earth;

Till that divine
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine:

Meet you her my wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye call'd my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty,
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glistring shoo-tye.

Something more than
Taffata or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan.

More than the spoil
Of shop or silk-worm's toil,
Or a bought blush, or a set smile.

A face that's best
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone command the rest;

A face made up
Out of no other shop,
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.
* * * *
* * * *

Sydneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose pow'rs
Can crown old Winter's head with flow'rs.

Soft silken hours;
Open sunnes; shady bow'rs,
'Bove all; nothing within that low'rs.

What e'er delight
Can make Day's forehead bright,
Or give down to the wings of Night.

In her whole frame,
Have nature all the name,
Art and ornament the shame.

Her flattery,
Picture and poesie:
Her counsel her own vertue be.

I wish, her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes; and I wish——no more.

Now, if Time knows
That her whose radiant brows,
Weave them a garland of my vows;

Her whose just bayes
My future hopes can raise,
A trophy to her present praise;

Her that dares be,
What these lines wish to see:
I seek no further, it is she.

'Tis she, and here
Lo I uncloath and clear
My wishes' cloudy character.

May she enjoy it,
Whose merit dare apply it,
But modesty still dares deny it.

Such worth as this is
Shall fixe my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye,
Be ye my fictions; but her story."

To the *Steps to the Temple,* and the *Delights of the Muses,* are added a collection of *Sacred Poems;* the one on the *Day of Judgment* is marked by some touches of solemnity. These are some of the best stanzas:

" O, that trump! whose blast shall run
An even round with th' circling Sun,
And urge the murmuring graves to bring
Pale mankind forth to meet his king.

Horror of nature, hell and death!
When a deep groan from beneath
Shall cry we come, we come, and all
The caves of night answer one call.

O, that book! whose leaves so bright
Will set the world in severe light.
O, that judge! whose hand, whose eye
None can indure; yet none can fly.

Ah then, poor soul, what wilt thou say?
And to what patron chuse to pray?
When stars themselves shall stagger; and
The most firm foot no more then stand."

In the verses " *to the name above every name,*" our poet loses himself in his devotion. His genius streams through this long hymn, like the course of some river which sometimes runs brightly and copiously along its banks, sometimes disappears in subterraneous channels, and at others is swallowed up by sandy deserts, or expands itself into a broad and shallow lake, which both deforms and destroys the country through which it runs. The source of the Niger itself is not more difficult to find than the meaning of some of the verses, which are as obscure as others are noisy and tumid. The invocation to the musical sounds, which is a favorite subject with Crashaw, owing, probably, in part, to his practical skill and taste in that delightful science, possesses considerable magnificence of measure. We shall extract some passages from this poem, taking the liberty to supply the interval between them by asterisks, instead of the original links with which the poet has bound them together, as it frequently happens that a fine idea is disgraced by an unseemly companion.

" Go and request
Great Nature for the key of her huge chest
Of Heav'ns, the self-involving set of sphears
Which dull mortality more feels than hears.

Then rouse the nest
Of nimble art, and traverse round
The airy shop of soul-appeasing sound:
And beat a summons in the same
All-soveraign name,
To warn each several kind
And shape of sweetness, be they such
As sigh with supple wind
Or answer artful touch,
That they convene and come away
To wait at the love-crowned doors of that
Illustrious day.
* * * *
Wake lute and harp
And every sweet-lipp'd thing
That talks with tuneful string;
Start into life, and leap with me
Into a hasty fit-tun'd harmony.
* * * *
Come, ye soft ministers of sweet sad mirth,
Bring all your houshold-stuff of Heav'n on earth;
O you, my soul's most certain wings,
Complaining pipes, and pratling strings,
Bring all the store
Of sweets you have; and murmur that you have no more.
Come, ne'er to part,
Nature and art!
Come; and come strong,
To the conspiracy of our spacious song.
Bring all the pow'rs of praise
Your provinces of well-united worlds can raise;
Bring all your lutes and harps of Heav'n and earth;
What e'er co-operates to the common mirth
Vessels of vocal joys.
* * * *
O see the weary lids of wakeful hope
(Love's eastern windows) all wide ope
With curtains drawn,
To catch the day-break of thy dawn."

Crashaw somewhere expresses his resolution to be "married to a single life;"—the truth is, he had no love to waste upon "a form of breathing clay." His wife really was, as many a widower's inscription has expressed, "a saint in Heaven." St. Teresa had charms for this enthusiastic divine, which no mere

mortal could pretend to, and kindled a fire in his bosom, fierce and bright enough to make the flames of profane love burn pale in the comparison. In the sacred poems we meet with more verses on this favored saint: the poet will not endure the mode of painting a seraphim by the side of her, as she is "usually expressed," with a "flaming heart,"

> "Painter, what didst thou understand
> To put *her* dart into *his* hand!"

Again:

> "Why, man, this speaks pure mortal frame;
> And mocks, with female frost, Love's manly flame,
> One would suspect thou mean'st to print
> Some weak, inferiour, woman saint.
> But had thy pale-fac't purple took
> Fire from the burning cheeks of that bright book,
> Thou wouldst on her have heapt up all
> That could be found seraphical;
> What e'er this youth of fire wears fair,
> Rosie fingers, radiant hair,
> Glowing cheek, and glistring wings,
> All those fair and flagrant things,
> But before all, that fiery dart
> Had fill'd the hand of this great heart."

After a great deal more of expostulation and angry reproof, he thus finely, though perhaps inappositely, concludes:

> "O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
> By all thy dow'r of lights and fires;
> By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
> By all thy lives and deaths of love;
> By thy large draughts of intellectual day;
> And by thy thirsts of love, more large than they;
> By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire;
> By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;
> By the full kingdom of that final kiss
> That seiz'd thy parting soul, and seal'd thee his;
> By all the heav'ns thou hast in him
> (Fair sister of the seraphim)
> By all of him we have in thee;
> Leave nothing of my self in me.
> Let me so read thy life, that I
> Unto all life of mine may die."

The merit of Crashaw has been chiefly acknowledged as a translator, which office, in his hands, ceases to be an humble one. Such a mastery does he assume over the work before him, so richly does he clothe the ideas prepared for him, and with such apparent ease and fluency does he recast the sentiments in a new tongue, that he makes the poem, if not the original offspring of his own brain, yet the legitimate and thriving child of his adoption. The few things which Crashaw undertook in this way are among the finest specimens of versification in the language, and fill us with regret, that his application to poetry was fitful and capricious. The brightest views, into the deep recesses of the fairy land of poetry, are sometimes laid open by the idle and restless man of genius; but, unfortunately, an unconquerable yearning after fame, or the pressing calls of necessity, are indispensable for the production of a great and lasting poet. Crashaw never wooed the muse but as an agreeable relaxation, or as a convenient vent for his devotional enthusiasm. Like his pursuits in music and painting, his poems were only "the exercises of his curious invention and sudden fancy, and not the grand business of his soul." The translations, scattered through the little volume before us, are from various authors; and, except one of no great length, appear to be chiefly passages which have pleased him in the reading, and tempted him to prolong that pleasure, by turning them into an English dress.

The longest and most important of these is the first book of the *Sospetto d'Herode*, from the Italian of Marino; a poem which Milton sometimes had in his eye, in the composition of some parts of the *Paradise Lost*. In this version our author's genius expands, and fills a larger space than ordinary—it speaks in a more elevated tone, and, no longer dressed in the trickery of sparkling brilliancies, stalks forth, with a considerable air of magnificence and grandeur, in a stern and awful guise. This strain is of a higher mood. Our language gains an accession of new strength in his hands, and breathes a spirit of majesty, by no means unworthy of the study and imitation, as it probably was, of Milton himself. The original poem has great merit, and we deeply regret that Crashaw did not complete its version. After the invocation of the muses, and dedication of the poem to "Great Antony, Spain's well-beseeming pride," the first book opens with a description of Satan and his abode; who is, at the time, much perplexed by the indications of the coming Messiah, and the termination of his own power.

> "Below the bottom of the great abysse,
> There where one center reconciles all things,
> The world's profound heart pants; there placed is
> Mischief's old master; close about him clings

A curl'd knot of embracing snakes, that kiss
His correspondent cheeks : these loathsome strings
Hold the perverse prince in eternal ties
Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies.

The judge of torments, and the king of tears :
He fills a burnisht throne of quenchless fire :
And, for his old fair robes of light, he wears
A gloomy mantle of dark flames, the tire
That crowns his hated head on high appears ;
Where seven tall horns (his empire's pride) aspire.
And to make up hell's majesty, each horn
Seven crested hydras horribly adorn.

His eyes the sullen dens of death and night,
Startle the dull air with a dismal red :
Such his fell glances as the fatal light
Of staring comets, that look kingdoms dead :
From his black nostrils, and blew lips, in spight
Of hell's own stink, a worser stench is spread.
His breath hell's lightning is : and each deep groan
Disdains to think that Heav'n thunders alone.

His flaming eyes' dire exhalation,
Unto a dreadful pile gives fiery breath ;
Whose unconsum'd consumption preys upon
The never-dying life of a long death.
* * * *

Three rigorous virgins waiting still behind,
Assist the throne of th' iron sceptered king :
With whips of thorns and knotty vipers twin'd
They rouse him, when his rank thoughts need a sting :
Their locks are beds of uncomb'd snakes, that wind
About their shady brows in wanton rings.
Thus reigns the wrathful king, and while he reigns,
His scepter and himself both he disdains."

Much alarmed at "symptoms so deadly, unto death and him,"

"Fain would he have forgot what fatal strings
Eternally bind each rebellious limb,
He shook himself, and spread his spacious wings :
Which, like two bosom'd sails, embrace the dimme
Air, with a dismal shade, but all in vain,
Of sturdy adamant is his strong chain.

While thus Heaven's highest counsails, by the low
Foot-steps of their effects, he trac'd too well,
He tost his troubled eyes, embers that glow
Now with new rage, and wax too hot for hell.
With his foul claws he fenc'd his furrowed brow,
And gave a gastly shreek, whose horrid yell
Ran trembling through the hollow vaults of night—

After "feeling the pulse of every prophecy," he, in some measure, foresees the nature of the "mighty babe" about to be born, but he cannot fully comprehend some of the mysterious circumstances of his birth—the incarnation, among other things, "poseth his proudest intellectual power."

"That he, whom the Sun serves, should faintly peep
Through clouds of infant flesh: that he, the old
Eternal word, should be a child, and weep:
That he, who made the fire, should fear the cold:
That Heaven's high majesty his court should keep
In a clay cottage, by each blast control'd:
That glorie's self should serve our griefs and fears,
And free eternity submit to years."

Feeling himself subdued and thwarted by the hand of the Almighty, and fearing farther punishment, he thus beautifully communes with himself, and asks, in the hearing of his subjects,

"Art thou not Lucifer? he to whom the droves
Of stars, that gild the morn, in charge were given?
The nimblest of the lightning-winged loves?
The fairest, and the first-born smile of Heaven?
Look in what pomp the mistress planet moves
Rev'rently circled by the lesser seven;
Such, and so rich, the flames that from thine eyes
Opprest the common-people of the skies.

* * * * *

Thus spoke th' impatient prince and made a pause,
His foul hags rais'd their heads, and clapt their hands;
And all the powers of hell in full applause
Flourisht their snakes, and tost their flaming brands.
We (said the horrid sisters) wait thy laws,
Th' obsequious handmaids of thy high commands,
Be it thy part, hell's mighty lord, to lay
On us thy dread commands, ours to obey."

He selects Cruelty as a suitable agent for the purpose which he has been revolving in his mind; this allegorical personage

and her habitations are conceived with a ghastly power of imagination, and no less awfully described: part of which we will transcribe.

"Fourth of the cursed knot of hags is she,
Or rather all the other three in one;
Hell's shop of slaughter she does oversee,
And still assist the execution!
But chiefly there does she delight to be,
Where hell's capacious cauldron is set on:
And while the black souls boil in their own gore,
To hold them down and look that none seeth o'er.

Thrice howl'd the caves of night, and thrice the sound,
Thund'ring upon the banks of those black lakes,
Rung through the hollow vaults of hell profound:
At last her list'ning ears the noise o'ertakes,
She lifts her sooty lamps, and, looking round,
A gen'ral hiss, from the whole tire of snakes,
Rebounding, through hell's inmost caverns came,
In answer to her formidable name.

'Mongst all the palaces in hell's command,
No one so merciless as this of hers.
The adamantine doors for ever stand
Impenetrable, both to pray'rs and tears;
The wall's inexorable steel, no hand
Of Time, or teeth of hungry Ruine, fears.
Their ugly ornaments are the bloody stains
Of ragged limbs, torn sculls, and dasht-out brains.

There, has the purple Vengeance a proud seat,
Whose ever-brandisht sword is sheath'd in blood:
About her, Hate, Wrath, Warre, and Slaughter, sweat,
Bathing their hot limbs in life's precious flood.
There, rude impetuous Rage doth storm, and fret:
And there, as master of this murd'ring brood,
Swinging a huge scythe, stands impartial Death,
With endless business, almost out of breath.

For hangings and for curtains, all along
The walls, abominable ornaments!
Are tools of wrath, anvils of torments hung;
Fell executioners of foul intents,
Nails, hammers, hatchets sharp, and halters strong,
Swords, spears, with all the fatal instruments
Of sin and death, twice dipt in the dire stains
Of brothers' mutual blood, and fathers' brains.

The house is hers'd about with a black wood,
Which nods with many a heavy headed tree;
Each flower's a pregnant poyson, tried and good:
Each herb a plague: the wind's sighs timed be
By a black fount, which weeps into a flood.
Through the thick shades obscurely might you see
Minotaures, Cyclopses, with a dark drove
Of dragons, hydras, sphinxes, fill the grove."

This horrific person is despatched to the upper regions, that she may appear to King Herod in a dream, and spur him on to the murder of the Innocents. The time of her arrival on earth is marked by these most melodious numbers.

"Now had the Night's companion from her den,
Where all the busie day she close doth lye,
With her soft wing, wiped from the brows of men
Day's sweat; and by a gentle tyranny,
And sweet oppression, kindly cheating them
Of all their cares, tam'd the rebellious eye
Of sorrow, with a soft and downy hand;
Sealing all breasts in a Lethæan band."

It is needless to add, that so accomplished a female completely effected her purpose. She appears to the sleeping king in the form of his deceased brother; and, after addressing him in a speech filled with the most taunting and stinging motives to action, she betakes herself back to her employer.

"So said, her richest snake, which to her wrist
For a beseeming bracelet she had tied,
(A special worm it was as ever kist
The foamy lips of Cerberus) she apply'd
To the king's heart; the snake no sooner hiss'd,
But Vertue heard it, and away she hied,
Dire flames diffuse themselves through every vein:
This done, home to her hell she hied amain.

He wakes, and with him (ne'er to sleep) new fears:
His sweet-bedewed bed had now betray'd him,
To a vast field of thorns; ten thousand spears
All pointed in his heart seem'd to invade him;
So mighty were th' amazing characters
With which his feeling dream had thus dismay'd him;
He his own fancy-framed foes defies:
In rage, *My arms, give me my arms,* he cries."

After this, the first book closes with anticipating the measures which Herod will pursue in the morning, and with a sort of address to him from the poet, which, however, he is not supposed to hear, on the futility of his suspicions.

Our quotations from this neglected poet have been so copious, that we have no space left for observing upon any of the other pieces of translation, except one; and that is so eminently beautiful in itself, and is translated with such a wonderful power over the resources of our language, that we hope to find favour in the eyes of our readers, by extracting the whole poem. The original is the Latin of Strada; the subject, the well-known contest of the musician and nightingale. Crashaw entitles it, *Music's Duel.*

"Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams
Of noon's high glory, when hard by the streams
Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat,
Under protection of an oak, there sate
A sweet lute's-master; in whose gentle airs
He lost the day's heat, and his own hot cares.
Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood:
(The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,
Their muse, their syren, harmless syren she)
There stood she list'ning, and did entertain
The musick's soft report: and mold the same
In her own murmures; that what ever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voice made good:
The man perceiv'd his rival, and her art,
Dispos'd to give the light-foot lady sport,
Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come
Informs it, in a sweet præludium
Of closer strains, and e'er the war begin,
He lightly skirmishes on every string
Charg'd with a flying touch; and streightway she
Carves out her dainty voice as readily,
Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd tones,
And reckons up in soft divisions
Quick volumes of wild notes; to let him know,
By that shrill taste, she could do something too.
His nimble hand's instinct then taught each string
A cap'ring chearfulness; and made them sing
To their own dance; now negligently rash
He throws his arm, and with a long-drawn dash
Blends all together; then distinctly trips
From this to that, then quick returning skips

And snatches this again, and pauses there.
She measures every measure, every where
Meets art with art; sometimes as if in doubt
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,
Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note,
Through the sleek passage of her open throat,
A clear unwrinkled song; then doth she point it
With tender accents, and severely joynt it
By short diminutives, that being rear'd
In controverting warbles evenly shar'd,
With her sweet self she wrangles; he amaz'd,
That from so small a channel should be rais'd
The torrent of a voice, whose melody
Could melt into such sweet variety,
Strains higher yet, that tickled with rare art
The tatling strings, each breathing in his part,
Most kindly do fall out; the grumbling base
In surly groans disdains the treble's grace;
The high-perch't treble chirps at this, and chides,
Until his finger (moderator) hides
And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all
Hoarse, shrill at once; as when the trumpets call
Hot Mars to th' harvest of death's field, and woo
Men's hearts into their hands: this lesson too
She gives them back: her supple breast thrills out
Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
And folds in wav'd notes, with a trembling bill,
The pliant series of her slippery song;
Then starts she suddenly into a throng
Of short thick sobs, whose thund'ring volleys float,
And roll themselves over her lubrick throat
In panting murmurs, still'd out of her breast;
That ever-bubling spring, the suger'd nest
Of her delicious soul, that there does lye
Bathing in streams of liquid melodie;
Musick's best seed-plot; when in ripen'd airs
A golden-headed harvest fairly rears
His honey-dropping tops, plough'd by her breath
Which there reciprocally laboureth.
In that sweet soyl it seems a holy quire,
Sounded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre;
Whose silver-roof rings with the sprightly notes
Of sweet-lip'd angel-imps, that swill their throats

In cream of morning Helicon, and then
Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men,
To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
That men can sleep while they their mattens sing:
(Most divine service) whose so early lay
Prevents the eye-lids of the blushing day.
There might you hear her kindle her soft voice,
In the close murmur of a sparkling noise;
And lay the ground-work of her hopeful song,
Still keeping in the forward stream, so long
Till a sweet whirlwind (striving to get out)
Heaves her soft bosome, wanders round about,
And makes a pretty earthquake in her brest,
Till the fledg'd notes at length forsake their nest;
Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky
Wing'd with their own wild echo's pratling fly.
She opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide
Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride
On the wav'd back of every swelling strain,
Rising and falling in a pompous train,
And while she thus discharges a shrill peal
Of flashing airs, she qualifies their zeal
With the cool epode of a graver note;
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
Would reach the brazen voice of war's hoarse bird;
Her little soul is ravisht: and so pour'd
Into loose extasies, that she is plac't
Above herself, musick's enthusiast.
Shame now and anger mixt a double stain
In the musician's face; yet, once again,
Mistress, I come: now reach a strain, my lute,
Above her mock, or be for ever mute.
Or tune a song of victory to me,
Or to thyself sing thine own obsequie;
So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,
And with a quavering coyness tastes the strings:
The sweet-lip'd sisters musically frighted,
Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted:
Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs
Are fan'd and frizled in the wanton airs
Of his own breath, which, married to his lyre,
Doth tune the sphears, and make heaven's self look higher;
From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels musick's pulse in all her arteries;

Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
His fingers struggle with the vocal threads,
Following those little rills, he sinks into
A sea of Helicon; his hand does go
Those parts of sweetness which with nectar drop,
Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup:
The humourous strings expound his learned touch
By various glosses; now they seem to grutch,
And murmure in a buzzing dinne, then gingle
In shrill tongued accents, striving to be single;
Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke
Gives life to some new grace; thus doth h' invoke
Sweetness by all her names: thus, bravely thus
(Fraught with a fury so harmonious)
The lute's light genius now does proudly rise,
Heav'd on the surges of swoln rapsodies;
Whose flourish (meteor like) doth curle the air
With flash of high-born fancies, here and there
Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone,
Whose trembling murmurs melting in wilde airs
Run to and fro, complaining his sweet cares;
Because those precious mysteries that dwell
In musick's ravish't soul he dare not tell,
But whisper to the world: thus do they vary,
Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
Their master's blest soul, (snatcht out at his ears
By a strong extasy) through all the sphears
Of musick's heaven; and seat it there on high
In th' empyræum of pure harmony.
At length (after so long, so loud a strife
Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
Of blest variety, attending on
His fingers' fairest revolution,
In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall)
A full-mouth'd diapason swallows all.
This done, he lists what she would say to this,
And she, although her breath's late exercise
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,
Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note;
Alas! in vain! for while (sweet soul) she tries
To measure all those wild diversities
Of chatt'ring strings, by the small size of one
Poor simple voice, rais'd in a natural tone;

She fails, and falling grieves, and grieving dies;
She dies, and leaves her life the victor's prize,
Falling upon his lute; O fit to have
(That liv'd so sweetly) dead, so sweet a grave!"

ART. V. *The Voyage of the Wandering Knight, shewing the whole course of a Man's Life, how apt he is to follow Vanitie, and how hard it is for him to attaine to Virtue; devised by John Carthemy, a Frenchman, and translated out of French into English, by* W. G. [Goodyeare] *of Southampton, merchant: a worke worthy of reading, and dedicated to the R. W. Sir Francis Drake; black letter, quarto. Lond. pr: by W. Stansby, n. d.*

The only notice which we find of this curious and very rare work, is a very slight one in Dunlop's *History of Fiction*. He there says, speaking of the origin of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, "that by some it has been attributed to Barnard's *Religious Allegory*, while others have traced it to the *Story of the Wandering Knight*, translated from the French by Will. Goodyeare, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth;" but of the original work, we find not the slightest mention, except in an enumeration of *Romans de spiritualité et de morale*, in the *Bibliothèque* of Gordon de Percel, where he quotes the title, *Le Voyage du Chevalier Errant, par Jean de Carthemi, Dominicain, in* 8; and dryly adds, "C'est un roman où l'on fait entrer jusqu'aux sept pseaumes de la penitence."* There were two, if not more, editions of the translation about the end of the sixteenth century, and another in the seventeenth, not many years before the appearance of Bunyan's deservedly popular work, and this strengthens the conjecture, that he might have been possessed of a copy, and that to the meditations, arising from the perusal of it during his imprisonment, we are indebted for the *Pilgrim's Progress*. It is by no means the wish of the writer to detract from the merit, or claims of Bunyan's work to originality, but merely to shew how far the original work, brooding over a warm and somewhat fervid imagination, may have furnished some of the materials, if not the basis, of Bunyan's admirable superstructure. We have had many successful instances of late of this having been done, without either lessening the merit or the popularity of the work

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* *Percel Bibliothèque des Romans, p.* 172.

so examined; such, for instance, as Dunster's Milton and Ferriar's Sterne, as well as many others; and we must acknowledge that we are much indebted to these curious and interesting researches, for their having pointed out to our notice many valuable works, which, but for these fortunate circumstances, would probably have fallen into total oblivion; or would only have been known to the curious book collector. Upon a careful collation of the two early editions, we have discovered no variations, except a trifling change in the initials subscribed to the dedication, which in the first edition are R: N: probably Rob. Norman, the author of many valuable hydrographical works about that period, [see Beloe's *Anecdotes of Literature*, vol. vi.] but in the second edition these are reversed; but this is of too trifling an interest to merit farther investigation, We shall now, therefore, proceed to give an analysis of the work, and such occasional extracts as may enable the reader to judge for himself of the main question, upon which it is entitled to his notice; as also of the nature, aim, and merit of the original work; and which, if it has no other claim to our admiration, must certainly be allowed to exhibit a very curious picture of the manners, customs, and religious opinions, of the times in which it was written.

The Contents of the first part of *The Voyage of the Wandering Knight.*

Chap. I. The Wandering Knight declareth his intent and foolish enterprise, wishing and supposing in this world to find true felicitie.

Chap. II. The Wandering Knight declareth unto Dame Folly, his governess, what is his intent.

Chap. III. Folly and Evill-will provide the Knight apparel, armour, and horse; Folly apparelleth and armeth the Wandering Knight.

Chap. IV. Folly, upon the way, sheweth the Knight many of her ancient proceedings, and how many great and notable personages she had governed.

Chap. V. The Wandering Knight finding too ways, and doubtful whether of them to take, there chanced to come to him Virtue and Voluptuousness, eyther of them offering to guide and conduct the Knight on the way.

Chap. VI. The Wandering Knight, by the counsaile of Folly, left Ladie Virtue and followeth Voluptuousness, which led him to the palace of Worldly Felicitie.

Chap. VII. How the Wandering Knight was received and welcomed to the palace of Worldly Felicitie.

Chap. VIII. Voluptuousness sheweth the Wandering Knight some part of the palace of Worldly Felicitie, and after brought him some dinner.

Chap. IX. Dinner being done, Voluptuousness sheweth the Wandering Knight the rest of the palace of Worldly Felicitie, with the su-

perscription of the towers thereof, and by the author is declared the evill fruit of certaine notorious sinnes.

Chap. X. The situation or standing of the palace of Worldly Felicitie.

Chap. XI. The author declareth how the Wandering Knight and such like voluptuous livers in the world transgresse the commandment of Almighty God.

Chap. XII. The Knight going for to recreate himself, and to view the warrens and forrests which were about the palace of Worldly Felicitie, anone he sawe it sink sodainly into the earth, and perceived himself in the myre up to the saddle skirts.

Chap. XIII. The author crieth out bitterly against worldlings and their felicities.

The Second Part of *The Voyage of the Wandering Knight.*

Chap. I. God's-Grace draweth the Knight out of the filth of sinne where he had stuck fast.

Chap. II. God's-Grace sheweth hell unto the Knight, with all the voluptuous company he saw in the palace of Worldly Felicitie.

Chap. III. The Knight declareth how he entered the school of repentance, and of his entertainment there.

Chap. IV. How true repentance begins in us, and how the Knight's conscience accused him with the paines he had deserved.

Chap. V. By commandment of God's-Grace, Remembrance read to him the goodness of God, with the promises made to repentant sinners.

Chap. VI. A sermon which Understanding, the good hermit, made unto the Knight upon the History of Mary Magdalene.

Chap. VII. The Knight having received the holy communion, heard the sermon, and dinner ended, mounted into a chariot of triumph, and was by God's-Grace carried to the palace of Vertue.

The Third Part of *The Voyage of the Wandering Knight.*

Chap. I. The Knight declareth the great good, solace, and pleasure, which he found in the palace of Ladie Vertue.

Chap. II. Description of Vertue.

Chap. III. Description of Faith, and how we ought to believe in God for our salvation.

Chap. IV. The description of Hope, and how we ought to hope in Almighty God.

Chap. V. The description of Love and Charitie, and how we ought to love God and our neighbour.

Chap. VI. The effects and prayers of Love and Charity.

Chap. VII. The description of the foure morall vertues, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance.

Chap. VIII. How Faith, from the top of the tower, sheweth unto the Knight the citie of Heaven.

Chap. IX. The desire the Knight had to come to Heaven, and how God's-grace brought Perseverance.

Chap. X. Good-Understanding sheweth the Knight how to keepe Perseverance always with him.

Chap. XI. The protestation that Good-Understanding taught the Knight to make every day to avoid temptation, that he ought to humble himselfe before God, and what he should aske in his prayer.

Chap. XII. The author's peroration or conclusion, to the devout readers or hearers.

He thus commences :

"Many historiographers, both poets and orators, as well profane as divine, have, by writing, notified divers persons with their voyages and adventures. First, Justin and Diodore of Sicilie have made mention of the Argonautes' voyage by sea; that is to say, of Jason and his allies, Castor, Pollex, Hercules, and other peeres, to the isle of Cholcos, to winne the golden fleece, which a great dragon kept; also Homer, a Greek poet, writ in verse, the wandering and sea voyage of Ulysses and his companions at their return from the Trojan warres; after him, Virgil, a most elegant Latine poet, set down in verse the voyage of Æneas into Italy, with his fortune after the subversion of Troy. Now, if we come to sacred histories, wee shall finde, first how Moses wrote of the children of Israel, their going out of Egypt into the land of promise, and of the two and forty mansions that they made in the desarts, for the space of forty years. And how the four evangelists likewise most faithfully have written of the holy peregrination of the blessed son of God, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, who took upon him our fraile and human nature. The self-same Saviour hath set down the parable of the voluptuous voyage of the prodigal childe and his return. St. Luke very notably and sincerely hath delivered in writing the painful and holy peregrination of that great vessel of election, St. Paul, together with the great travel he tooke to preach the gospell and the faith of Jesus Christ to all the Gentiles.

"And now, by God's-grace, I mean to deciare mine own voyage and adventures, much like that of the prodigal child, who left his father's house, and ranged into strange countries, wasting all his goods, living licentiously: but after he knew his lewdness, he returned to his father, of whome he was very lovingly received: so I, by great Folly counsailed in absenting myself far away (not only in body but in mind) from God, my Father and Creator, have wasted and consumed all my goods, which the same my God and Father had bountifully bestowed upon me, in following vain pleasures of this life; but in the end, I being inspired with divine grace, acknowledged mine offences, and leaving the dark region of sinne and vanity, through the ayde and conduction of the divine grace, am returned to mine eternall Father, humbly requiring pardon and mercy, who, of his unspeakable mercy, hath lovingly received me; but how all this has been done I will declare unto you, praying you patiently to give me the hearing, and attentively consider my talke, and well to note the whole from the beginning to the end.

"When I had passed in all folly and lasciviousness three weeks of the years of my age, that is to say, my infancie, child-age, and youth,

which make together one-and-twentie years, I enterred into the age of a young man, which is the fourth week of my age, which is between two-and-twentie and four-and-twentie years; at five-and-twentie, I was minded to take a voyage by my foolish industrie to seek where in this world I might find true felicitie and happiness, which seemed to my sottish sense an easy matter; being young, strong, wilde, hardy, and couragiously disposed, methought in my mind to live in the world without felicitie was a life worse than death; but, alas! being plunged in the darkness of ignorance, I considered not that true felicitie was the gift of God from above, and cannot be attained without his help. Being robbed of reason, I thought it might come easilie of myself, without the help of others; so that then I sought true felicitie where she is not, was not, nor ever shall bee: as, in riches, worldly pleasure, strength, honour, and delights of the flesh. But I was, in so thinking, as very fool as hee who hopeth with angling lines to catch fishes in the air, or with the hounds to hunt the hare in the ocean sea. Were it not, think you, great folly so to think? Even the like it is to thinke that true felicitie is to be found here in this wretched worlde. And for so much as in perfect felicitie is comprehended all goodness, and that the world (as saith St. John) is addicted and given to all evill, and subject to hunger, thirst, heat, cold, diseases, calamities, pride, ambition, covetousness, and voluptuousness, it is evident that those which here be living, supposing here to find true felicitie, are worse than fools and voide of right reason. True felicitie is not without goodness and vertue, which cometh from God above. If it be so, why then is it not most wicked and presumptuous of man to think that by a man's own industrie he is able to possess and enjoy the fair lot of true felicitie? therefore every one that thinketh in this world hee may come to perfect felicitie and true blessedness, shall find in fine, as I found, for felicitie, vanitie—for good, evill."

The next extract we shall make, is a description of the situation or standing of the *Palace of Worldly Felicitie,* (Chap. X.) as it gives a most curious picture of what at that period constituted a princely mansion, ornamented with every possible luxury and means of enjoyment that human ingenuity could devise.

"The pallace was situated or built in a pleasant valley upon the foote of a high mountaine, environed with hills on every side, whereby it was not only defended from force of tempests which way soever the wind blew, but the very hills themselves were very sightly and serviceable; for on the one side, was a goodly vine-yard, wherein grew grapes of sundry sorts; on the other side it yielded a great quantity of grain; on another side were proper woods, which yielded a good store of timber and trees, wherein bred all manner of birds; on another side were warrens and conniborrows full of hares and connies; in another place was a goodly parke, wherein was no want of deer, red or fallow. Beyond these hills were goodly forrests full of gentlemanly game for hunting. In the valley where the palace stood, was a marvellous faire

greene meadow, through the middest whereof ran a river of fine fresh water, upon the brimmes whereof, on both sides along, grew apple trees, peare trees, plum trees, olive trees, elder trees, oke trees, elm trees, and such like; fast by the goodly bank, also, grew many young hasil trees full of nuts, at the time of the yeere; and by that againe such store of walnut trees, besides many ponds of fish, and excellent orchards of all kinds of fruit, and goodly gardens also of sweet flowers. The river was not without great store of water fouls; and as for the wood, there bred in it hawkes, hernes, pelicans, phesants, cranes, woodcocks, bitterns, kites, crows, cormorants, turtles, woodquists, eagles; to be short, all kind of birds possible, as might be perceived by the feathers, which fell from them to the ground pruning themselves: what should I speak of pigin houses and of such banketting places fine and delicate, why it were but folly. Besides all this, you must think what there were tennis courts and other places of pastimes, the walls thereof were very high, insomuch that it would have made one amazed and dizzie to look down from the top. There was also a marvailouse moate, and, fearful to behold, the bridge whereof was not broad, and called *Desperation*, the passage over being a long narrow plank, so that if one went awrie, he fell in with hazard never to be recovered. The stables were full of goodly horses, as hobbies, jennets, barbed horses, geldings, hackneys, mules, camels, and colts; the kennels full of dogs, as grey hounds, otter hounds, hare hounds, spaniels for land or water, mastives for bull, beare, and boare. We supt in a banketting house, and our supper excelled all the fare that ever I saw; Lady Venus kept me company, and I was dulled with the sumptuous service that I had: all my delight was to behold Lady Venus who sat over against me, insomuch, that at last Voluptuousness overcame; supper being ended, in came stage players, dancers, maskers, mummers, and many sports which we use daily in feasting. Now when I was weary, I took my leave of the company with good night, and then was I brought to the bravest chamber in all the pallace, Lady Venus and her waiting maids tending upon me, but every one departed when I was in bed, saving only Venus, the goddess of love, with whom I lay all night."

Chap. XI. "So long as the Knight continued in this pestilent pallace of Worldly Desire, following his own fantasie by vaine Voluptuousness enticed; he did no other thing but play the foole, daunce, leape, sing, eate, drinke, hawke, hunte, fish, whore, and such like, (as did the Prodigal Son) and lead a dissolute life for the space of eleven days, which signifies a marvelouse mystery and unfortunate; for the number eleven, by the opinion of Christian doctors and philosophers, is a wicked and unlucky number, for that the number of ten signifies the Ten Commandmentes of God, the number chosen, which is one more, prophesieth and fore-telleth the transgression of them. Wherefore the Knight having remained eleven days in the palace, grievously transgressing the will of God, letting loose the bridle of his owne affections, without restraining any of them; if thou note well the premises, and see into the sequel, you shall find that such as live after the order of the palace of Worldly Felicitie, being given to follow the

pompe and pride of the world, with the pleasures and voluptuousness of the same, and seeme willing to leade that life without purpose of changing, nay rather triumphing and rejoicing therein; I say truly, that such are transgressors of God's laws; contrarwise, such as account themselves heere to be but pilgrims, and fixe their affection on the other world, where Jesus Christ reigneth in glory, reputing this life an exile, and desiring to be delivered out of it to the end, they may enter at the palace of the heavenly King, and shall enjoy the fulnesse and happinesse thereof."

Chap. XII. "After I had sojourned eleven daies in the palace, transgressing God's Commandments and leading a beastly life; I desired to ride into the forrests thereabouts, not intending to give over voluptuous life, but for my pleasure, because I was weary of making good cheere; for although worldlings delight to eate, drink, daunce, leape, sing, ride, run, and such like, yet notwithstanding, they cannot continue in this trade of life, without intermingling it with some recreation, wherefore they often leave by that constraint their pastimes, though they intend to returne thereto again, they do not utterly abandon them, but break off a season to procure better appetite; I then being weary, was willing to see the warrens and other pleasure, which, when my governess Folly understood, she told the tale to lady Voluptuousnesse, and she consented to hunt or hawke with me, whereof I was right glad: then I apparelled myself in hunter's guise; instead of my helmet, a hat full of feathers, for mine armor an horne, and I leapt upon Temeritie my horse, Voluptuousness had a hobby, Folly a jennet, and the other ladies every one of them a palfrey. There came the huntsmen with greyhounds and mastives, hooping, hallowing, and galloping together, some one way, some another. The dogs were at a buke, up starts the hare, the cry was pleasant to heare; but in the midst of all our pastimes, I chanced to breathe my horse, and turning towards the palace of Worldly Felicitie, sodainly I saw it sinke into the earth and every body therein. But what lamentable outcryes they made, you that have reason are to judge; then did there arise amongst us a whirlwinde with an earthquake, which set us all asunder, insomuch, that I and my horse sunke in mire up to the saddle, and all the while my mistress Folly only remained with me, this earthquake yielded such an air of brimstone, that the like hath not beene felt: then I perceived that I was far from the palace, gardens, orchards, and vineyards of Voluptuousness, and rather in a beastly bog sticking fast, and nothing neere mee but serpents, snakes, adders, toads, and venomous wormes. Such was my perplexity in this case that I fell into despaire, being not able to speak one word, I was so sore annoyed."* * * *

Second Part, Chap. I.

"It was a weary matter for a man of himself to fall into hell, but it is impossible for him to get out againe, unless by the help of God's-Grace; I terme him into hell, who lives in continual wickednesse, committing sin with delight, for if he die in that state, hell is his reward; but in this life, if he repent there is hope and salvation, for by God's-Grace he may be comforted and delivered. Therefore, man of

himselfe falleth into perdition, but without God's-Grace he cannot rise. God, therefore, seeing his creature given to all vanitie, led with ambition of worldly honor, and not ceasing his sinful life, oftentimes sends adversity, diseases, dishonors, and confusion in the world, to make him humble, and to open the eyes of reason, which Voluptuousness had shut, whereby he may come to the knowledge of his sins, and confess the same to God."

Chap. II. "When I was out of the bog, humbly on my knees I gave thanks to God's-Grace for his goodness, being assured that he to whom God does good is not worthy thereof, if he is not thankful. Then God's-Grace marched his way before me, saying that I should follow her, the which I did, for doubtlesse our free-will guideth not God's-Grace, but God's-Grace guideth our free-will. Then I followed her all to be-dagled, untill wee came where I had seene the palace of Worldly Felicitie in greatest glory, turned into a deep dungeon of darkness, boyling with consuming fire, whence came a wilde vapour and stinking smoake of burning brimstone, over the which we must pass by a little plank: whereat I was afraid, so that the hair of my heade stood an ende; then with sorrowful sighs I beseached God's-Grace to tell me the sight which I saw: (quoth she) this is the place of thy voluptuous palace with all thy allies, amongst whom thou was entertained. Mark well if I had not beene thy helpe and shewed thee mercie, thou hadst been plagued with them. Thinke with thyself, if the place be pleasent or no. Thou seest how the divell handleth these that be here with torments. This is the Grey King Lucifer, whom thou supposedst to have seene accompanied with so many nobles in the palace of Counterfait Felicitie—these be they that frie in the furnace. Here is the reward of such as serve him. Then we saw a great bed grow red hot, wherein lay a naked woman whom a great dragon imbraced, playing with his tayle between her legs, with two ugly serpents winding about her thighs, and eating her privy members. This miserable woman, lamenting, cryed aloud with terrible noise. This (quoth God's-Grace) is the brave bed wherein thou layest, and this woman the Goddess of Love, which kept thee company; wouldst thou be glad now to serve her? To which I answered, no. Thou seest (quoth she) this is the end of voluptuous livers and wicked worldlings. Ask her, then, now where are her Pleasure and Voluptuousnesse. Alas, lady, (quoth I) for feare I dare not; then with a loud voyce she began particularly asking the question, saying, O cursed outcasts of God and wretched worldlings, where are now your fair chambers hanged with silke tapestrie, goodly gardens, game dogs of all sorts, your birdes, your horses, your brave apparel, your delicate wines, your change of meales, your sweet waters and servantes, cookes and butlers, your ladies of love, and such like: O unhappy people, your change is great, &c. &c. Then over the high mountaines and ragged rocks away we walked till we came to a crosse way, where Vertue wished me to follow her, whose sayings when I called to minde, it made me weep bitterly for my sinnes and follies past. But when God's-Grace perceived me to be weary and 'noyed with the smells that I found in that loathsome lake, for pity she tooke me in her armes, and at the last she shewed me the school of re-

pentance, whither I must goe before I could enter into true felicitie."

Chap. III. When we approached to the school of repentance, which was built upon a high hill, environed with a moate named Humility, God's-Grace called, and outcame Lady Repentance in plaine apparel, having next her naked skin a smock of haire-cloath, and upon the same a gowne of sack-cloth, girded together with a great leather girdle, a kercher of coarse canvise upon her head. With her also came two waiting maids, named Sorrow-for-sinne and Confession-of-sinnes, both apparelled like their lady. The first seemed very sorrowfulle and sadde, and the second was bashfulle and shamefas't, and hung downe her head. Then God's-Grace spake to Repentance, and presenting me unto her, said, here is a knight which I have brought to thy schoole, that he might forget the evill that he hath learned abroad, and to be instructed in the good which he never yet knew." * * * *

Chap. VII. "Then, as we were talking, God's-Grace said unto me, Sir Knight, I give thee for thy governour, this good hermit Understanding; believe his counsel and do what he commands you; then I remembered my old governess Folly, whom I left in the bogge amongst serpents and toads. So I was very glad of my governour, and gave thanks to God's-Grace, who from the table gave me drugs to eate, and repeated unto me a place written in the eighty-eight Psalm of David, 'open thy mouth wide and I will fill it.'"

ART. VI. *Love's Victory: a Tragi-Comedy, by* William Chamberlayne, *of Shaftesbury, in the County of Dorset.*

Odiumque perit
Cum jussit amor, veteres cedunt
Ignibus iræ.

London: printed by E. Cotes, and are to be sold by Robert Clavell, at the Stag's-head, neer St. Gregorie's Church, in St. Paul's Church Yard, 1658, *pp.* 87.

Of the author of this play we have already given some account, in our analysis of his heroick poem of *Pharonnida*. The play bears a very strong resemblance, both in the tone of feeling and in the sentiments, to his more matured production—there is the same dignity of action and of thought in the higher scenes, mixed, however, with much more that is mean, and some that is utterly contemptible. There is frequently an admirable propriety in his thoughts, but he wanted judgement in the selection, and taste in the disposition of them. He is fond of illustrating the grand and the beautiful in nature and in feeling, by allusions to objects of art and of science, more especially in his own profession, which sometimes lead him into conceit and sometimes into meanness.—It was, indeed, the fault of his age.

XUM

—But the mind of Chamberlayne was not of that high order which pierces into the "hidden secrets of the heart," and displays it in all its awful and solemn workings;—he does not suspend our breathing with the depth and intensity of passion, or flood our eyes with delicious tears—nor does he delight us with those sudden transitions from the dark to the bright, in the inward motions of the soul, which come over the intellectual eye, like a gleam of sunshine on the dark bosom of the heaving ocean. Yet there *is* feeling—there *is* passion—gentle—equable—noble—dignified; but the one is not deep, nor the other intense—he does not "storm the soul." Poets, like painters, are distinguishable by the style and colouring of their works—Chamberlayne is peculiarly so; he is, indeed, a complete mannerist—he rings the changes on his favourite conceptions incessantly—he varies them and dresses them up, but they still bear striking marks of identity. He has hollowed out a channel in which his genius flows: sometimes with a gentle and delightful murmuring, rising against its rocky sides and embossing them with its white spray; and at its flood tide, rolling on a noble and majestic stream in a continuous course, but seldom flowing over its banks, or breaking out into grand irregularities. He appears to have had no idea of rhythm—no perception of the harmony of numbers—"of the sweet food of *sweetly-uttered* knowledge." His poem is written in blank verse, tagged with a rhyme which the reader finds it impossible to rest upon, and difficult to pass over; and which is moreover in itself awkward and constrained. Such is the general character of William Chamberlayne's poetical powers. And notwithstanding all this, he is no ordinary poet—he had the living elements of poetry within him, though he wanted a better judgement to manage them. The drama which is now before us, and which is the only one he ever wrote, contains some interesting situations and passages of considerable beauty; but the author was a better poet than a dramatist. There is a want of keeping in the play; and, in the comic scenes, a total absence of truth and probability.—Some parts are, indeed, very miserable. It is a notable expedient of Vanlore, a favoured lover, who, to prevent the union of his mistress with a rich rival, forbids the banns in the shape and semblance of the devil, and roars the father, the intended son-in-law, and all together in terror out of the church. Although our author has contrived to unite four couples in spite of the obstacles so often interposed between amorous wishes and their happy consummation, we shall, in our short sketch of the plot, confine ourselves to the two most prominent in the group. The kingdom of Sicily being divided by rebellion, a battle is fought between Oroandes, the general of the king's army, and Zannazarro, the chief of the rebels. In this engagement, Oroandes is

wounded, and retires to a temple to have his wounds dressed.—Here he finds Eurione, the beautiful sister of Zannazarro, who had sought refuge in the same place on the defeat of her brother. Protection is promised on the one side, gratitude succeeds on the other.—It was but a short step to a softer passion, and love insensibly glided, with its gentle influence, into the hearts of beings met under such singular circumstances. The king, however, determines to sacrifice Zannazarro, (who is also made captive,) and his sister, to Mars and Minerva. To the priest of the latter is committed the charge of preparing Eurione for this awful solemnity, and deplorably does he belie his sacred calling—he offers to save her, on terms which must swell the veins of an honourable woman with indignation. In the midst of his promises and threats, Oroandes springs from behind the altar. The priest, as some atonement for his contemplated dishonesty, points out the means of saving the destined victims. Preparations are made for the sacrificial ceremony, and Oroandes, in the garments of the priest, is ushered in with soft music. The air is suddenly rent with thunder, the images of the gods are reversed, and the vestments of the priest appear spotted with blood. This palpable manifestation of the anger of the gods induces the priests to untie the victims; soft music is again heard, and the images resume their original position. The king is asking pardon of the gods, when Oroandes discovers himself and the imposture of the priest. Zannazarro and his sister are pardoned. The king, who supposes his betrothed bride, Heroina, the princess of Cyprus, to have perished at sea, falls in love with Eurione. Aware of the love of Oroandes for this lady, but unable to subdue his passion, he commands Oroandes to meet him behind the hermit's rock—Oroandes obeys, and the king falls by his unwilling hand. The former flies for assistance; but, during his absence, the king is found by a band of robbers and conveyed to a cave, where he is attended by Heroina, who had fallen into the same hands. Heroina, fancying him to bear some resemblance to the king, questions him on his birth, and learning that he is attached to the king's personal service, discloses her rank to him, and subsequently to the captain of the robbers, who accompanies them to court, where they find the council assembled, and Oroandes on the point of destroying his own life. The king discovers himself, and all terminates very happily.

The storm, in which Heroina's ship is lost, is thus described:

> "When first our full-spread sailes were pregnant grown
> With prosperous gales of wind, and all our hopes
> Swel'd equall to their full-stretch't wombs, and we
> With joy beheld proud Ætna's gloomy top,
> And sleighting Neptune did begin to pray

To our domestick Lares; even then,
A spightful storm, stretch't on the wings of all
The clamorous winds, proclaims a combat, and
Chuses our latitude the fatall lists.
The Sun's fair mirrour curles her even brow,
Whilst white arm'd waves catch at the clouds, and fall
Like liquid mountains on our sinking ships;
Our rent sailes hang on tops of rocks, our cords
Crack like the fibres of a dying heart:
The frighted sailor, more distracted than
The elements, into confusion startles;
The master vainly calls for help, till, by
An angry wave washt off, he loses all
His hopes i' th' sea's unfathom'd womb. Whil'st in
These full-mouth'd oathes, Nature's intemperate sons
Swore our destruction, a calm gale's soft breath
Fans off despair; we now behold none but
Pacifick seas.—"

This description contains a strange mixture of good and bad; some of the images are striking, but we cannot conceive a more perverted taste, than to compare the mighty struggle of conflicting elements, threatening destruction, to "full-mouth'd oaths;" but, although the passage does not reach any high degree of excellence, it is, on the whole, worth extracting. The scene in the temple of Minerva, between the Priest and Eurione, is executed with considerable effect.—Oroandes resolves to rescue her.

"*Oro.* All yet is silent, dark, and secret, as if
The powers of night did favour our intent.
* * * * * *
This hour
This dismall silent hour, is near the time,
In which the priest, with hidden mysteries,
To purge his offering from all the staynes
Of secret thoughts, into this temple comes.
* * * * * They come.

[*He withdraws.*

Enter Eurione, *led by the* Priest of Minerva.

Pri. Hail, noble virgin!—more to be ador'd
Than she whom our fond superstition makes
Our common-wealth's protectresse.

Eur. What language do I hear?—are you her priest,
And dare profane your own Minerva thus?

Pri. I would not have your judgment, lady, look

On us with such deluded eyes, to think
We pay a private adoration to
This gilded marble, only deified
By some imperfect souls' unworthy fear,
Whose reason, darkened, flew to fancy for
Relief, and from whose vain ideas fram'd
Those tutelary powers, which wiser men
Pretend devotion to, only to awe
Irregular humanity into
A dull obedience to their power, which were
Mad to adore those deities they make.

Eur. Oh, horrid blasphemy!
Are these the hallow'd mysteries you use
To sanctifie your offerings with? or is't
Your cruelty, now I am near the steep
And dangerous precipice of death, to stagger
A feeble woman's faith, that so your mortall
May passe to an eternal punishment?
Had I no drop of blood but what had been
Fir'd with a feaver of hot lusts, the grave's
Cold damps, unfetter'd by your prince's doom,
Had long ere this extinguisht them. My soul
The warm embraces of her flesh is now,
Even now, forsaking; this frail body must,
Like a lost feather, fall from off the wing
Of vanity;—ere many minutes, lie
A lump of loth'd corruption, foul enough,
Without being with so black a sin deform'd.

Pri. Deluded innocence! think you, that fate should rob
Me of the glorious treasure of your beauty,
Soon as I had enjoyed it? What though you are
With your heroick brother destin'd to
Conform a simple prince's zeal; I know
Wayes to evade it, that shall make him tremble
To touch this sacred beauty, with a reverence
Holy as that he payes unto the gods:
Whilst you (though now) ordain'd to die a martyr,
Shall live a saint, among the sacred number
That in this temple spend their happy hours
In silent close delights, such as do make
The amorous soul spring in the womb of fancy:
Here every hour that links the chain of life,
We fill with pleasures, yet ne'er feel their surfeits,
Degenerate to that pale disease of fear
The ignorant world calls conscience.

Eur. How strangely lies the devill here disguis'd
Within the masque of age and holiness.
Pri. Of age !——look here, Eurione,
[*Throws off his pontificals.*
Is this a face to be dispised ? be not amaz'd :
The holy reverence which the people bear
Unto my office, keeps me so much a stranger
Unto their knowledge, that I still may be
Secure within the shade of a disguise,
Pleasing the sprightly vestals, which my youth
Knows better how to do than feeble age.
Had not that excellence of beauty which
Appears in you, bright as men fancy angels,
I had not stoop't to this discovery; but,
With the severity of my office, led
You to inevitable death, which now
My love redeems you from, if with a fair
Consent you meet the vigour of my passion.
Eur. Witnesse, you gods, that see my soul devellop'd
From every thought of earth, how soon more willingly
I would submit myself to the embraces
Of crawling worms, the cold inhabitants
Of silent dormitories, than to have
My dying hopes warm'd into life again
By those wilde fires of thy prodigious lusts.
No, impious villain !—when ghastly horror makes
A giddy circle round thy death-bed, and
Thy sins, like Furies, all appear to fright
Thy trembling soul from her last stage of life—
When thou shalt curse thy birth-day, and implore
Eternall darknesse to obscure thee from
Heaven's all discerning eye, this sin shall not
Make up a link o' th' everlasting chain.
Pri. Must I be then denied ? fond girl ! thou hast
Precipitated all the hopes of life,
By this abortive virtue ; unlesse thou canst
Command a guard of those imaginary
And helplesse deities, to circle thee
In forms more dreadful than the night, or death,
Presents them to our fears, no power shall save thee ;
Thy prayers are sown on unrelenting rocks—
Mixt with a wildernesse of air ; through which
Thou'lt never find them in their wisht effects.
Tush ! this weak resistance is in vain—
The virgin goddesse stirs not. [Eurione *flies to the altar.*

Eur. Oh, hear—hear me, you sacred powers,
And from your thrones look on an injured maid.
Pri. Poor fool !—they're deaf to thunder.
Eur. Some pitying god protect me."

[Oroandes *comes forward.*

With what dignity and scorn does Eurione repel the offers of the Priest's "prodigious lusts;" with what awful solemnity does she pour forth her denunciation, as if it had burst from the stony lips of Minerva herself.

Zannazarro takes leave of his sister thus.

"*Zan.* So—now we have ended, my Eurione,
All our imployments on the earth : this is
The last of all our mortall interviews !
The wheels of time, worn on the road of age,
Will lose their motion, ere we shall again
Meet in the robes of flesh, which must, ere that,
Change to a thousand shapes its varied dust :
Yet still (—dear girl) our souls unseparable
Shall walk together to eternity."

Act III.

The King, after struggling with his passion for Eurione until all his better feelings were silenced, resolves to put his love upon the fortune of the sword.

The scene between him and Oroandes possesses great merit; it is introduced by a picture of placid beauty, which imparts to the mind of the reader the same harmonious sentiments which shed a dignified calm over the soul of Oroandes. They are noble spirits both. Oroandes is the very abstraction of loyalty —of high and principled loyalty. The poet has skilfully depicted the dread with which the King shrinks from breathing his guilty purpose; till, for fear of failing altogether in his object, he drags it forth with shame to light, and, impatient of a pretext to escape from the very thought of it, in the tumult of combat, seizes the words in which Oroandes disparagingly compares Eurione with the Cyprian princess, almost before they are uttered.

Oroandes *alone, reading a note.*

"*Oro.* —The hour, five—the place, the plain beneath the
Hermit's rock.
I have not miss'd in either circumstance,
Unlesse my haste anticipated time;—it yet is not full five;
——, The morning hath not lost her virgin blush,
Nor step, but mine, soil'd the earth's tinsel'd robe.

——How full of heaven this solitude appears,
This healthful comfort of the happy swain;
Who from his hard, but peacefull bed rous'd up,
In's morning exercise saluted is
By a full quire of feather'd choristers,
Wedding their notes to the inamour'd air.
Here, Nature in her unaffected dresse,
Plaited with vallies and imbost with hills,
Enchas'd with silver streams, and fring'd with woods,
Sits lovely in her native russet. * * *
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

Enter the King, *disguised.*

'Tis he, but strangely chang'd.

King. Oroandes, you're now a loyal subject.

Oro. All my ambition ne'er flew higher, sir,
Than in that region of your thoughts to thrive.

King. There it was grown to full maturity,
Ere thou wrotest man, my Oroandes; but I must,
Like wanton Nero, either ruine all
The glorious structure of thy hopes, or live
Imprison'd in thy loyalty;—thy life,
'Till now my strongest fortresse, is become
The fatall engine of my ruine.

Oro. ——Heavens! what have I done to merit this?

King. Nothing but been too virtuous, and by that
Center'd affections, which I must remove,
Or shake thee into chaos.

Oro. This language blasts me: sure, I have no sin
Ponderous enough to buoy your vengeance up
Unto this dangerous height. Did I but think
One viper lodg'd in my remotest thought,
I'd tear each fibre of my heart to find
The monster forth; and, in my blood imbalm'd,
Throw it as far as life's short span can reach.
But heaven my witnesse is, no flame of zeal
But hath been yours i' the second magnitude;
My vowes, of kin to those I paid the gods,
My prayers, but love and duty fir'd into
A holy calenture: yet if all this,
Like a small star's kind influence govern'd by
A regall planet's crosse aspects, must drop
It's fading beams into that house of death,
Your fierce destructive anger, let me shew

The latitude of my obedience, in
Dying at the command of him for whom
I only wish to live. Did my friends
Look on the object through their tears, the ghost
Of my dead mother, capable of grief
As of eternity, and yet clothed in
Humanitie's most frail affections; all
Those rivulets of sorrow should not wash
The sanguine stain of my resolves, so they,
If executed, could procure a calm
In this high tempest of your soul.

King. Thy virtue fathomes not my depth of guilt;
Such a prevention of my anger would
Only exchange the active passion for
Sorrow as insupportable: those characters,
Which must unfold the sables of my soul,
Are in dark hieroglyphicks hid, through which
Thy strength of judgment cannot pierce.

Oro. You speak in misty wonders, sir; such as lead
My apprehension into wild meanders.

King. This will unriddle all your doubts—Draw.

Oro. Against my sovereign!—an act so wicked would
Retort the guilty steel into my breast.
Fear never yet marbled a coward's blood
More than obedience mine; that breath hath lockt
In ice the panting channels of my heart,
No spirits dare from their cold center move.

King. Will you deny, when I command?

Oro. Pardon me, royall sir; had such a voice
Legitimated my attempts, I had
Not paus'd at the encounter of a danger,
Horrid, as all the wars o' th' elements,
When ruffled into stormes, could present:
I would bestride a cloud with lightning charg'd,
In's full career affront a thunderbolt,
Leap through the clefts of earthquakes, or attempt
To prop the ruins of a falling rock,
Yet count all this my happiness, so I
Met death in the white robes of loyalty.
But to encounter such a ghastly foe
In the black shadow of rebellion, shakes
The strongest pillars of my soul. You are my king!
My king—whose frowns should be
More dreadfull to me, than oraculous truths
When threat'ning sudden ruines; your sacred person

Is circl'd with divinity, which, without reverence
To touch, is sacrilege; to look on, sin;
Unlesse each glance is usher'd with a prayer.
Kings are but living temples, wherein is,
As in the nation's center, the chief seat
Of their protecting god: and shall I then
Pollute my hands in blood, whose every drop
Would swell my countrey's tears into a flood?
King. Are my attempts priz'd at so cheap a rate?
Wears not my sword a danger on it's point
As well as thine?—draw—or I shall conclude
'Tis fear, not loyalty, that charms thy hand.
Oro. This stirs my blood:—were you a private man,
That only had his better genius to
Protect him, though allied to me by all
The ties of nature and of friendship, yet,
Being thus far urg'd, our swords long since should have
Made known whose stars the brighter influence had.
King. I have unfetter'd all those legall bondes—draw;
For thy denying, now but sleights my power.
Oro. Then, since there's no evasion,
Witnesse, ye gods, my innocence is wrong'd.
——But, gratious sir,——
Before I fall, or stand lesse fortunate
To see your overthrow, oh let me know
What fate, what cruell fate, hath robb'd me of
The treasures of your love: I never yet
Sullied my soul with any thought that might
Deserve your hate; heaven is my faithful witnesse
I harbour none of you, but such as are
More full of zeal than those pure orizons,
Which martyr'd saints mix with their dying groans.
King. And must such goodnesse die!—know, noble youth,
I am so far from calling it desert
In thee, that hath unsheath'd my sword, that, in
This midnight storm of fancy, I can shed
Some drops of pity too: pity, to change
So true a subject for a treacherous guest.
I come not rashly to attempt thy life,
But long have struggled with my hot desire;
Stood fiery trials of temptations, which
Have sublimated reason, till it's grown
Too volatile to be contain'd within
My brain, that over-heated crucible.
I am diseas'd, and know no way to health

But through a deluge of thy blood.
Oro. There needs not, then, this storm to break down
The bayes that verge the crimson sea: this stroke
Shall open all the sluces of my blood.
King. Hold—or else thou rob'st me of my fixt resolves.
——There is a cause,
Commands me die in the attempt, or kill thee.
Oro. Dear sir, reveal it;
That, ere I fall, my penitential tears
May from that leprous crime expunge my soul.
King. Alas, brave youth! thy innocence needs not
The laver of a tear; thy candid thoughts
White as the robes of angels are, but mine
The dress of devills: I that should protect,
Am come to rob my best of subjects—to rob
Thee of thy dearest treasure: I know thy love
To fair Eurione, inseparable,
As goodnesse from a deity; yet must
Deprive thee of this darling of thy soul.
Oro. With pardon, royall sir, I cannot think
The Cyprian princesse is so soon forgot;
With whom compar'd, my poor Eurione
Though bright to me, to more-discerning eyes
Shines dim as the pale moon, when she lets fall
Through a dark grove her melancholy beams.
King. Dost thou affect her, yet dispraise a beauty
That in its orb contracts divinity?
This profanation, what had else been sin,
Will render meritorious——guard thyself."

[*They fight, and the* King *falls.*
Act IV. *Scene* II.

There is great dignity in the preceding scene; the following passage and soliloquy, also, possess considerable merit—there are some beautiful touches of natural emotion in the bitter agonies of self-reproach of Oroandes—in the gushing out of an anguished heart;—such appeals are never made in vain—they strike upon the golden chain which links us with our common nature, and awaken the deepest sympathies of the heart.

Enter Oroandes *and a* Surgeon.

Oro. Not find the body, say'st?
Sur. No, sir; yet, by the large effusion of his blood,
Had a too sad assurance of the place:
Some mountaineers have certainly conveyed

His body thence to burial; those bloody characters
Are arguments of no lesse ill than death.

Oro. Then I am lost eternally—lost to all
That bears a show of goodnesse; heaven and earth
Will both strive to forget they ever knew
A soul deform'd with wickednesse like mine.
—My feverish sins dry up the dews of mercy
In their descent, and blast all vertue that
Approaches near me; I shall never find
A saint in heaven, or friend on earth, but will,
As a dire prodigy, created to
Scatter infection through the world, forsake
My hated company, as fit to mix
With none but the society of devils.

Sur. Sir, I wish, I in ought else could serve you.

[*Exit Sur.*

Oro. I thank thee, friend——
Heavens——
What an unwieldy monster am I grown,
Since, by this act, swel'd to a regicide—
——Oh! my accursed stars, that only lent
Your influence to light me to damnation;
Not all my penitential tears shall e'er
Wash off the spots from my stain'd soul; this gangrene
Is cur'd by no lixivium, but of blood.
My heart is lodg'd within a bed of snakes,
Such as old fancies arm'd the furies with.
Conscience waits on me like the frighting shades
Of ghosts, when gastly messengers of death.
My thoughts are but the inforc't retreats
Of tortur'd reason to a troubled fancy.

Act V.

* * * * *

Enter Oroandes, *alone, in the habit of a Forrester.*

Oro. Not yet—not yet at quiet—no disguise
Is dark enough to curtain o'er my guilt;
Pale as the ghastly looks of men condemn'd,
It sits upon my conscience. I see there is
No place affords that soul a safe retreat,
That is pursued by a sharp-scented sin.
The prosperous murtherer, that hath cloth'd his guilt
In royall ermins, all those furs of state
Cannot preserve from trembling; he looks on
Dejected wretches as assassinates,

And each petition for a ponyard fears.
—Yet these are more secure than I, they may
Pretend to merit in their wickednesse,
And call their crimes the cure of sickly states;
But I am left no refuge, 'lesse to know
The depth of horror can no further go.
—Alas! poor virtue, all thy white-wing'd zeal
Is wrought into a bed of sables, since,
Leaving thy heavenly dictates, I betray'd
Myself unto these sooty guards of hell,
Whose black inhabitants already call
Me one of their society;—my eyes
Are grown more killing than the basilisk's,
And each vein fill'd with poison, since these hands,
These cursed hands, were stain'd with royall blood.
—Hah!—all this is true—
But do I want more desperation yet?
Are there not fiends enough, now waiting on me,
To guide my trembling hand untill it reach
The center of my life?

[*Draws his sword.*

This fatall weapon slew my prince;
—This was his blood that stains it,—
The blood that warm'd those browes, a crown imbrac'd,
—Let forth by me t' embalm the earth, and in
Warm vapors spend the pretious breath of life,
Which, mounting upwards, sent perfumes to heaven;
* * * * * *
No, I will live—live, till divellop'd guilt
Makes me a publick spectacle of hate—and then
Fall with my sins about me, when each tongue
Adds to their ponderous weight a full-mouth'd curse."

Act V.

A gentle and tender melancholy is diffused over the affecting reflections, in the soliloquies of Vanlore, a noble gentleman, but of low fortune, to whom his rival, a rich simpleton, is preferred by the father of Theocrine.

"*Van.* How purblind is the world, that such a monster,
In a few dirty acres swadled, must
Be mounted, in opinion's empty scale,
Above the noblest virtues that adorn
Souls that make worth their center, and to that
Draw all the lines of action! Worn with age,
The noble soldier sits, whilst, in his cell

The scholar stews his catholique brains for food.
The traveller, return'd and poor, may go
A second pilgrimage to farmer's doors, or end
His journey in a hospital; few being
So generous to relieve, where vertue doth
Necessitate to crave. Harsh poverty,
That moth, which frets the sacred robe of wit,
Thousands of noble spirits blunts, that else
Had spun rich threads of fancy from their brain:
But they are souls too much sublim'd to thrive."

Act I. *Scene* I.

* * * * *
* * * * *

The following lines, addressed by Oroandes to Eurione, are exquisitely beautiful.

——— "The morning pearls,
Dropt in the lillie's spotlesse bosome, are
Lesse chastly cool, ere the meridian sun
Hath kist them into heat."

Oroandes says to Zannazarro, when in rebellion:

"Nobility, like heaven's bright plannets, waits
Upon the sun of majesty, whilst none
But comets drop from their usurped spheres."

ART. VII. *The Felicitie of Man, or, his Summum Bonum. Written by* S^r^ R. Barckley, K^t.

In cœli summum permanet arce bonum.
Boeth. de Cons. Philos. lib. 3.

London: Printed by R. Y. *and are sold by* Rich. Roystone, *at his shop in Ivie Lane.* 1631. *Small* 4*to, pp.* 717.

Of this author, or his book, we have not been able to find any notice or account whatever. It is a quarto, of a pretty good thickness,—is rare, and purports to be an ethical treatise on human happiness, consisting of six books. In the first, the author offers to prove, and by example to shew, that felicity consists not in pleasure,—In the second, not in riches,—In the third, not in honour and glory,—In the fourth, not in moral virtue, or in the action of virtue, after the academicks and peripateticks, nor in philosophical contemplation,—In the

XUM

fifth, he declares his own opinion of the happiness of this life —and in the sixth, he shews, wherein consists the true felicity and SUMMUM BONUM of man, and the way to attain it. To establish these several propositions by examples, Sir Richard Barckley has wandered over all the fields of ancient and modern history, and culled every story, every anecdote, every narrative, and almost every maxim, that could by any means be made applicable to his purpose, and some that could not;—he has visited every spring that would yield a flower or an extraordinary weed on its green margin, and has ransacked every sequestered nook and secret place, to collect materials: for this "one special purpose" he has, he says, "walked into the muses' garden, and perusing divers sorts of things, applied by the authors to divers uses, has gathered together some of those, which he thought most fit to serve his purpose; and although they were good as they lay scattered, yet being gathered together and applied to some special use, they are made more profitable than as they lay dispersed."

It is in fact a garner filled with the most amusing and best histories, and little narrations, told in the author's own words, and occasionally enlarged, but in perfect keeping and consistency.—Many of them are related from memory, and thereby have attained something of the freedom and spirit of originals. We have often thought, that a collection of all the old stories of antiquity, as they are scattered about Herodotus, Diogenes Laertius, Ælian, and other writers of that description, if re-told in the spirit of modern times, and with a genuine feeling of their truth and beauty, might make a very pleasing little volume.* The book before us has not the elastic vivacity, nor the pensive sweetness, which should both be main features in such a work. There is, indeed, a heaviness and clumsiness about the unknown knight's production, which would prevent its ever being a prime favourite with us; yet we cannot help frequently admiring the lumbering sort of dexterity with which he brings his artillery of tales and anecdotes to bear upon the true "Summum Bonum." Though we are inclined to attach very little importance to Sir Richard as an ethical writer, we lament the scarcity of this most amusing storehouse of fact and fiction. Sir Richard is not a man troubled with scepticism—

* Since writing the above, we have seen some numbers of a small weekly publication, entitled "*The Indicator*," by Leigh Hunt, the author of *Rimini;* which in a great measure comes up to the idea here expressed, and which, if continued with the same luxuriance of fancy and the same hearty feeling for the humane and the beautiful, will form, when finished, an exquisite addition to our periodical library.

that which has been handed down, he opens his heart to and straight transfers to his book—devils, angels, saints, popes, kings, and sages, chase each other through his pages—he is no respecter of authorities in books, having as much regard, or rather a preference for the marvellous, when the moral is equally good.

The following legend is retailed with some power of forcible representation.

" Pope Sylvester the Second, called before, Gilbert, a Frenchman borne, came by the popedom, as Platina, Nauclerus, Benno, the Cardinall, and others report, by the help of the divell. In his youth he became a monke: but forsaking the monastery, he followed the divell, to whom he had wholly given himselfe, and went to Hispalis, a citie in Spaine, for learning's sake: where his hap was to insinuate himself into the favour of a Saracen philosopher, skilfule in magicke. In this man's house he saw a book of necromancy, which he was desirous to steale away. But the booke being very warily and safely kept by the Saracen's daughter, with whom he had familiar acquaintance, at last he wan her favour, that he might secretly take it away, and reade it over. Which when he had gotten into his possession, with promise to deliver it againe, he determined to depart thence, fearing neverthelesse what danger he might fall into, by his theft. After he had escaped this danger, being overcome with ambition, and a divellish desire to rule, he obtained first by corruption, the archbishopricke of Reymes, and afterward that of Ravenna, and at last the popedom, as is sayd before, by the helpe of the divell; upon condition that after his death, he should be wholly his, by whose subtilty he had attained to that high dignitie. And although in his popedome he dissembled his necromancy, yet he kept in a secret place a brasen head, of whom he received answere of such things as he was disposed to demand of the divell. At length when this Gilbert, desirous to reigne long, asked the divell how long he should live pope, the wicked spirit answered him cunningly after his maner, that if he came not to Jerusalem, he should live long. And as it happened him to say masse, after he had reigned four years and somewhat more, in a church called the holy crosse at Jerusalem, he fell suddenly into an extreame fever, and knew by the rumbling and noyse of the divell, (who looked for performance of his promise) that his time was come to dye: but he falling into an earnest repentance, and openly confessing his impietie and familiarity with the divell to the people, bewailed his grievous offence committed against God, and exhorted all men to beware of ambition, and the subtiltie of the divell, and to lead an honest and godly life. When he perceived that death approached, he desired that his hands and tongue might be cut off, because with them he had blasphemed God, and sacrificed to the divell, and then that his mangled carkase, as it had deserved, might be layd in a cart, and the horses driven forth without any guide, and where they did of their owne accord stay, that there his body might be buried. All which things being done, the horses stayed when they came against a church

of Lateran, where they tooke him forth and buried him: whereby men conjecture, that through his repentance God shewed him mercy. Neverthelesse, whatsoever became of his soule, the divell would not leave his old acquaintance with his body in many years after. For their writers report, that a little before the death of many Popes that succeeded him, his bones should be heard to rattle, and his tombe would sweate. By which signes men knew that a Pope would shortly dye. But if a common custome had not altered the case, and qualified the greatnesse of the fault, it would have seemed strange, that they which professe themselves to bee vicars of Christ, should bee so familiarly acquainted with the divell. For there were eighteene Popes necromancers, one succeeding another, as some write."

We think the reader will be pleased with Sir Richard's mode of dishing up this story.

There was a disputation on a time between this Solon, who was married and had one onely sonne, a towardly young man, and Thales another of the sages, that was unmarried; which estate was better, marriage or a single life: Solon commended matrimony, Thales preferred the other: and when he perceived that he could not perswade Solon by reason and argument to be of his opinion, he practised this device. When their talke was ended, being both at Thales his house, Thales went forth and caused one to faine an errand to him, and say as he had instructed him, as though hee came from Athens, where Solon's dwelling was: this man like a stranger, as these two wise men were talking together within the house, knocketh at the doore; Thales letteth him in: the man faineth a message to him from a friend of his at Athens: Solon hearing him say that hee came from Athens, went forth of the next roome to him, and asked what newes at Athens? Little newes (quoth he) but as I came forth of the city, I saw the senatours and principall men of Athens going to the buriall of a young man. Solon going into the other roome againe, and musing who this should bee, being in some doubt lest peradventure it should bee his sonne, commeth forth to him againe, and asked him whether he knew who it should be that was dead? He answered that he had forgotten his name, but it was the onely sonne of a notable man in Athens, and that for the reverence and love that they did beare to his father, all the nobilitie and principal men of the city went to his buriall. Then Solon greatly confused and troubled in minde, goeth from him againe, fearing his owne sonne, and being farre out of quiet, returneth to aske him, whether he could not call to remembrance the name of this young man's father, if he heard it reckoned? He answered, that he thought he could remember his name, if he might heare it againe. And after Solon had reckoned up the names of a great many of the principall men of the city, and the other denying them to be the man, he came at last to his own name, and asked whether he were not called Solon? And when the other affirmed that to be the name of the father of this young man that was dead, Solon cryeth out upon his onely sonne, and maketh great lamentation; he teareth his haire, and beateth his head against the wall, and doth all things that men use to do in ca-

lamitie. When Thales had beheld him a while in this passion, be of good comfort, Solon, (saith he) thy sonne liveth; but now yee see by your owne example what evill things are incident to marriage."

The following is one of the author's illustrations of the first proposition, that felicity does not consist in pleasure:

"The Indians have a manner, when they have taken one of their enemies prisoner, whom they meane not presently to eate, not to imprison him, as the use is in these parts of the world, but they bring him with great triumph into the village, where hee dwelleth that hath taken him, and there place him in a house of some man that was lately slaine in the warres, as it were to re-celebrate his funerals, and give unto him his wives and sisters to attend upon him, and to use at his pleasure. They apparel him gorgeously after their manner, and feede him with all the daintie meats that may be had, and give him all the pleasures that can be devised. When hee hath passed certaine moneths in all manner of pleasures, like an epicure, and is made fat with daintie and delicate fare, like a capon, they assemble themselves together at some festivall day, and in great pompe bring him to the place of execution, where they kill him and eate him. This is the end of this poore captive's pleasures, and the beginning of his miseries; whose case is nothing inferiour to theirs, who, enjoying the pleasures of this life for a small time, wherein they put their felicitie, are rewarded with death and perpetuall torments."

In the same book, he relates a custom of the Egyptians.

"The Egyptians had a custome not unmeet to bee used at the carowsing banquets; their manner was, in the middest of their feasts to have brought before them an anatomie of a dead body dried, that the sight and horror thereof putting them in minde to what passe themselves should one day come, might containe them in modesty. But, peradventure, things are fallen so far from their right course, that that device will not so well serve the turne, as if the carowsers of these later daies were perswaded, as Mahomet perswaded his followers when hee forbad them the drinking of wine, that in every grape their dwelt a divell. But when they have taken in their cups, it seemeth that many of them doe fear neither the divell nor any thing else."

To convince his reader that the SUMMUM BONUM is not to be found in riches, he cites, amongst sundry well-known "examples," this:

"And this was a strange thing, that happened of late in the yeare of grace, one thousand five hundred ninetie one: there was one Mark Bragadin that professed himselfe to bee an excellent alcumist, but indeed a notable magician. This man came from Venice into Baviere, and there practised to make gold in such abundance, that he would give his friends whole lumps of gold; making no more estimation of gold than of brass or iron: he lived stately like a prince, kept a bountifull house, and had servants of great account, and was saluted with

a title of dignitie, and drew many princes into admiration of him; insomuch, as he was accounted another Paracelsus. And after hee had long exercised his art, made himselfe knowne to all the princes, and was desired of them all, hee came at length into the Duke of Baviere's court, who finding after a while his fraud and illusions, committed him to prison. And when the Duke had commanded him to bee examined, and put to the torture, he desired he might suffer no such paine, promising that he would confesse of his own accord all the wickedness that ever he had committed, and exhibited accordingly to the Duke, in writing, the whole course of his lewd life, desiring nevertheless that it might not be published. Hee confessed, that he was worthy to dye, but yet made humble sute that his concubine *Signora Caura*, and his whole familie, might returne untouched into Italie. Not long after, sentence was given against him. First: that his two dogs, whose help he had used in his magicke matters, should be shot through with muskets, and himselfe should have his head stricken off. For this milde sentence hee gave thanks to the prince, alledging he had deserved a much more severe judgment, and at least was worthy to be burned. The next day a new gallowes was set up, covered with copper, and an halter tyed in the middest, covered likewise with copper, signifying his deceit in making gold. Hard by the gallowes was set up a scaffold aloft, covered with blacke cloth: upon the scaffold was placed a seat, wherein this alcumist sate, arrayed in mourning apparell. And as hee sate the executioner strake off his head."

The following are a few instances of excessive avarice which of course belongs to the same general head:

"Yet some have beene so wedded to their riches, that they have used all the meanes they could to take them with them. Atheneus reporteth of one, that at the houre of his death devoured many peeces of gold, and sewed the rest in his coat, commanding that they should be all buried with him. Hermocrates being loth that any man should enjoy his goods after him, made himselfe by his will heir of his owne goods. The Cardinall Sylberperger tooke so great a pleasure in money, that when hee was greviously tormented with the gowt, his onely remedy to ease the paine, was to have a bason full of gold set before him, into which hee would put his lame hands, turning the gold upside-downe. Hermon was so covetous, that dreaming on a time hee had spent a certaine summe of money, for very sorrow he strangled himselfe. And one Phidon was so extremely overcome with that passion of covetousnes, that being fallen into desperation through a losse received, he would not hang himselfe, for spending of three halfe pence to buy him an halter, but sought a way to death better cheape. One Antonio Batistei, an Italian, having lost in a ship that was drowned, five hundred crowns, determined like a desperate man to hang himself; and as he was about to fasten the rope to a beame for that purpose, he found by chance there hidden, a thousand crownes. And being very glad of this good fortune, hee exchanged the halter for the crownes, and went away. Not long after he was gone, the owner came thither to see his gold; but when he perceived the crownes to be gone, hee

fell into such extreme griefe, that hee presently hanged himself with the halter that he found in their place."

We have extracted the following story from the third book; it is prettily told, and the beginning is fine.

"Tritemius the abbot, an excellent learned man, and worthy of fame (if by adding necromancy to the rest of his learning, he had not made himselfe infamous) by his own confession, burned with an excessive desire of vainglorie. For (saith he) as I went up and downe musing and devising with my selfe how I might finde something, that never any man knew before, and that all men might wonder at, and layd my selfe down to sleepe in an evening, with the same cogitations, there came one to me in the night that I knew not, and excited me to persever in my intended purpose, promising me his helpe, which he performed. What kind of learning hee taught him (he sayd) was not meete for the common sort, but to be knowne onely of princes; whereof hee sheweth some examples, denying the same to be done by the divell's helpe, but by naturall meanes, to which hee will hardly perswade any man of judgment. And though he would cover some of his strange feates, under the pretext of nature, yet his familiaritie with the divell, in many things was apparent. The Emperor Maximilian the first, married with Marie the daughter of Charles Duke of Burgundy, whose death (loving her dearly) he took greviously. This abbot perceiving his great love towards her, told him, that he would shew him his wife againe. The Emperor desirous to see her, went with the abbot, and one more into a chamber. The abbot forbad them for their lives to speake one word whilest the spirit was there. Marie the Emperour's wife commeth in, and walketh up and downe by them very soberly, so much resembling her when shee was alive in all points, that there was no difference to be found. The Emperour marvelling to see so lively a resemblance, called to mind that his wife had a little blacke spot (a mole as some call it) behind in her necke, which he determined to observe the next time shee passed by him, and beholding her very earnestly, hee found the mole in the very same place of her necke. Maximilian, being much troubled in minde with this strange sight, winked upon the abbot, that hee should avoyd the spirit. Which being done, he commanded him to shew him no more of these pastimes, protesting that hee was hardly able to forbeare speaking: which if hee had done, the spirit had killed them all. The divell was so ready at the abbot's commandment, that as he travelled on a time in the company of a man of account, who reported this story, they came into a house, where was neither good meate nor drink, the abbot knocked at the window, and sayd, *adfer*, fetch. Not long after, there was brought in at the window, a sodden pickerell in a dish, and a bottle of wine. The abbott fell to his meate, but his companion's stomacke would not serve him to eate of such a caterer's provisions."

Our author gives us a fabulous story from Ælian, well narrated, and with great simplicity.

XUM

"Ælian writeth of a singular love of a dolphin towards a boy; this boy being very faire, used with his companions to play by the sea side, and to wash themselves in the water, and practise to swim. A dolphin fell into great liking with this boy above the rest, and used very familiarly to swim by him side by side: the boy, though at the first he feared the dolphin, grew by custome so familiar with him that they would contend together in swimming each by other: and sometimes the boy would get upon his backe, and ride upon the fish as though hee had beene a horse: insomuch that the dolphin would carry him a great way into the sea, and bring him to land againe in the sight of all the people of the citie adjoyning, wherein they took great pleasure: it chanced at last that the boy lying with his belly close to the dolphin's backe, the sharpe pricke (which those fishes have) rising out of the middest of his back ran into the boye's belly, and killed him. The dolphin, perceiving by the weight of the boy, and by the blood which stained the water, that he was dead, swam speedily with all his force to land, and there laid down the dead boy, and for sorrow died presently by him. These examples may make many men seem more brute than beasts, that perform things appertaining to vertue more effectually by the instinct of nature onely, than they do by nature and reason joyned together."

Barckley, in speaking of the rare modesty of old times, has the following passage, which is a very favourable specimen of his style, and is, we think, happily expressed.

"Let the brave men and jolly fellowes of these dayes, that glister in gold and silver, and thinke themselves graced by their tragicall habitts and gestures, as the onely paragons of the world, and them that are wondered at and accounted happy by their great traines and troopes of followers, and them that set their felicitie in dainty and delicate meates, and spend whole dayes and nights in banquetting and quaffing; let these men (I say) leave to flatter themselves, and with an upright judgment indifferently examine themselves by these men, and compare Cato's vertues and the rest with their vanities; these men's frugalitie and modestie with their excess and luxuriousnesse; these men's temperance with their licentiousnesse; the simplicitie of habits, and singlenesse of their life that governed kingdomes, and triumphed over nations, with the pompe and pride of this age, and with their lascivious manners and effeminate attyres, that passe their time in courting and carowsing. These things duly considered, our gallants must needes let fall their peacock's tayles, and wish that some of Argus' eyes were restored into their heads, whereby they might bee more provident and better able to discerne betweene the others vertues and their vanities, that diverteth them from felicitie; who then would exclaim upon the iniquity of this time, that will yeeld them no examples to follow. And those men that be so carefull to beautifie their bodies with brave attires, leaving their minds soyled with foul vices; and they that aspire to honourable places without vertue, seeme to mee to bee like them that wash their face with faire water, and wipe it with a dish-clout."

We must now bid farewell to our story-telling knight He, who wishes to take a brief view of human existence, may, in Sir Richard Barckley, behold it under every variety of shape and accident, in its pride and glory, its weakness and credulity, its misery and decay. We have only to add, that the conclusion the author comes to is, that "to worship and glorifie God in this life, that we may be joined to him in the world to come, is our beatitude or *summum bonum*."

ART. VIII. *Satyrical Characters and handsome Descriptions, in Letters, written to several Persons of Quality, by Monsieur* De Cyrano Bergerac. *Translated from the French, by a Person of Honor. London,* 1658.

The extraordinary productions of the intellectual as well as of the material world, engage our attention by their very eccentricity—it is as much the business of the philosopher to observe the course of the comet, or the wandering star, as of the planet—each, in its degree, contributes to the extension of science. The speculations of the philosopher may be more grave and weighty, but the singular fabrications of the imaginative faculty are of equal use in ascertaining the essential nature of mind. Cyrano Bergerac is a marvellously strange writer—his character, too, was out of the common way. His chief passion appears to have been duelling; and, from the numerous affairs of honor in which he was concerned in the course of a very short life, and the bravery which he displayed on those occasions, he acquired the cognomen of *The Intrepid*. His friend and editor Le Bret, says he was engaged in no less than one hundred duels for his friends, and not one on his own account. Others however say, that, happening to have a nose somewhat awry, whoever was so unfortunate or so rash as to laugh at it, was sure to be called upon to answer its intrepid owner in the field. But however this may be, it is indisputable that Cyrano was a distinguished monomachist and a most eccentric writer. His productions abound with antithetical thoughts and corruscations of wit, pointed, angular, and sparkling, as the fragments of a broken pillar of ice when the sun shines upon them. Considering plagiarism as bad as high-way robbery; and infinitely worse than manslaughter, it is probable he made it a matter of conscience not to appropriate even his share of the ideas and sentiments common to all men, but formed a resolution of writing like nobody who had preceded him. The present collection was the offspring of his youthful years—the out-pourings of his virgin fancies—the May of his intellect,

————which from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose:

it is indeed pregnant with all the rank luxuriance of a rich and unturned soil. It displays prodigious vivacity of mind, which, like a burning glass, collects a thousand scattered rays to one point. Let but a thought present itself, and he straight chases it through all its possible turnings and doublings, till he fairly loses himself in the meanderings of his own fancy—his whole soul is animated with the wild spirit of joy—he actually reels with delight. He possessed a singular cast of wit, which surprises us with the most unheard-of resemblances—the most novel discordances, but he mingles them, however, with the most exquisite observation of nature, and the most beautiful imaginations—the false, the affected, and the true, alternately and in such rapid succession, as scarcely to be severed, "take the prison'd senses and lap 'em in elysium." Such is the vigor, and such the vagaries, of Cyrano. What we shall extract may be considered as mere sports of fancy—strange things told in a strange way; and we are willing that they should be so considered.

Hear part of his description of Winter:

"Winter is a six months' death fallen upon one whole side of the globe, which we cannot escape; 'tis a short old-age of things animated; 'tis a being that hath no action, which never comes near us (be we never so stout) but he makes us quake; our porous, delicate, and fine slender bodye, shrink up, become hard, and hasten to close its passages, to baricadoe a million of invisible dores, and to cover them with little mountaines: it is moved, contends, and blushing gives this for excuse, that its shiverings are sallies that it purposely makes to beat off the enemy from its out-works. Finally, 'tis a miracle that we resist the destiny of all living creatures. This tyrant is not content to silence our birds, to strip our trees, to cut Ceres's locks, nay, and her eares to boot, and to have left our grand-mother stark naked and bare; but that we might not fly by water to a more temperate climate, he hath enclosed them with diamant walls; and least the rivers by their motion should have caused some heat to helpe us, he hath made them fast to their beds. But he exceeds all this; for to affright us by the very image of prodigies which he invents for our destruction, he makes us mistake the ice for a hardened light, a petrified day, a solid nothing, or some horrible monster whose body is nothing but an eye. The Seine at first, affrighted at the teares of heaven, was troubled, and fearing some more sad disaster would have befallen her inhabitants, stopt her course, and kept herselfe in a readinesse upon occasion to assist us. Mankind, being likewise terrified at the prodigies of this horrible season, gather from it presages proportionable to their feares; if it snow, they presently imagine the milky way is dissolving, that the heavens foame for madnesse at the losse of it, and that the earth, out of care to her children, for feare becomes gray. They fancy likewise,

the universe to be a great tart, that this monster (winter) strowes sugar upon, intending to devoure it; that the snow is the foame of the plants that dye mad; and conclude that the cold winds are the last sighs of languishing nature. I myselfe, that use to interpret all things for the best, and that in another season should have perswaded myselfe, that the snow was the vegetative milk, that the planets suckled the plants withall, or the crumbs that after grace fall from God Almighty's table, am now carried away with the torrent of examples. If it hail, I cry out, what punishments are reserved for us sinners, since the innocent heavens [are gravelled?] Would I describe those frozen winds, so great, that they overwhelm towers and castles, and yet so small, that they are invisible; I cannot imagine what to call them, unlesse the blustrings of some divells broke loose, which, having binne benumbed under ground, run about to catch themselves a heat. Every thing that is like winter puts me into a fright; I cannot endure a looking glasse because of its resemblance with ice, I shun physitians because they are called snowie or gray doctors, and I can convict the cold of many murders; for, in most of the houses in Paris where I have seen jelly,* there hath been a dying person."

And of Spring:

"Weepe no more, faire weather is returned; the sunne is reconciled to mankind, and his heat hath made winter find his leggs, as benumbed as they were; he hath lent him onely strength enough to run away, and those long nights that seemed to goe but a step in an hour, (for being in the darke they durst not run) are as farre from us as the first that layed Adam to sleep. The aire, not long since so condensed by the frost, that there was not room enough for the birds, seems now to be but a great imaginary space, where shrill musitians (hardly supported by our thoughts) appeare in the skye like little worlds, ballanced by their proper centre: there were no colds in the country whence they came, for here they chatter sweetly. Lord! what a noise they make! doubtlesse they are at law for those lands, Winter, at his death, made them heires of. This jealous old tyrant, not content to have rung all creatures, had frozen the very rivers, that they might not produce so much as their images; and maliciously turned the quicksilver of those running looking glasses towards them, which had so continued if the Spring at his returne had not rectified them."

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"Nature brings forth in all places, and her children as they are borne, play in their cradles. Consider the Zephyrus which dares hardly breathe in fear, how she playes and courts the corne. One would think the grasse the haire of the earth, and this wind a combe that is carefull to untangle it. I think the very sunne woes this season, for I have observed that wheresoever he retires, he still keeps close to her. Those insolent northern winds that braved us in the absence of this god of tranquillity, (surprized at his coming) unite themselves to his rayes, to obtaine his pardon by their caresses, and those that are greater offenders hide them-

* *Gelée*,—frost or jelly.

selves in his atomes, and are quiet for feare of being discovered: all things that are not hurtfull enjoy a free life, nay our very soul wanders beyond her confines, to show she is not under restraint. I think nature's at a wedding, we see nothing but dances, feasts, and balls; and he that should seek a quarrell, would not have the contentment to find one, unlesse those that arise amongst the flowers contending for beauty; where 'tis possible you may see a bloody pink, newly come from combat, fall with wearinesse; there a rosebud, sweld by the ill successe of his antagonist, blowes for joy; there the lilly, that collosse amongst flowers, that curded giant, proud to see his image triumph in the Loire, raises himself above his fellowes, looks down upon them, and makes the violet prostrate herselfe at his feet; which, being jealous and angry, that she cannot rise to the same heighth, doubles her sweetnesse, that our noses may give her that precedency which our eyes deny her; there, a bunch of thyme humbles itself before the tulip, because she beares a chalice; in another place, the earth, vext that the trees carry the blossomes and flowers she hath crowned them withall so high and remote from her, refuses to give them any fruits till they have returned her her flowers."

A few more of his pleasant extravagancies on Summer, and we have done with the seasons.

"For my part, I know not henceforward what posture this poor god [the sun] can put himself into to please us: he sends the birds to give us good-morrow with their musick, he hath warmed our bathes, and doth not invite us to them, till he hath first plunged himself in to see if there be any danger. What could he adde to all these honours, unlesse to eat at our table? And judge you what he seeks when he is never neerer our houses than at noon. After all this, sir, do you complain that he dryes up the humours of our rivers? Alas, were it not for this attraction, what would have become of us? The floods, the lakes, and the fountains, have sucked up all the water that made the earth fertile; and we are angry that, to the hazard of giving the middle region the dropsie, hee undertakes to draine 'em, and walks the clouds, those great watring-pots, over us, with which he quenches the thirst of our fields, at a season in which he is so much taken with our beauties, that he endeavours to see us naked. I cannot imagine, if hee did not attract a great quantity of water to cool his raies, how he could kisse us without burning us; but whatsoever we pretend, we have alwayes water enough to spare, for when the canicular, by his heat, leaves us but precisely enough for our necessities, hath he not taken care the dogs should run mad, for feare they should drinke any from us?"

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"Besides, if he intended to burn us, he would not send the dew to cool and refresh us; that blessed dew, that makes us believe, by his infinite drops of light, that the torch of the world is in the dust in our fields; that a million of little heavens are fallen upon the earth, or that it is the soul of the universe, that, knowing not what honour to render to his father, goes out to meet and receive him on the tops of

odoriferous flowers. The country-fellow, he thinks they are silver-lice falne from the sun's head, which he combs in the morning: another-while, he believes the sweat of the aire, corrupted by heat, hath bred these glittering wormes; or takes it for the spittle that falls from the planets' mouths as they sleep: to conclude, let it be what it will, it imports not. Were they amorous tears, her grief becomes her too well to afflict us: besides, this is a time that nature puts all her treasures into our powers; the sun in person waites on the beds of Ceres, and every eare of corne seems a bakehouse of little milky loaves which he hath taken the pains to bake. If any one complaines that his too long stay with us makes our leaves and fruits yellow, let him know that this monarque of the starres does it to make our climate the garden of the Hesperides, by giving golden leaves to the trees as well as golden fruits: notwithstanding all this, 'tis to little purpose for him to heate himselfe in his zodiak with the lyon; he cannot stay four and twenty houres with the virgin, but he'ell be enamoured;—he'ell every day grow colder," &c. &c.

What a fantastic yet agreeable description have we of the shadow of trees in the water, upon which Cyrano seems to have gazed, until his own head swam with delight.

"Lying on my belly upon the green banck of a river, and my back strecht under the branches of a willow that views himselfe in it, I see the history of Narcissus renued in the trees; a hundred poplars tumble a hundred other poplars into the stream, and these aquatiques were so frighted at the fall, that they tremble still every day for feare of a wind that touches them not. I imagine, that night having made all things black, the sun plunged them in the river to wash them. But what shall I say of this liquid glasse, this little world turned topsie-turvy, that places the oakes under the mosse, and the heavens lower than the oakes? Are they not of those virgins formerly metamorphosed into trees, that still finding their chastity violated by the kisses of Apollo, desperatly cast themselves into the flood with their head formost; or is it not Apollo himselfe, who, offended that they durst keep the aire from him, hath thus hanged them by the feet. Now the fish walke in the woods, and whole forrests in the midst of the water without wetting themselves: there's an old elme amongst the rest would make you laugh, which doth almost loll on the other side, to the end that this image taking the same posture, he might make of his body and his shadow an angle for the fish: the river is not ingratefull to the willowes for their visites; she hath made the universe, bored through, transparent, lest the down of her head should foule their branches; and not content to have made crystall with mud, she hath vaulted the heavens and the planets underneath, that it might not be said, that those that visited her were deprived of the light which they forsook for her. Now we may look downe on the heavens, and by her light may brag, that, as weak as he is at four in the morning, he has the power to precipitate the heavens into the deep: but admire the power that the lower region of the soul exer-

cises upon the higher. After having discovered that all these wonders are but delusions of the sense, I cannot for all hinder my sight, from taking this imaginary firmament for a great lake on which the earth floates. The nightingale, who from the top of a bough sees himselfe in it, believes he's fallen into the river; he is on the top of an oake and yet is afraid of being drowned; but, after having freed himselfe by his eyes and his feet from feare, his picture then seeming a rivall come to combate, he chatters, and warbles, and that other nightingale, to his thinking, silently does the same, and cozens the soul with so many charms, that one would fancy he sung purposely to be heard by our eyes; I think he by motion chatters and sends no sound at all to the ear that he may at the same time answer his enemy, and that he may not infringe the lawes of that country he inhabites, whose people are dumb: the perch, the trout, and the goldenie, that see him, know not whether it be a fish clothed with feathers, or a bird devested of his body; they gather about him, and look on him as a monster; and the pike, the tyrant of the rivers, jealous to see a stranger in his throne, seeks him; when he hath found him, touches him and yet cannot feel him, runs after him when he's upon him, and wonders that he hath so often passed by him without doing him any hurt."

We specially beg the attention of all ladies who have red hair, to our author's ardent vindication of its supremacy.

"Glorious fruit of the essence of the most beautifull visible being! intelligent reflection of the radicall fire of nature! image of the sun, the most perfect! I am not so brutish as to mistake for my queen, the daughter of him that my ancestors acknowledged for their god. Athens bemoaned the fall of her crown, in the ruine of Apollo's temple; Rome ceased to command the world, when she denyed incense to the light: and Bizantium first began to inslave mankind, when she tooke for her arms those of the sun's sister: as long as Persia did homage to this universall spirit, for the rayes that she held from him, foure thousand years could not make old the vigor of her monarchy; but being ready to see his images broken, he took sanctuary in Pequin from the abuses of Babylon."

"A brave head, covered with red hair, is nothing else but the sun in the midst of his rayes; or the sun himself is onely a great eye under a red periwig; yet all the world speaks ill of it, because few have the honour to be so. And among a hundred ladies, you shall hardly find one, because they being sent from heaven to command, it's necessary there should be more subjects than soveraigns. Do we not see, that all things in nature are more or less noble, according as they are more or less red; amongst the elements, he that contains the most essence, and the least matter or substance, is the fire, because of his colour; gold hath received of his dye, the honour to reign over the metalls; and of all the planets, the sun is most considerable, onely because he is most red; the hairy comets that flie up and down the skies, at the death of heroes, are they not the red mustachoes of the gods, that they pluck off for griefe? Castor and

Pollux, those little fires that make seamen foretell the end of a storm, can they be any thing else than the red hairs of Juno, which she, in token of love, sends to Neptune? In fine, had it not been for the desire men had to possesse the fleece of a red sheep, the glory of thirty demy-gods would be in the cradle of those things that never were born. And (a ship being yet but a recent invention) Americus would not have told us that the world hath foure parts. Apollo, Venus, and Love, the fairest divinityes of the Pantheon, are crimson red; and Jupiter is brown but by accident, because of the smoak of his thunder, which hath blackt him. But if the examples of mythologie do not satisfie the obstinate, let them consult history. Sampson, whose strength hung at his locks, did he not receive his miraculous energy from the rednesse of his hair? Did not the destinies make the conservation of the empire of Athens, depend upon one red hair of Nisus? And God, would he not have sent the light of faith to the Æthiopians, if he could have found amongst them but one red? One would not doubt of the excellency of those persons, if one considered, that all men that were not made by men, and for whose forming God himself chose and kneaded the substance, were red. Adam, that was created by God's own hand, ought to be the most accomplisht of men—he was red. And all perfect philosophy ought to teach us, that nature which inclines to the most perfection, alwaies endeavours, in forming a man, to make a red one, just as she aspires to make gold by making of mercury, but that she seldom hits upon it. An archer is not esteemed unskilfull, who letting thirty arrows flie, but five or six hit the mark. As the best ballanced constitution is that which is between flegmatick and melancholly, one must needs be very happy, to hit exactly in an indivisible point. The flaxen and the black are besides it; that is to say, the fickle and the obstinate; between both is the medium, where wisdom, in favour of red men, hath lodged vertue, so their flesh is much more delicate, their blood more pure, their spirits more clarified, and consequently their intellect more accomplished, because of the perfect mixture of the foure qualities. This is the reason why red men become not so soon grey as those that are black, as if nature were angry and unwilling to destroy that, which she took a pleasure in making. In troth, I seldom see a flaxen head of hair, but I think of a distaff ill periwiged. But I grant, that fair women when they are young, are pleasing; but as soon as their cheeks begin to grow woolly, would one not think that their flesh divides itself into little threads to make them a beard? I speak not of black beards, for 'tis well known, if the devill weare any, it cannot be but very dark. Since then we must all become slaves to beauty, is it not far better to be deprived of our freedom by golden chains, than by hempen cords, or iron fetters?"

The following description of a country house is to our minds exceedingly rich and beautiful.

"At the doore of the house, you meet [with a walke with five avenues in figure like a starre;] the oaks that compose it make one with extasie admire the excessive height of their tops, raising one's eyes from

the root to the culmen; then precipitating them down againe. One doubts whether the earth beares them, and whether or no they carry not the earth at their roots; you would think that their proud heads are forced to bend under the weight of the heavenly globes, which burthen they with groaning support; their armes, stretcht toward heaven, embracing it, seeme to beg of the starrs their influences altogether pure, and to receive them before they have at all lost of their innocence in the bed of the elements. There on every side the flowers, having had no other gardener but nature, vent a sharp breath that quickens and satisfies the smell. The sweet innocence of a rose on the eglantine, and the glorious azure of a violet under the sweet briars, leaving us not the liberty of a choice, make us judge that they are both one fairer than the other. The spring there composes all the seasons, there no venemous plant buds, but her birth soon betrayes her safety; there the brooks relate their travells to the pebbles; there a thousand feathered voyces make the forrest ring with the sweet musick of their voices; and the sprightfull assembling of these melodious throats is so generall, that every leafe in the wood seemes to have taken the shape and the tongue of a nightingale: sometimes you shall heare'em merrily tickle a consort, another while they'll drag, and make their musick languish; by and by they'll passionate an elegie by interrupted sobbs; and then againe soften the violence of their voyces, more tenderly to excite pity, and at last raise their harmony; and what with their crotchets and warbling, send forth their lives and their voyces together. Echo is so delighted with it, that she seemes to repeat their aires onely that she may learne them; and the rivolets jealous of their musique, as they fly away, grumble, much troubled that they cannot equall them. On the side of the castle, two walkes discover themselves, whose continued green frames an emerald too big for the sight: the confused mixture of colours that the Spring fastens to a million of flowers, scatters the changes of one another; and their tincture is so pure, that one may well judge, that they get so close to one another, onely to escape the amorous kisses of the wind that courts them. One would now take this meddow for a very calme sea; but when the least Zephyrus comes to wanton there, 'tis then a proud ocean full of waves, whose face, furrowed with frownes, threatens to swallow up those little fooles: but because this sea discovers no shoare, the eye, as afrighted to have run so long without finding any coast, quickly dispatches the thought, and the thought being doubtfull too, that that which is the end of his sight, is the end of the world, doth almost perswade himselfe that this place is so full of charms, that it hath forced the heavens to unite themselves to the earth In the midst of this so vast and yet so perfect carpet, runnes in with silver bubbles and streams a rustick fountaine, who sees the pillowes of his head enameled with jessemines, orange trees, and mirtles, and the little flowers that throng round about, would make one believe they dispute who shall view himselfe in the streame first; seeing her face so young and smooth as 'tis which discovers not the least wrinckle, tis easie to judge she is yet in her mother's breast, and those great circles with which she binds and twines her selfe by reverting so often upon her selfe, witnesse that 'tis

to her griefe and against her will, that she finds her selfe obliged to go from her native home: but above all things I admire her modesty, when I see her (as ashamed to be courted so neere her mother) murmure and thrust back the bold hand that touches her. The traveller that comes hither to refresh himselfe, hanging his head over the water, wonders 'tis broad day in his horison when he sees the sunne in the antipodes, and never hangs over the bank but hee's affraied to fall into the firmament."*

The following picture is in a very fine style of painting:

"I saw the starres shine in the firmament with a bleuish fire: the moon was in her full, but much paler than ordinary, she was thrice eclipst and thrice went below her circle; the winds were paralytick, the fountains were mute, the birds had forgot their chatterings, the fishes thought themselves encompast in glasse, all creatures had no more motion than was necessary for them to expresse their feare by. The horror of an astonishing silence that governed in all places, made nature seeme to be in suspense of some terrible accident; my fear began to be as great as that which the face of the horizon appeared troubled withall, when, by moon-light I saw coming out of a vast grot, a tall and venerable old man, cloathed in white, with a swarthy face, his eye-browes thick and long, a wall and frightfull eye, his beard throwne over his shoulder; on his head he had a hat of verveine, and about him a girdle of mayfearne woven in tresses; upon his gowne neere his heart was fastned a bat halfe dead, and about his neck he wore a collar set with seven severall precious stones; each of which wore the character of that planet that governed them."

We now close our extracts from this pleasant, fanciful, and "witty extravagant."—Of the "person of honor" who favoured the world with this translation, we must say, that he has rendered his original with a real feeling of its spirit. Cyrano Bergerac wrote also two *Voyages Imaginaires*, which have been much celebrated, and which furnished Swift with some hints in his *Gulliver's Travels;* besides a comedy and a tragedy—of the former, some notice may probably be given in a future number.

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* The author had so good an opinion of this description, that he has transferred it to another work, which was published after his death.

ART. IX. Taulerus, *de decem cœcitatibus, et quatuordecem divini amoris radicibus, in his Theologia, edited by* Surius *in* 1615.

Rusbrokii *Opera, Coloniæ,* 1552, 1609, 1692.

Sti. Joannis a Cruce, *Nox Obscura, et Viva Amoris Flamma, Col.* 1639.

Thomas a Jesu *de Contemplatione Divinâ, Ant.* 1620.

Abrahami Hiltoni, *Scala Perfectionis, or The Ladder of Perfection,* 1494:—*(See* Dibdin's *Typographical Antiquities, vol.* ii. *p.* 36. *frequently reprinted.)*

Sancta Sophia, compiled by Father Sylvanus Cressy, *from the works of* Father Baker, *an English Benedictine Monk,* 1629.

Doctor Henry More's *Psyco-Zoia, or the Life of the Soul; London,* 1640.

* The attempts of Heathen and Christian contemplatives to raise their minds to an intimate communication with the deity, form a curious subject of inquiry. They have often engaged the notice of the theologian, but they equally deserve the attention of the historian and the philosopher. The following pages may, perhaps, be found to contain,

I. Some account of the nature of mysticism:

II. Of the mysticism of the Pagans:

III. Of the mysticism of the Jews:

IV. Of its supposed prevalence in the early ages of Christianity:

V. And in the middle ages: noticing, in this place, the excesses of some mystics of those times:

VI. Some notion will then be presented to the reader of the modern mystical writers among the Roman Catholics; and the errors of Molinos and the modification of them by Madame Guyon:

VII. An outline will then be given of the doctrine of mysticism, as it is found in the writings of their most approved mystic authors:

VIII. Mention will then be made of some mystics of eminence of the church of England; of the mysticism of the Quakers; and of the mysticism of the Methodists.

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* A part of this article has before appeared in print, in the collected works of Mr. Charles Butler. This, however, we have no doubt our readers will do more than excuse, when they perceive the improved method in which the old matter is now arranged, and the additions with which it has been combined—in such a manner, indeed, as to make the present review of the chief works of the mystical writers approach to a complete treatise of this interesting subject. *Ed.*

I.—The nature of mysticism.

Mysticism is defined to be an union of the soul with God; so intimate, that its essence is, in a manner, transformed into the essence of God; and, in consequence of it, the soul beholds him, not intuitively, as he is seen by the blessed in heaven, but in a divine light; and believes in him, hopes in him, and loves him, not by particular or discursive acts, but in silent affection and adoration.

It evidently is the disposition of the human mind, when it receives a forcible impression of any object which engrosses its attention for any considerable length of time, to become, in a manner, identified with it. Hence, it has been thought, that incessant contemplation of the divine perfections leads the soul to an intimate communion with the deity; that, in the view of his adorable essence, she becomes lost in silent wonder and love; that her other functions, and even her affections of devotion, die within her; that she no longer fears and no longer hopes; but that a mysterious inanition takes place, and she becomes, in many respects, *one* with the divine object of her adoration.

II.—Mysticism of the Pagans.

To this sublime state of speculation several sects of Pagan philosophers aspired. In the history of Indian philosophy, the Brachmans and Samanæans are described to have lived in retirement; to have avoided any intercourse with mankind; to have abstained from wine and animal food; to have practised great bodily austerities; and to have endeavoured, by assiduous prayer, meditation, and abstraction from terrene objects, to raise themselves to an incessant communication with the deity.

The Egyptian priests lived in the same state of contemplative seclusion.

From them Pythagoras and Plato borrowed much of their schemes of philosophy: the great object of them was to shew, that the soul, by disentangling herself from all animal passions and sensible objects, could rise to the world of intelligence, obtain a view of the first great cause, and prepare herself to return to her original habitation.

"Plato's disciples of the Eclectic sect (says Dr. Enfield, in his *History of Philosophy*,*) aspired to a sort of deification of the human mind. They adopted, from oriental philosophy, the system of emanation, which supposed an indefinite series of spiritual natures, derived from the same supreme source; whence, considering the human

* Book 3. ch. 2. s. 4.

mind as a link in this chain of intelligence, they conceived, that by passing through its various stages of purification, it might, at length, ascend to the first fountain of intelligence, and enjoy a mysterious union with the divine nature. They even imagined, that the soul of man, properly prepared by previous discipline, might rise to a capacity of holding immediate intercourse with good demons, and even enjoy, in ecstasy, an intuitive vision of God."

The mysticism of the modern, or rather the second school of Platonic mystics, appears to have begun with Ammonius Sacca, a learned man, who flourished in the second century. He was born of Christian parents, and, probably, always lived in the outward practice of the Christian religion. He attempted to bring about a coalition of all philosophical and all religious sects; all, he said, were grounded on the true philosophy and true religion of the east, taught to the Egyptians by Hermes, preserved in its original purity by Plato, his best interpreter; that it was afterwards adulterated, but was restored by the precepts of Jesus. Ammonius enjoined to his disciples a rule of life of extraordinary sanctity and austerity; he allowed the generality of them to conform, outwardly, to the duties and customs of the country; but enjoined a sublimer rule to the wise. They were to extenuate, by hunger, thirst, and mortification, the animal passions of man, and raise their souls, by holy contemplation, to the presence of the divine being, and to commune with him. This was to be effected by continued abstraction, aided by certain mysterious practices, called the Theurgic art. By these, the mind was sublimated; and obtained a view of the demons or spirits with whom the universe was peopled, and capacitated to perform wonderful things by their assistance. But communion with the supreme being was the ultimate object of the Ammonian theology. In this life, it might be attained in a high degree, where the disciple had sufficiently purged and refined his soul from the terrene particles which incumbered it. Death would complete her separation from the body, and she would then ascend, active and unincumbered, to the universal parent, the divine truth, and live in his essence for ever.

III.—Mysticism of the Jews.

The introduction of the Chaldaic philosophy, among the Jews, led many of them to the same fanciful speculations. These were particularly found among the Essenes and Therapeuts, two classes of solitary contemplatives, loosely spread over Syria, Egypt, and the adjoining countries. Sublime contemplation was the aim of each. Of the former, we know little: of the latter we have an interesting account, written by Philo the Jew. We learn, from him, that they were divided into the

practical and theoretical: that both were addicted to sublime contemplations: that the former allowed some of their time to the active duties of life; but that the latter were wholly absorbed in divine philosophy: they endeavoured so to habituate themselves, that God should never be absent from their minds; and that his beauty and excellence should always dwell in their thoughts. Thus, they described themselves as habitually living in the recollection of his presence, and uttering, even in sleep, divine things.

IV.—Mysticism of the early Christians.

In the *New Testament*, the advocates of mysticism find it in the words of Christ, (John, c. xiv. v. 23) in which he says, "if any one love me, he will keep my commandments; and my father will love him, and we will come to him and will make our abode with him:" and, in a passage in the epistle of St. Paul, (2 Cor. c. 3. v. 18) where the apostle mentions, that, "beholding God, without a veil, we are transformed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the spirit of our Lord." And, also, in a passage of St. John, (epistle 1. c. 4. v. 18) in which he says, that "God is charity; and that he who abideth in charity, abideth in God, and God in him."

From the writings of the apostolic fathers, particularly St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, several expressions are cited by mystical writers, which appear to shew that mystical theology, in the same sense in which it is spoken of by more modern writers, was known to them.

In the second century, it appears more clearly and systematically expressed in the writings of St. Clement, Bishop of Alexandria. A work with the title, *On Mystical Theology*, which is ascribed, by some very respectable writers, to St. Dionysius, the Areopagite, and was certainly written before the fifth century, treats, fully and distinctly, of mystical theology, and unequivocally professes to shew, that by disengaging the affections from all sensible things, the soul can be raised, as it is termed by the writer, "to the contemplation of the divine obscurity, the incomprehensible Godhead." Some passages, translated from other authors, and cited as authorities, are said to be found in this writer.

That mystical devotion was common among the Fathers of the Desert is, say the advocates of mysticism, clear from the writings of Cassian.

From this time, few traces of it, they generally admit, are discoverable among the writers of the Latin church, till the year 767, when Pope Paul sent a copy of the treatise of St. Dionysius, the Areopagite, to Lewis the Debonnaire; and that mo-

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narch circulated it among the clergy of France, by whom it was generally read and approved. Photius mentions St. Dionysius as "a disciple of St. Paul, powerful and sublime in oratory, but greater in contemplation." In 860, the works of St. Dionysius were translated from the Greek into the Latin language, by the order of Charles the Bald.

The writings of St. John Climachus, the last of the Greek, and of St. Bernard, the last of the Latin fathers, abound with mystical elevation, and it never appears to more advantage than in the writings of the latter.

V.—Christian mysticism during the middle ages.

In the middle age, mystical theology soon fell into the hands of the scholastic divines, particularly the two St. Victors, Hugo and Richard, St. Thomas of Aquin, and Albert the Great. But, while it was discussed by these writers with the accuracy and refinement of scholars, it was expressed, in a more free and devotional manner, by some of their contemporaries. Among these, St. Bonaventure, Taulerus, Rusbrock, Dionysius the Carthusian, are particularly distinguished. To Taulerus, the mystical writers are particularly partial, and it is observable, that he is always mentioned by Luther, in terms of the highest commendation. "If you wish," says Luther, in a letter to Saplatinus, (tom 1, p. 23) "to read antient and pure theology in your native German, purchase the works of Taulerus, the Dominican monk; no where, either in the Latin or in the German language, is more pure or more spiritual theology to be found."

A little before the time of which we are now speaking, some errors, from which the worst consequences clearly followed, were introduced into mysticism by a sect, called *Bogards*.

Two of their errors may be thought to deserve a particular mention; the first, that a person may, in this life, acquire so high a state of perfection, as to become absolutely impeccable, and incapable of advancing farther in virtue; the second, that, in this state of perfection, prayer is unnecessary. Their errors were condemned in 1311, at the general council of Vienne, at which Pope Clement the Fifth presided in person.

Taulerus wrote against the Bogards: he was highly celebrated for his extensive and profound learning. Rusbrock, on the contrary, was perfectly ignorant of the science of the schools; and many of the most objectionable passages, in the writings of the mystics, are taken from his works. Some passages of this description were objected, both to Taulerus and Rusbrock, by Gersen, the celebrated chancellor of Paris. In Harphius, a Franciscan friar of Mechlen, they met with an able advocate.

Among the writers of these times, the mystics are proud to

mention, in their list, St. Catherine of Sienna, St. Catherine of Genoa, and the blessed Angela of Foligna.

VI.—Modern Roman Catholic mystical writers.

The modern Roman Catholic school of mysticism opens with St. John of the Cross and St. Theresa. All spiritualists agree, that no mystic writer appears to have been more highly gifted, or to have used more accurate language, than St. Theresa: her works are written with great fire and in an excellent taste; they abound with judicious remarks, and the best Spanish writers inform us, that the style of them is most elegant and correct.

The work of St. Francis of Sales, on *The Love of God*, has, of all mystical writings, been the most read. "He paints in it," says the author of *The Lives of the Saints*, "his own soul. He describes the feeling sentiments of divine love, its state of fervor, of dryness, of trials, suffering, and darkness: in explaining which, he calls in philosophy to his assistance. He writes on this sublime subject, what he had learned by his own experience. Some parts of the book are only to be understood by those who have gone through these states; yet, the author has ever been admired for the performance. The General of the Carthusians had written to him, upon his *Introduction to a devout life*, advising him to write no more, because nothing could equal that book: but, seeing this, he bade him never cease writing; and James I. was so delighted with the book, that he expressed a great desire to see the author." Those who wish to read the celebrated work of St. Francis of Sales, should procure the edition of it by Father Bignon. The edition, published at Lyons, in 1628, by Drobet, was adulterated; and, on the complaint of the brother of the author, was suppressed by the order of Lewis XIII. A correct and true edition of the work was printed, at Lyons, by Courcellys, in 1629; but the faulty edition, with its additions and interpolations, has been often reprinted, which makes it the more desirable to procure the edition of Father Bignon.

The errors of the Bogards have been mentioned: the present is the place for mentioning the errors of the Quietists. They were a modification of the errors of the Bogards. The patriarch of them was Michael de Molinos: his errors were condemned by Innocent XI. in 1680. Quietism was a modification of the errors of Molinos; it was justly charged on the writings of Madame de Guyon; and certainly some expressions, used by Fenelon, are tinged with it.*

* The controversy to which this gave rise is mentioned, at some length, in the *Life of Fenelon*, by Mr. Butler.

Mystical writers, subsequent to St. Francis of Sales, may be divided into those who preceded, and those who were subsequent to, the disputes in which Fenelon was engaged. The most eminent of the former are Father Surin and Cardinal Bona. In the disputes of Quietism, both Bossuet and Fenelon appealed to the writings of Father Surin, and each pronounced them to be free from reproach. They were first printed with the formal approbation of Bossuet. They consist principally of his *Fondemens de la Vie Spirituelle*, 1 vol. 8vo. both of them edited by Father Bignon; and of his *Letters* in 2 vols. 12mo. In the first of them, he mentions, that one of the most sublime contemplatives, whom he ever knew, was a journeyman in a working trade, with whom he happened to travel in a French diligence; and who afterwards, as we find from Boudon's Letters, became a lay-brother amongst the Capuchins. The mystical writings of Cardinal Bona deserve the highest praise for the accuracy of their doctrine, their affecting piety, extreme erudition, and exquisite Latinity. It may be doubted, whether, since the days of the younger Pliny, any Latin author has written in verse or prose with greater elegance. Yet it may be questioned, whether the subject is treated in any work so perspicuously, (though with great brevity) as in the *Catechisme de Therèse, contenant toute la Doctrine necessaire pour la vie Spirituelle; Bruxelles*, 1675.

The disputes between Bossuet and Fenelon brought mysticism into disrepute. Contemplative writers, subsequent to that time, have cautiously abstained from entering into any detailed account of the gifts of contemplative prayer, and seem to confine themselves to exhortations and habitual recollection of the presence of God; humility, self-denial, retirement, and detachment from worldly objects; and to moving descriptions of the blessings which the peace of God confers on those who enjoy it.

Of this description of writers, but long anterior in time to the period of which we are now speaking, is the author of *The Imitation of Christ*. "That," says Fontenelle, "is the most excellent book which ever came from the hand of man, the gospel being of divine original." This is the highest eulogium that any work has received, and its justice is universally admitted. Valart founds an argument against the claim of Thomas-à-Kempis to be its author, on the supposed inequality of the acknowledged works of that writer, which, he says, are extremely flat: but the justice of this censure was denied by the late Mr. Alban Butler, the author of *The Lives of the Saints:* he always spoke in terms of the highest commendation of the treatise of Thomas-à-Kempis, *de verâ Compunctione* and *de Tribus Tabernaculis*.

The doctrine of this celebrated book, in a more modern

dress, but with much of the beautiful simplicity of the original, is elegantly expanded by Father Neuveville, in his *Morale de l'Evangile*, 4 *vols.* 8*vo.*; by Father Gonnelieu, in his *Pratique de la vie Intérieure*, 1 *vol.* 8*vo.*; *L'Exercise de la vie Intérieure*, 1 *vol.* 8*vo.* and the translation, into French, of the *Imitation of Christ*, 1 vol. 8vo.; by Father Lombez, in his *Traité sur la Paix Intérieure*, 1 *vol.* 12*mo.*; and in *La vraie et solide Piété de St. Francis de Sales*, 1 *vol.* 8*vo.*

Mystical devotion never prevailed much in England.

The *Scale of Perfection* of Hylton, a Carthusian monk, merits attentive perusal. The *Sancta Sophia* of Father Baker, a Benedictine monk, in the abridgment given of it by Father Cressey, of the same order, and *Philotheus's Pilgrimage to Perfection, in a practice of ten days solitude*, Bruges 1668, were once popular among English Roman Catholics. The *Sancta Sophia* was severely animadverted upon by Dr. Stillingfleet, in his *Idolatry, practised by the church of Rome;* Cressey replied to it, by his *Answer to Part of Dr. Stillingfleet's Book*, entitled *Idolatry practised by the church of Rome;* and his *Fanaticism, fanatically imputed to the Catholic church by Dr. Stillingfleet.* In answer to this work, Lord Chancellor Clarendon published a vindication of Dr. Stillingfleet, entitled *Animadversions on Mr. Cressey's book, entitled Fanaticism fanatically imputed*, &c. Mr. Cressey answered by *An epistle apologetical of S. C. a person of honour, touching his vindication of Dr. Stillingfleet.* To this, Dr. Stillingfleet replied, by his *Answer to Mr. Cressey's epistle apologetical*, &c. All these controversial works are ably written, and deserve an attentive perusal: not so much, however, for their mystic lore, as for the important facts and observations which they communicate, respecting the grounds on which the penal laws, in the English code, against the Roman Catholics, can be best attacked or defended.

VII.—Mysticism, as it is found in the writings of the most approved Roman Catholic authors.

At an early period of Christianity, three states of *the Just* were noticed by her writers: at a later period, they were distinguished into the Purgative, the Illuminative, and the Contemplative or Unitive. The first, which took its appellation from Aristotle's purgation of the passions, is supposed to comprehend those who have made their first advances in a spiritual life; who assiduously bewail their sins, are careful to avoid relapsing into them, endeavour to destroy their bad habits, and to extinguish their passions; who fast, watch, and pray, and are blessed with a contrite and humble heart. The second is supposed to include those who divest themselves of earthly affections, study to ac-

quire purity of heart, and a constant habit of virtue, the true light of the soul;—who assiduously meditate on the life and doctrines of Christ, and inflame themselves by it to the imitation of his virtues. Those are supposed to be arrived at the *third* state whose souls, thus illuminated, are dead to the world, are united to God, and enjoy his holy peace. Even in the *first* stage of a spiritual life, the comfort which the soul experiences exceeds the joys of this world. With Bourdaloue, *(Sur la choix mutuel de Dieu et de l'ame religieuse,)* the soul exclaims, "I have chosen God, and God has chosen me; this reflection is my support and strength; it will enable me to surmount every difficulty, to resist every temptation, to rise above every chagrin and disgust." From the moment in which this choice is made, the soul, according to the same eloquent preacher, (in his sermon for the feast of St. Mary Magdalen) "begins to enjoy a sweet tranquillity: conscience begins to experience the interior joy of pious hope and confidence in the mercies of God, and to feel the holy '*onction*' of grace. In the midst of her penitential austerities, she comforts and strengthens herself by the thought, that she is making some satisfaction and atonement to God for her sins, that she is purifying her heart, and disposing it to receive the communications of heaven." This comfort and sensation of happiness must necessarily increase in proportion as the soul is illuminated, as the charms of virtue are unveiled to her, and her interior is filled with God. "Who can express," says Bourdaloue, "the secret delight which God bestows on a heart thus purified! how he delights her! what holy sentiments and transports he excites in her!" But when she lives for God alone, then, in the language of the spiritualists, God communicates himself to her, and her happiness, as far as happiness is attainable in this life, is complete. Here begins the contemplative or unitive state.

What in this state of union passes between God and the soul, the most eminent spiritualists acknowledge their inability to describe. All of them admit that the language and images by which they attempt to represent it, though they should be the best that industry and eloquence can supply, must fall short of what they wish to express. Still, for the edification and instruction of the faithful, of those particularly who may think themselves called to it, they attempt to describe it as far as language allows.

They inform us, that, though it sometimes pleases Almighty God to elevate a soul at once to the sublimest contemplation, he generally leads her to it by the degrees we have mentioned. For each of them the soul disposes herself, by prayer, penance, and submission to the divine will: the fear and love of God enter into each of them; and each has its vicissitudes of spi-

ritual joy and spiritual trial. The passage into each requires exertion and perseverance, and none of them can be attained without "holy violence." To obtain a contrite and humble heart, the foundation of all virtue, requires many an arduous effort, many a painful sacrifice. As the soul advances in virtue, her combats continue, temptations to vanity, to gratifications of sense, and dissipation of thought, press on her, and appear to multiply;—she flies from them to the "foot of the cross;" the more she takes of it upon her, the more she has to support of its weight: but she perseveres, and begins to taste how sweet the Almighty is to those who truly seek him. Still much imperfection hangs upon her, and self-love enters too much into her best actions. Self-love itself she finally subdues, and this leads her to the happy state of union with the Almighty, which, according to the writers of whom we are speaking, forms the just man's last and happiest state in this life. But, for the passage into it, the most heroic exertions and sacrifices are necessary; the soul must completely die to the world and herself, and obtain a complete victory over all that draws, or has even a remote tendency to draw her from God. Persecution, from the world at large, from those who are most dear to her, repeated mortifications, and bitter external and internal trials of every kind, are the means which God generally uses to effect her final perfection; but by far the severest trial, with which he visits her, is the "spiritual night," as it is termed by those writers, through which he generally makes her pass. In that state, she is assailed by the strongest temptations; she often seems to herself to be on the brink of yielding to them; and, sometimes, fears she has yielded: the most blasphemous thoughts, the most irregular ideas, crowd her mind; she feels, or rather apprehends she feels, a complacency in them; God seems to her to abandon her, she no longer beholds in him her Father, her Redeemer, the shepherd who leads her to the green pasture, or the living water;—she views him armed with terrors, conceives herself an object of his wrath, and, in indescribable anguish, fears it will be her everlasting lot. Still she perseveres, and in the midst of this agonizing suffering, she is invariably patient, invariably humble, invariably resigned, and, even when she seems to herself to sink under the harrowing impression of her being an eternal object of divine wrath, and fears all is lost, (her last and heaviest trial,) she habitually trusts herself to his mercy, and abandons herself to his holy will. *Then*, she is nailed to the sacred cross: she *dies* to the world, to herself, to all that is not God, and *her sacrifice is complete*.

But, as these writers assure us, in the midst of this severe visitation, God is ever near her, and enriches her with the most pure and exalted virtues. She acquires an habitual conformity

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to his holy will, a perfect indifference to all actions and objects, except as they please or displease him: on him alone she is occupied, with him alone she is filled, she leaves him for himself; and the divine transformation, so beautifully described by St. Paul, when he exclaims, Gal. xi. 2, "It is not I that live, it is Christ that liveth in me," then ensues.

Such are the spiritual favours, which in this hour of desolation, while she herself is not only unconscious of them, but, actually fears herself to be an object of wrath,—this humble and afflicted soul is said to receive from the unbounded mercy of God; and such, they inform us, are the exalted gifts with which her perseverance is crowned.

Often she continues, for years, in a state of trial; and the spiritualists, who describe it, speak of it as exceeding every species of corporeal pain. But her hour of reward at length arrives: and God, then, showers on her an abundance of those sacred favours which, the same writers tell us, no one can adequately describe, and those alone conceive who have had some experience of them. Wonderfully her intellect is enlightened on divine subjects, her will animated by divine love, her memory radiated by the recollection of the divine mercies. Her appetites are so governed by the holy spirit, as to become subservient to her religious perfection; her very corporeal existence partakes of the holy jubilation of her soul, and rejoiceth with her in God her Saviour. She beholds not intuitively, as they are beholden by the angels and the saints, but in a divine light, the adorable essence, the sacred mysteries of the Trinity and the incarnation, the unspeakable perfections of God, and the wisdom and justice of his ways with man. He admits her to habitual and intimate communications with him. "Frequent," says the author of the *Imitation of Christ*, (lib. 2. c. 1.) "are the visits of God to such a soul, sweet his conversation with her, grateful the consolations, unspeakable the peace he brings to her, wonderful the familiarity which he vouchsafes her." Her joy is pure and passeth understanding: surrounded by the light and power of divine love, she lives and feels and moves in God alone.

It is particularly in *her prayer* that she experiences those favors. Generally speaking, the incipient, in a spiritual life, begins with *vocal prayer*, and, at first, contents himself with attentively reading those forms of prayer which books supply. "These," Bossuet observes, *Instruction sur les Etats d'Oraison* (lib. 5. sect. 21.) "rather inform the understanding than enter into the heart: but such prayers have abundant use; they resemble the bark of a tree that covers and invigorates the sap which circulates under it; they are like the snow which is spread over corn, and enriches the lands from which the corn

draws its nourishment." Insensibly, he rises to *meditation*. At first, he avails himself of some collection of published meditations, dwells on what he reads, amplifies it in his mind, and excites his heart to follow and expand the sentiment which it produces. By degrees, he trusts to himself, and his reflections and sentiments are his own; but, for a long time, his understanding and imagination are more engaged by them than his heart, and the whole is a work of exertion. In the course of time, devotion becomes habitual to him, and motives of love, of admiration, of humility, of humble hope and chastened fear, gently, but irresistibly, fill his heart; and the soul with little exertion of the intellectual faculty, of which she herself is sensible, receives and returns the purest, noblest, and most exalted sentiments of divine love.

At times, she is favored with what ascetics term the prayer of contemplation; or, *supernatural* or *passive* prayer. All *Christian* prayer, they observe, is grounded in *faith*, nurtured by hope, and perfected by charity; and is, therefore, the fruit of supernatural grace: but, in the prayer of contemplation, the influx of the Holy Ghost excites the soul to divine love so powerfully, that external objects lose their natural operation on her: a kind of suspension of her faculties comes upon her, and she receives, passively and without any effort, on her side, of which she herself is sensible, the impressions which her contemplation of the deity, of his adorable perfection, and of his boundless love, makes in her: it is, in this sense, that the prayer of contemplation, particularly, is said to be *passive*.

Like the other stages of prayer, it has its degrees. In all of them the soul is rather *passive* than *active;* and, without any sensible exertion, receives an holy quiet and repose from the divine visitation. Exalted by his mercy to a pure and undisturbed contemplation of God, she beholds him infinite in his perfections: all goodness, all wisdom, all power. Abandoning herself to his will, and humbly confident in his mercy, she remains before him in silent adoration and love, without fear or desire, and indifferent to all that is not God, or the will of God. The highest degrees of this sublime prayer are called, by the writers on this subject, the *prayer of quiet* and the *prayer of union*. In the former, the intellect is more employed than in the latter. The prayer of union is the most sublime degree of prayer to be attained in this life, and in describing it, ordinary language, which the mystical writers have long found inadequate for the expression of their ideas, absolutely deserts him, and metaphor and allusion are his only support. The soul, as he describes it, then enters the cloud with Moses; or, as Cardinal Bona expresses it, she is conducted into the vast solitude of the Divinity, and sees, and hears, and feels unutterable

things. An enlarged knowledge of the divine increated God is infused into her; she is penetrated with an exquisitely sweet, but wholly indescribable sensation of his love for her, and her own fervent and humble return of love to him. It seldom happens that the period of unspeakable delight is long; but it leaves in the soul a sovereign contempt and loathing of the world and its vanities, an ardent desire of beholding, in eternity, the author of her happiness, a firm but submissive hope of his blessing, and a painful, but patient, sense of its delay. The fear and love of God increase as she advances to her mortal term; and, in the mean time, she lives with God and for him alone.

"The virtuous man," says Father Nouet, (*l'Homme d' oraison, deuxieme Retraite*, p. 16.) "who resigns his own will to the will of God, has his mind so enlightened, and his heart so magnanimous and generous, that he despises all which he before admired: all his delight is in heavenly things: God is all his joy, felicity, and happiness; and, in return, God finds in him joy, pleasure, and delight. In beholding him, the Father says, "this is my beloved, in whom I am well pleased:" the Son says, "this is my brother:" the Holy Ghost says, "I am the spouse of his soul." The three divine persons associate him to their throne, and sometimes place the sceptre of almighty power in his hands, to work miracles and command nature.

All approved writers, who write on these high states of prayer, declare their total inability to define or describe them in adequate terms; or to give even a notion of them, to those to whom prayer is not a familiar employment. After some exposition of them, Cardinal Bona expresses himself in these terms; "Omitto plura, hujus unionis, æquè abdita, et inexpertis incredibilia mysteria, mysticos contemplationis excessus.—Hæc secretioris sapientiæ sacramenta, ignaris relata, fidem amittunt, iisque, duntaxat, perspecta sunt, qui in hujus gradûs summitate, pace fruuntur." All approved writers on this subject, also agree, that though the sublime prayer of contemplation is often the reward of heroic virtue, the basis of which is perfect humility and perfect purity of mind and heart, many persons of the most eminent virtue do not receive it; that, though in some manner it might be regulated, it cannot, in the slightest degree, be acquired, by human precept;—that, generally, it is presumptuous to desire it; and that those who conceive themselves to be favoured with it, should abstain, almost wholly, from making it a subject of conversation, and only mention it on very extraordinary occasions.

In an admirable letter of Father Bourdaloue, published by M. De Bausset, in a note to the first volume of the life of Fene-

lon, that eloquent and judicious preacher forbids even to real contemplatives, all discourse on the subject, and intimates that they should seldom mention it to their spiritual director. "Ce que ce serait à souhaiter dans le siècle en nous sommes, serait qu'on parlât peu de ces matières: et que les mêmes qui pourroient être veritablement dans l'oraison de la contemplation, ne s'en expliquassent jamais entre elles, et encore même rarement avec leurs pères spirituels." Father Gonnelieu, in a work we have cited, *(Exercises de la Vie intérieure,* p. 57.) cautions his readers, against contemplative illusions. "Many," he says, "who think themselves called to it, and content themselves, as they term it, with remaining before God, and reposing themselves gently with thoughts of him, are merely idle, and often, really, fall fast asleep.

VIII.—Mysticism of some divines of the Church of England.

Protestant mysticism appears to advantage in the writings of the celebrated Doctor Jeremy Taylor, Doctor Henry More, and Mr. John Norris, contemplative divines of great eminence in the seventeenth century. They had, however, been preceded by the *Effigies amoris, or the picture of love unveiled,* the work of Mr. Robert Waryng, a student of Christ-church, Oxford, and a noted cavalier. It was first printed in 1649, and has been frequently reprinted: it is now little known; but the writer can recollect, that, in the time of his youth, it was a popular work, and frequently found exposed for sale on stalls.

A complete system of mysticism is exhibited by Mr. Norris in his *Idea of happiness, or a Letter on what is the greatest happiness attainable by Man.* An abridgment of it is given by the authors of the *Biographia Britannica.* Having given in these pages an account of the Roman Catholic mysticism, it may be pleasing to our readers to compare it with Mr. Norris's Protestant mysticism: we shall therefore transcribe, for their perusal, an account given of it in the work which we have mentioned.—

"Having laid it down, that happiness consists only in the fruition of God, he proceeds to explain the nature of that fruition; and, asserting the insufficiency of a virtuous life to that purpose, as the word virtue is understood by the Stoicks, Peripatetics, and the generality of other moralists, he takes the word in that highest sense which frequently occurs in the Pythagorean and Platonic writings on contemplation, and the unitive way of religion. This, in contra-distinction to moral virtue, they call divine virtue; the former is a state of proficiency, the latter of perfection: the former is a state of difficulty and contention, the latter of ease and security; the former is employed in mastering the passions and regulating the actions of common life, the latter in divine meditation and the ecstacies of seraphic love. He that has only the former is, like Moses, with much difficulty climbing up

to the Holy Mount; but he that has the latter, is like the same person conversing with God on the serene top of it, and shining with rays of anticipated glory. This is the last stage of human perfection, the utmost height of the ladder whereby we ascend to heaven; one step higher, is glory.

"Here then, continues he, I will build my tabernacle; for, it is good to be here. He then goes on to treat of contemplation, which he takes in a peculiar sense, as it signifies an habitual attentive study, application, and conversion of the spirit to God and his divine perfections. Of this, says he, the masters of mystic theology commonly make fifteen degrees. The first is intention of truth. The second is a retirement of all the vigor and strength of the faculties into the innermost parts of the soul. The third is spiritual silence. The fourth is rest. The fifth is union. The sixth is hearing the still voice of God. The seventh is spiritual slumber. The eighth is ecstasy. The ninth is rapture. The tenth is the corporeal appearance of Christ and the saints. The eleventh is the imaginary appearance of the same. The twelfth is the intellectual vision of God. The thirteenth is the union of God in obscurity. The fourteenth is an admirable manifestation of God. The fifteenth is a clear and intuitive vision of him, such as St. Austin and Thomas Aquinas attribute to St. Paul when he was wrapt in the third heaven. Others, continues he, reckon only seven degrees; viz. taste, desire, satiety, ebriety, security, tranquillity; but the name of the seventh, they say, is known only to God. However, he does not agree with the several Platonists, who, finding their master to define contemplation λύσις καὶ χώρησις τῆς ψυκῆς ἀπὸ τοῦ σώματος, a solution and separation of the soul from the body, understood it literally and absolutely; yet, he says, there are exceeding great measures of abstraction in it; so great, that sometimes whether a man be in the body or out of the body, he himself can hardly tell; and consequently, the soul in these preludiums of death, these neighbourhoods of separation, must needs have higher glimpses and beatific ideas of God, than in a state void of these devotions, and consequently must love him with greater ardency. This brings him to consider this love, which he will have to be not only intellectual, but passionate; the motion of the will being accompanied with a sensible commotion of the spirits, and an estuation of the blood: and animadverting on an argument against this opinion, it is not, says he, all the sophistry of the cold logicians that shall work me out of the belief of what I feel and know, and rob me of the sweetest entertainment of my life, the passionate love of God; whatever some men may pretend, who are strangers to all the affectionate hearts of religion, and therefore make their philosophy a plea for their indevotion, and extinguish all holy orders with a syllogism; yea, I am firmly persuaded, that our love of God may be not only passionate, but exceeding the love of women. He endeavoured to prove this from the use of church music, and maintains, that though the beauty of God be not the same with that which we see in corporeal beings, and as it comes intellectually, cannot directly fall within the sphere of the imagination; yet it is something analogous to it, and that very analogy is enough to excite a passion: he concludes with

describing the nature and force of seraphic love, which is to love God with the utmost capacity of a mortal creature in this life; when a man, after having many degrees of abstraction from the animal life, manya profound and steady meditation upon the excellencies of God, sees such a vast ocean of beauty and perfection, that he loves him to the utmost stretch of his power. *When he sits under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit is sweet to his taste.* (Canticles, ii. iii.) When he consecrates and devotes himself wholly to him, and has no passion for inferior objects. When he is ravished with delights of his service, and breathes out some of his soul to him in every prayer. When he is delighted with the anthems of praise and adoration more than marrow or fatness, (Psalm cxix.) and feasts upon hallelujahs. When he melts into a calenture of devotion, and his soul breatheth out with fervent desires. When the one thing he delights in, is to converse with God in the beauty of holiness, and the one thing he desires, is to see him in heaven. This is seraphic love; and this, with contemplation, makes up that which the mystic divines style the unitive way of religion. By union, he does not understand that which is local, nor that of grace, nor yet that of charity; these two last being common to all men who, indeed, love God, but want the excellency of contemplative and mystic union: the union which these speak of, is between the faculty and the object, consisting of some habitude or operation of one towards the other. The faculties are the understanding and will, and the object God; and the operations, contemplation and love; the result of which two, in the mystic union, is thus admirably presented by Bishop Taylor in his work entitled, *The Great Examination.* 'It is,' says he, 'a prayer of quietness and silence, and a meditation extraordinary, a discourse without variety, a vision and intuition of divine excellencies, an immediate entry into an orb of light, and a resolution of all our faculties into sweetness, affections, and gazings upon the divine beauty; and is carried on to ecstacies, raptures, suspensions, elevations, abstractions, and apprehensions beatifical.'"

IX.

The opinion of Platonists, that "there is concealed in the minds of all men a spark of the same wisdom that exists in the Supreme Being," is said by Mosheim, (Cent. xxii. § 2. part 2.) "to be the fundamental doctrine of Quakerism." All, according to their tenets, who seek to arrive at true felicity and eternal salvation, should endeavour by self-converse, contemplation, and perpetual efforts, to subdue their sensual affections, and draw forth this divine hidden flame; and those by whom this mysterious operation is accomplished, feel a divine glow of light and warmth, and hear an inward and divine voice which, at once, leads them to truth and assures them of their union with the Divine Being. This spiritual in-dwelling energy they call a ray of eternal wisdom; in general, they receive its impressions and commune with it in silence; but it sometimes

urges them to impart its holy truths to neighbours. The spirit, then, in their language, moveth them to speak.

The mysticism of *the Methodists* is described no where so well as in the sermon of Mr. John Wesley, entitled *The Witness of the Spirit*. He takes for his text the verse, (Rom. viii. 16.) "The spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." The doctrine which he professes to deduce from these words, he announces to be important. He observes, that "it the more nearly concerns the Methodists, so called, clearly to understand, explain, and defend it; because it is one grand part of the testimony which God has given them to bear to all mankind. It is by his peculiar blessing upon them in searching the scriptures, confirmed by the experience of his children, that the great evangelical truth has been recovered, which had been for many years well nigh forgotten." He then proceeds to unfold the great evangelical truth. The spirit which he first mentioned in his text is, according to the explanation which he gives of it, the spirit of God; the other spirit mentioned in it, is the testimony of one's own conscience.

"By the former, I mean," says Mr. Wesley, "an inward impression on my soul; whereby the spirit of God immediately and directly witnesseth to my spirit that I am a child of God. That Jesus Christ has loved me; has given himself for me; that all my sins are blotted out; and I, even I, am reconciled to God. But I do not," continues Mr. Wesley, "mean hereby that the spirit of God testifies this by any outward voice: no, nor always by an inward voice, although he may do this sometimes. Neither do I suppose that he always applies to the heart (though he often may) one or more texts of the scriptures: but he so works upon the soul by his immediate influence, and by strong, though inexplicable, operation, that the stormy wind and troubled waves subside, and there is a sweet calm: the heart resting as in the arms of Jesus, and the sinner being already satisfied, that God is reconciled, that all his iniquities are forgiven, and his sins covered." This inward conviction, or, in the language of the Methodists, this *experience* of the soul, that she is an object of divine favor, is not the result of reasoning, it is the voice of the spirit announcing its feelings antecedently to any reasoning whatsoever. "But let none," says Mr. Wesley, "presume to rest on any supposed testimony of the spirit, which is separate from the truth of it; love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, fidelity, meekness, temperance. On the other hand, let none rest on any supposed trust of the spirit without the witness." What, then, is this great evangelical truth which Mr. Wesley seems to claim exclusively for himself and his followers? In what does it differ from the general belief of all Christians, that he who loves God and keeps his com-

mandments, has a consciousness of the divine favour and the joy of a good conscience?

All who turn their attention to mystical lore will peruse with pleasure Peter Poiret's *Bibliotheca Mystica*, 1 *vol.* 8*vo.* *Amst.* 1708; the preface of De Villeson to his life of St. Theresa, and the preface of the late M. Emery, the superior of the Sulpician congregation of St. Sulpice at Paris, to his work entitled *L'Esprit de Sainte Theresa*, 1 *vol.* 8*vo.* In the *Exposition de la Doctrine de Leibnitz*, 1 *vol.* 8*vo.* a very interesting publication, for which we are chiefly indebted to M. Emery, some passages from the letters of Leibnitz are transcribed, in which he mentions the writings of St. Theresa with esteem, and says, that "they had suggested useful reflections to him," and that "he had found some solid reflections in those of St. Catharine of Genoa." In considering the nature and operations of the intellectual powers of man, we have sometimes thought that the reciprocal action of the soul on the imagination, and of the imagination on the soul, where the senses do not interfere, has not been sufficiently considered, and that a philosophical perusal of some of the most eminent mystics would lead to useful observation on this curious subject.

ART. X. *The Works of* Mr. John Dennis, *in Two Volumes, consisting of Plays, Poems, &c. London*, 1721.

Original Letters, Familiar and Critical, by Mr. Dennis, *in Two Volumes. London*, 1721.

John Dennis, the terror or the scorn of that age, which is sometimes strangely honored with the title of Augustan, has attained a lasting notoriety, to which the reviewers of our times can scarcely aspire. His name is immortalized in the *Dunciad;* his best essay is preserved in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets;* and his works yet keep their state in two substantial volumes, which are now before us. But the interest of the most poignant abuse and the severest criticism quickly perishes. We contemplate the sarcasms and the invectives which once stung into rage the irritable generation of poets, with as cold a curiosity as we look on the rusty javelins or stuffed reptiles in the glass cases of the curious. The works of Dennis will, however, assist us in forming a judgment of the criticism of his age, as compared with that of our own, and will afford us an opportunity of investigating the influences of that popular art, on literature and on the affections.

But we must not forget, that Mr. Dennis laid claims to public esteem, not only as a critic, but as a wit, a politician, and a poet. In the first and the last of these characters, he can receive but little praise. His attempts at gaiety and humour are weighty and awkward, almost without example. His poetry can only be described by negatives; it is not inharmonious, nor irregular, nor often turgid—for the author, too nice to sink into the mean, and too timid to rise into the bombastic, dwells in elaborate "decencies for ever." The climax of his admiration for Queen Mary—"Mankind extols the king—the king admires the queen"—will give a fair specimen of his architectural eulogies. He is entitled to more respect as an honest patriot. He was, indeed, a true-hearted Englishman—with the legitimate prejudices of his country—warmly attached to the principles of the Revolution, detesting the French, abominating the Italian opera, and deprecating as heartily the triumph of the Pretender, as the success of a rival's tragedy. His political treatises, though not very elegantly finished, are made of sturdy and lasting materials. He appears, from some passages in his letters, to have cherished a genuine love of nature, and to have turned, with eager delight, to her deep and quiet solitudes, for refreshment from the feverish excitements, the vexatious defeats, and the barren triumphs, of his critical career. He admired Shakespear, after the fashion of his age, as a wild irregular genius, who would have been ten times as great, had he known and copied the ancients. The following is a part of his general criticism on this subject, and is a very fair specimen of his best style:

"Shakespear was one of the greatest geniuses that the world e'er saw for the tragick stage. Tho' he lay under greater disadvantages than any of his successors, yet had he greater and more genuine beauties than the best and greatest of them. And what makes the brightest glory of his character, those beauties were entirely his own, and owing to the force of his own nature; whereas his faults were owing to his education, and to the age that he lived in. One may say of him as they did of Homer, that he had none to imitate, and is himself inimitable. His imaginations were often as just, as they were bold and strong. He had a natural discretion which never could have been taught him, and his judgment was strong and penetrating. He seems to have wanted nothing but time and leisure for thought, to have found out those rules of which he appears so ignorant. His characters are always drawn justly, exactly, graphically, except where he fail'd by not knowing history or the poetical art. He has, for the most part, more fairly distinguish'd them than any of his successors have done, who have falsified them, or confounded them, by making love the predominant quality in all. He had so fine a talent for touching the passions, and they are so lively in him, and so truly in nature, that they

often touch us more, without their due preparations, than those of other tragick poets, who have all the beauty of design and all the advantage of incidents. His master passion was terror, which he has often mov'd so powerfully and so wonderfully, that we may justly conclude, that if he had had the advantage of art and learning, he wou'd have surpass'd the very best and strongest of the ancients. His paintings are often so beautiful and so lively, so graceful and so powerful, especially where he uses them in order to move terror, that there is nothing perhaps more accomplished in our English poetry. His sentiments, for the most part, in his best tragedies, are noble, generous, easie and natural, and adapted to the persons who use them. His expression is, in many places, good and pure, after a hundred years; simple tho' elevated, graceful tho' bold, and easie tho' strong. He seems to have been the very original of our English tragical harmony; that is, the harmony of blank verse, diversified often by dissyllable and trisyllable terminations. For that diversity distinguishes it from heroick harmony, and, bringing it nearer to common use, makes it more proper to gain attention, and more fit for action and dialogue. Such verse we make when we are writing prose; we make such verse in common conversation.

"If Shakespear had these great qualities by nature, what would he not have been, if he had joined to so happy a genius learning and the poetical art. For want of the latter, our author has sometimes made gross mistakes in the characters which he has drawn from history, against the equality and conveniency of manners of his dramatical persons. Witness Menenius in the following tragedy, whom he has made an arrant buffoon, which is a great absurdity. For he might as well have imagin'd a grave majestick Jack Pudding, as a buffoon in a Roman senator. Aufidius, the general of the Volscians, is shewn a base and a profligate villain. He has offended against the equality of the manners even in the hero himself. For Coriolanus, who in the first part of the tragedy is shewn so open, so frank, so violent, and so magnanimous, is represented in the latter part by Aufidius, which is contradicted by no one, a flattering, fawning, cringing, insinuating traytor."

Mr. Dennis proceeds very generously to apologize for Shakespear's faults, by observing, that he had neither friends to consult, nor time to make corrections. He, also, attributes his lines "utterly void of celestial fire," and passages "harsh and unmusical," to the want of opportunity to wait for felicitous hours and moments of choicest inspiration. To remedy these defects—to mend the harmony and to put life into the dulness of Shakespear—Mr. Dennis has essayed, and brought his own genius to the alteration of *Coriolanus* for the stage, under the lofty title of *The Invader of his Country, or the Fatal Resentment*. In the catastrophe, Coriolanus kills Aufidius, and is himself afterwards slain, to satisfy the requisitions of poetical justice; which, to Mr. Dennis's great distress, Shakespear so often violates. It is quite amusing to observe, with how per-

verted an ingenuity all the gaps in Shakespear's verses are filled up, the irregularities smoothed away, and the colloquial expressions changed for stately phrases. Thus, for example, the noble wish of Coriolanus on entering the forum—

> "The honoured gods
> Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
> Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
> Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
> And not our streets with war"—

is thus elegantly translated into classical language:

> "The great and tutelary gods of Rome
> Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
> Supplied with worthy men: plant love among you:
> Adorn your temples with the pomp of peace,
> And, from our streets, drive horrid war away."

The conclusion of the hero's last speech on leaving Rome—

> "Thus I turn my back: there is a world elsewhere,"

is elevated into the following heroic lines:

> "For me, thus, thus, I turn my back upon you,
> And make a better world where'er I go."

His fond expression of constancy to his wife—

> "That kiss
> I carried from thee, *dear;* and my true lip
> Hath virgined it e'er since,"—

is thus refined:

> "That kiss
> I carried from *my love*, and my true lip
> Hath ever since preserved it like a virgin."

The icicle, which was wont to "hang on Dian's temple," here more gracefully "hangs upon the temple of Diana." The burst of mingled pride, and triumph of Coriolanus, when taunted with the word "boy," is here exalted to tragic dignity. Our readers have, doubtless, ignorantly admired the original:

> "Boy! False hound!
> If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
> That, like an eagle in a dove cote, I

Fluttered your Volsces in Corioli.
Alone I did it—Boy!"

The following is the improved version:

"This boy, that, like an eagle in a dove cote,
Flutter'd a thousand Volsces in Corioli,
And did it without second or acquittance,
Thus sends their mighty chief to mourn in hell!"

Who does not now appreciate the sad lot of Shakespear—so feelingly bewailed by Mr. Dennis—that he had not a critic, of the age of King William, by his side, to refine his style and elevate his conceptions?

It is edifying to observe, how the canons of Mr. Dennis's criticism, which he regarded as the imperishable laws of genius, are now either exploded, or considered as matters of subordinate importance, wholly unaffecting the inward soul of poetry. No one now regards the merits of an Epic poem, as decided by the subservience of the fable and the action to the moral—by the presence or the absence of an allegory—by the fortunate or unfortunate fate of the hero—or by any other rules of artificial decorum, which the critics of former times thought fit to inculcate. We learn, from their essays, whether the works which they examine are constructed, in externals, according to certain fantastic rules; but, whether they are frigid or impassioned, harmonious or prosaic, filled with glorious imaginations, or replete with low common-places;—whether, in short, they are works of genius or of mere toil—are questions entirely beneath their concern. The critique on the tragedy of *Cato*, ingenious and just as it is, omits one material objection to that celebrated piece—that it is good for nothing, and would be so if all the faults selected for censure could be, in an instant, corrected. There is a French essay on *Telemachus*, framed on the same superficial principles of criticism, which, after a minute examination of the moral, fable, characters, allegory, and other like requisites of excellence, triumphantly proves its claim to be ranked with, if not above, the great poems of Homer and of Virgil. Mr. Dennis seems, in general, to have applied the rules of criticism, extant in his day, to the compositions on which he passed judgment; but there was one position respecting which his contemporaries were not agreed, and on which he combated with the spirit of a martyr. This disputed point, the necessity of observing poetical justice in the works of fiction, we shall briefly examine, because we think that it involves one of those mistakes in humanity, which it is always desirable to expose. But first we must, in fairness, lay one of our author's many arguments, on this subject, before our readers.

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"The principal character of an epick poem must be either morally good or morally vicious; if he is morally good, the making him end unfortunately will destroy all poetical justice, and, consequently, all instruction: such a poem can have no moral, and, consequently, no fable, no just and regular poetical action, but must be a vain fiction and an empty amusement. Oh, but there is a retribution in futurity! But I thought that the reader of an epick poem was to owe his instruction to the poet, and not to himself: well then, the poet may tell him so at the latter end of his poem: ay, would to God I could see such a latter end of an epick poem, where the poet should tell the reader, that he has cut an honest man's throat, only that he may have an opportunity to send him to heaven; and that, tho' this would be but an indifferent plea upon an indictment for murder at the Old Baily, yet that he hopes the good-natur'd reader will have compassion on him, as the gods have on his hero. But raillery apart, sir, what occasion is there for having recourse to an epick poet to tell ourselves by the bye, and by occasional reflection, that there will be a retribution in futurity, when the Christian has this in his heart constantly and directly, and the Atheist and Free-thinker will make no such reflection? Tell me truly, sir, would not such a poet appear to you or me, not to have sufficiently considered what a poetical moral is? And should not you or I, sir, be obliged, in order to make him comprehend the nature of it, to lay before him that universal moral, which is the foundation of all morals, both epick and dramatick, and is inclusive of them all, and that is, That he who does good, and perseveres in it, shall always be rewarded; and he who does ill, and perseveres in it, shall always be punished? Should we not desire him to observe, that the foresaid reward must always attend and crown good actions, not sometimes only, for then it would follow, that sometimes a perseverance in good actions has no reward, which would take away all poetical instruction, and, indeed, every sort of moral instruction, resolving Providence into chance or fate. Should we not, sir, farther put him in mind, that since whoever perseveres in good actions, is sure to be rewarded at the last, it follows, that a poet does not assert by his moral, that he is always sure to be rewarded in this world, because that would be false, as you have very justly observed, p. 60; and, therefore, never can be the moral of an epick poem, because what is false may delude, but only truth can instruct. Should we not let him know, sir, that this universal moral only teaches us, that whoever perseveres in good actions, shall be always sure to be rewarded either here or hereafter; and that the truth of this moral is proved by the poet, by making the principal character of his poem, like all the rest of his characters, and like the poetical action, at the bottom, universal and allegorical, even after distinguishing it by a particular name, by making this principal character at the bottom, a meer poetical phantom of a very short duration, thro' the whole extent of which duration we can see at once, which continues no longer than the reading of the poem, and that being over, the phantom is to us nothing, so that unless our sense is satisfy'd of the reward that is given to this poetical phantom, whose whole duration we see thro' from the very beginning to the end; instead of a wholesome moral, there would

be a pernicious instruction, viz. That a man may persevere in good actions, and not be rewarded for it thro' the whole extent of his duration, that is, neither in this world nor in the world to come."

It may be sufficient to answer to all this—and to much more of the same kind which our author has adduced—that little good can be attained by representations which are perpetually at variance with our ordinary perceptions. The poet may represent humanity as mightier and fairer than it appears to a common observer. In the mirror which he "holds up to nature," the forms of might and of beauty may look more august, more lovely, or more harmonious, than they appear, in the "light of common day," to eyes which are ungifted with poetic vision. But if the world of imagination is directly opposed to that of reality, it will become a cold abstraction, a baseless dream, a splendid mockery. We shall strive in vain to make men sympathise with beings of a sphere purely ideal, where might shall be always right, and virtue its own present as well as exceeding great reward. Happily, the exhibition is as needless for any moral purposes, as it would be inadequate to attain them. Though the poet cannot make us witnesses of the future recompense of that virtue, which here struggles and suffers, he can cause us to feel, in the midst of its very struggles and sufferings, that it is eternal. He makes the principle of immortality manifest in the meek submission, in the deadly wrestle with fate, and even in the mortal agonies of his noblest characters. What, in true dignity, does virtue lose, by the pangs which its clay tenement endures, if we are made conscious of its high prerogatives, though we do not visibly gaze on the immunities which shall ultimately be its portion? Hereafter it may be rewarded, but *now* it is triumphant. We require no dull epilogue to tell us, that it shall be crowned in another and happier state of being; for our souls gush with admiration and sympathy with it, amidst its sorrows. We love it, and burn to imitate it, for its own loveliness, not for its gains. Surely it is a higher aim of the poet to awaken this emotion—to inspire us with the awe of goodness, amidst its deepest external debasements, and to make us almost desire to share in them, than to invite us to partake in her rewards, and to win us by a calculating sympathy. The hovel or the dungeon does not, in the pictures of a genuine poet, give the coloring to the soul which inhabits it, but receives from its majesty a consecration beyond that of temples, and a dignity more exalted than that of palaces. For it is his high prerogative to exhibit the spiritual part of man triumphant over that about him, which is mortal—to shew, in his far-reaching hope, his moveless constancy, his deep and disinterested affections, his enthusiasm which no disappointment can quench, that

there is a spirit within him, which time and death can never destroy. Low and wretched is the morality—still weaker and more despicable the imaginative power—which aspires to affect men by nothing beyond the poor and childish lesson, that to be virtuous is to be happy. Virtue is no dependant on earthly expediencies for its excellence. It has a beauty to be loved, as vice has a deformity to be abhorred, which are unaffected by the consequences experienced by their votaries. Do we admire the triumph of vice, and scoff at goodness, when we think on the divine Clarissa, violated, imprisoned, heart-broken, or dying? Must Parson Adams receive a mitre, to direct us that we should love him? Our best feelings and highest aspirations are not yet of so mercantile a cast, as those who contend for "poetical justice" would imagine. The mere result, in respect of our sympathies, is as nothing. The only real violation of poetical justice is in the violation of nature, to array vice in attractive qualities, which excite an interest in its favour, whatever may be its destiny. When, for example, a wretch, whose trade is murder, is represented as cherishing the purest and the deepest love for an innocent being—when chivalrous delicacy of sentiment is conferred on a pirate, tainted with a thousand crimes—the effect is immoral, whatever doom may, at last, await him. If the barriers of virtue and of evil are melted down by the current of spurious sympathy, there is no catastrophe which can remove the mischief; and, while these are preserved in our feelings, there is none which can truly harm us. Virtue makes even the deeper impression when it is afflicted. "The best of men, that e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer." In viewing images of greatness and of anguish, our hearts are, at once, elevated and softened—they feel intensely the immortality of their now suffering nature, and the stability of its noblest principles—

> "and all the crooked paths
> Of time and change disdaining, take their range
> Along the line of limitless desires."

The critics of the age of Dennis held, in their claims, a middle course between their predecessors of old time, and their living successors. The men who first exercised the art of criticism, imbued with a deep veneration for the loftiest works of genius, sought to deduce rules from them, which future poets should observe. They did not assume the right of passing individual judgments on their contemporaries—nor did they aim at deciding even abstract questions of taste on their own personal authority—but attempted, by fixing the laws of composition, to mark out the legitimate channels in which the streams of

thought, passion, and sentiment, should be bounded through all ages. Their dogmas, therefore, whether they contained more or less of truth, carried with them no extensive weight, were influenced by no personal feelings, excited no personal animosities, but simply appealed, like poetry itself, to those minds which alone could give them sanction. In the first critical days of England—those of the Rymers and the Dennises—the professors of the art began to regard themselves as judges, not merely of the principles of poetry, but of their application by living authors. Then commenced the arrogance on the side of the supervisors, and the impatience and resentment on that of their subjects, which contemporary criticism necessarily inspires. The worst passions of man were brought into exercise in reference to those pure and ennobling themes, which should be sacred from all low contentions of " the ignorant present time." But the battle was, at least, fair and open. The critic still appealed to principles, however fallacious or imperfect, which all the world might examine. His decrees had no weight, independent of his reasons, nor was his name, or his want of one, esteemed of magical virtue. He attacked the poets on equal terms—sometimes, indeed, with the poisoned weapons of derision and personal slander—but always as a foe to subdue, not as a judge to pass sentence on them. Criticism, in our own times, has first assumed the air of " sovereign sway and masterdom" over the regions of fantasy. Its professors enforce not established laws, contend no longer for principles, attack poets no more with chivalrous zeal, as violating the cause of poetic morals, or sinning against the regularities of their art. They pronounce the works, of which they take cognizance, to be good or bad—often without professing to give any reason for their decision—or referring to any standard, more fixed or definite than their own taste, partiality, or prejudice. And the public, without any knowledge of their fitness for their office—without even knowing their names—receive them as the censors of literature, the privileged inspectors of genius ! This strange supremacy of criticism, in our own age, gives interest to the investigation of the claims, which the art itself possesses to the respect and gratitude of the people. If it is on the whole beneficial to the world, it must either be essential to the awakening of genius—or necessary to direct its exertions—or useful in repressing abortive and mistaken efforts—or conducive to the keeping alive and fitly guiding public admiration and sympathy with the poet's noblest and holiest creations. On each of these grounds, we shall now very briefly examine its value.

1. It is evident, that the art of criticism is not requisite to the developement of genius, because, in all the golden ages of poetry, it has had no portion. Its professors have never even

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constructed the scaffolding to aid the erection of the cloud-capt towers and solemn temples of the bard. By his facile magic he has called them into existence, like the palace of Aladdin, complete in the minutest graces of finishing as well as vast and noble in design. Long before the art of criticism was known in Greece, her divine rhapsodists had attained the highest excellencies of poetry. No fear of a critic's scorn, no desire of a critic's praise, influenced these consecrated wanderers. Nature alone was their model, their inspirer, and their guide. From her did they drink in the feeling, not only of permanence and of grandeur, but of light, aërial grace, and roseate beauty. The rocks and eternal hills gave them the visible images of lasting might—the golden clouds of even, "sailing on the bosom of the air," sent a feeling of soft and evanescent loveliness into their souls—and the delicate branchings of the grove, reflected in the calm waters, embued them with a perception of elegance far beyond the reach of art. No pampered audiences thought themselves entitled to judge them, to analyse their powers, to descant on their imperfections, to lament their failures, or to eulogize their sublimities, as those who had authority to praise. Their hearers dwelt on their accents with rapturous wonder, as nature's living and sacred oracles. They wandered through the majestic scenes of their country—every where communicating deep joy and every where receiving reverence—exciting in youth its first tearful ecstasy, and kindling fresh enthusiasm amidst the withered affections of age. They were revered as the inspired chroniclers of heroic deeds—the sacred inspirers of national glory and virtue—the august depositories of the awful mysteries and the philosophic wisdom of those times which even then were old. They trusted not to paper or the press for the preservation of their memory. They were contented, that each tree beneath which they had poured forth their effusions, should be loved for their sake—that the forked promontory should bear witness of them—and the "brave o'er-hanging firmament, fretted with golden fire," tell of those who had first awakened within the soul a sense of its glories. Their works were treasured up no where but in the soul—spread abroad only by the enthusiasm of kindred reciters—and transmitted to the children of other generations, while they listened with serious yet delighted faces to the wondrous tales of their fathers. Yet these poems, so produced, so received, so preserved, were not only instinct with heavenly fire, but regular as the elaborate efforts of the most polished ages. In these products of an æra of barbarism, have future bards not only found an exhaustless treasury of golden imaginations, but critics have discovered all those principles of order which they would establish as unalterable laws. The very instances of error and haste

in their authors have been converted into figures of rhetorick, by those men, who represent nature herself as irregular and feeble, and a minute attention to rules as essential to the perfection of genius.

As criticism had no share in producing the Homeric poems, so also did it contribute nothing to the perfection of the Greek tragedies. For those works—the most complete and highly finished, if not the most profound, of all human creations—there was no more *previous warrant*, than for the wildest dream of fantasy. No critic fashioned the moulds in which those exquisite groups were cast, or inspired them with Promethean life. They were struck off in the heat of inspiration—the offspring of moments teeming for immortality—though the slightest limb of each of the figures is finished as though it had been the labour of a life. These eternal works were erected—the spirit which inspired their authors was extinct—when Aristotle began to criticise. The developement of the art of poetry, by that great philosopher, wholly failed to inspire any bard, whose productions might break the descent from the mighty relics of the preceding years. After him, his disciples amused themselves in refining on his laws—in cold disputations and profitless scrutinies. The soil, late so fertile with the stateliest productions of nature, was over-grown with a low and creeping underwood, which, if any delicate flower struggled into day, oppressed and concealed it from view beneath its briary and tangled thickets.

2. The instances already given refute not only the notion, that criticism is requisite to prepare the way for genius, but also the opinion that it is necessary to give it a right direction and a perfect form. True imagination is in itself " all compact." The term irregular, as absolutely applied to genius, is absurd, and applied relatively, it means nothing but that it is original in its career. There is properly no such thing as irregular genius. A man endowed with " the vision and the faculty divine," may chuse modes of composition unsuited to the most appropriate display of his powers;—his imaginations may not be disposed in the happiest arrangement, or may be clustered around subjects, in themselves, dreary or mean, but these fantasies must be in themselves harmonious, or they would not be beauteous, would not be imaginations. Genius is a law unto itself. Its germs have, within them, not only the principles of beauty, but the very form into which the flower in its maturity must expand. As a wavy gleam of fire rises from the spark, in its own exquisite shape, so does imagination send forth its glories, perfect by the felicitous necessity of their nature, exquisite in form by the same impulse, which gives them brightness and fervor. But how can the critic, in reality, acquire any jurisdiction over the genuine poet? Where are the lines by which he can fathom the

depths of the soul; where the instrument by which he can take the altitude of "the highest heaven of invention?" How can he judge of thoughts which penetrate the mysteries of humanity, of fancies which "in the colours of the rainbow live, and play in plighted clouds," of anticipations and foretastes by which the bard already "breathes in worlds, to which the heaven of heavens is but a veil?" Can he measure a sun-beam, or constrain a cloud, or count the steps of the bounding stag of the forest, to judge whether they are graceful? Has he power even to define those gigantic shadows reflected on the pure mirror of the poet's imagination, from the eternal vastnesses which mortal eyes cannot discern? At best, he can but reason from what has been to what should be; and what can be more absurd than this course in reference to poetic invention? A critic can understand no rules of criticism except what existing poetry has taught him. There was no more reason, after the production of the *Iliad*, to contend that future poems should in certain points resemble it, than there was before the existence of that poem to lay down rules which would prevent its being. There was antecedently no more probability that the powers of man, harmoniously exerted, could produce the tale of Troy divine, than that, after it, the same powers would not produce other works equally marvellous and equally perfect, yet wholly different in their coloring and form. The reasons which would prevent men from doing any thing unlike it, would also have prevented its creation, for it was doubtless unlike all previous inventions. Criticism can never be prospective, until the resources of man and nature are exhausted. Each new world of imagination revolves on itself, in an orbit of its own. Its beauties create the taste which shall relish them, and the very critics which shall extol their proportions. The first admirers of Homer had no conception that the Greek tragedies would start into life and become lasting as their idol. Those who lived after the times when these were perfected, asserted that no dramas could be worthy of praise, which were not fashioned according to their models and composed of similar materials. But, after a long interval, came Shakespear—at first, indeed, considered by many as barbarous and strange—who, when his real merits are perceived, is felt to be, at the least, equal to his Greek predecessors, though violating every rule drawn from their works. Even in our short remembrance, we can trace the complete abolition of popular rules of criticism, by the new and unexpected combinations of genius. A few years ago, it was a maxim gravely asserted by Reviews, Treatises, and Magazines, that no interesting fiction could effectively be grafted on history. But "mark how a plain tale" by the author of *Waverley* "puts down" the canon for ever! In fact, unless with more than

angel's ken a critic could gaze on all the yet unpossessed regions of imagination, it is impossible that he should limit the discoveries which yet await the bard. He may perceive, indeed, how poets of old have by their celestial magic divided the thick clouds which bound man's ordinary vision, and may scan the wondrous regions which they have thus opened to our gaze. But how can he thus anticipate what future bards may reveal—direct the proportions, the colours, and the forms, of the grand realities which they shall unveil—fix boundaries to regions of beauty yet unknown, determine the height of their glory-stricken hills, settle the course of their mighty waters, or regulate the visionary shapes of super-human grace, which shall gleam in the utmost distance of their far perspectives?

3. But it may be urged, that criticism is useful in putting down the pretensions of those who aspire, without just claim, to the honours of genius. This, indeed, in so far as it is unfavourable, is its chief object in modern times. The most celebrated of literary tribunals takes as the motto of its decrees, "Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur;" assuming that to publish a dull book is a *crime*, which the public good requires should be exposed, whatever laceration of the inmost soul may be inflicted on the offender in the process. This damnatory principle is still farther avowed in the following dogma of this august body, which deserves to be particularly quoted as an explicit declaration of the spirit of modern criticism:

"There is nothing of which nature has been more bountiful than poets. They swarm like the spawn of the cod-fish, with a vicious fecundity that invites and requires destruction. To publish verses is become a sort of evidence that a man wants sense; which is repelled, not by writing good verses, but by writing excellent verses;—by doing what Lord Byron has done;—by displaying talents great enough to overcome the disgust which proceeds from satiety, and shewing that all things may become new under the reviving touch of genius." *Ed. Rev. No.* 43, *p.* 68.

It appears to us, that the crime and the evil denounced in this pregnant sentence are entirely visionary and fantastic. There is no great danger, that works without talent should usurp the admiration of the world. Splendid error may mislead; vice linked to a radiant angel, by perverted genius, may seduce; and the union of high energy with depravity of soul may teach us to respect where we ought to shudder. But men will not easily be dazzled by insipidity, soothed by discord, or awed by weakness. The mean and base, even if left to themselves unmolested, will scarcely grow immortal by the neglect of the magnanimous and the wise. He who cautions the public against the admiration of feeble productions, almost equals the wisdom of a sage, who should passionately implore a youth

not imprudently to set his heart on ugliness and age. And surely our nerves are not grown so finely tremulous, that we require guardians who may providently shield us from glancing on a work which may prove unworthy of perusal. It is one high privilege of our earthly lot, that the sweetest pleasures of humanity are not balanced by any painful sensations arising from their contraries. We drink in joy too deep for expression, when we penetrate the vast solitudes of nature, and gaze on her rocky fortresses, her eternal hills, her regions "consecrate to eldest time." But we feel no answering agony while we traverse level and barren plains, especially if we can leave them at pleasure. Thus, while we experience a thrilling delight, or a gushing-forth of long suppressed sympathy, in thinking on the divinest imaginations of the poet, we are not plunged by the dullest author into the depths of sorrow. At all events, we can throw down the book at once; and we must surely be very fastidious if we do not regard the benefit conferred on printers and publishers, and the gratification of the author's innocent and genial vanity, as amply compensating the slight labour which we have taken without personal reward.

But, perhaps, it is the good of the aspirants themselves rather than of their readers which the critic professes to design. Here, also, we think he is mistaken. The men of our generation are not too prone to leave their quest after the substantial blessings of the world, in order to pursue those which are aërial and shadowy. The very error of the mind which takes the love for the power of poetry, is more goodly than common wisdom. But there are certain seasons, we believe, in the lives of all—some few golden moments at least—in which they have really perceived, and felt, and enjoyed, as poets. Who remembers not an hour of serious ecstasy, when, perhaps, as he lay beneath some old tree and gazed on the setting sun, earth seemed a visionary thing, the glories of immortality were half revealed, and the first notes of an universal harmony whispered to his soul?—some moment, when he seemed almost to realize the eternal, and could have been well contented to yield up his mortal being?—some little space, populous of high thoughts and disinterested resolves—some touch upon that "line of limitless desires," along which he shall live in a purer sphere?—And if that taste of joy is not to be renewed on earth, the soul will not suffer by an attempt to prolong its memory. It is a mistake, to suppose that young beginners in poetry are always prompted by a mere love of worldly fame. Their efforts are not rarely struggles to express their mantling joys—ineffectual often as to the readers—but most beneficial to the despised bard. The sense of beauty and the love of the ideal, if they do not draw all the faculties into their likeness, still impart to the whole soul something of their

rich and unearthly colouring. Young fantasy spreads itsgolden films, slender though they be, through the varied tenor of existence. Imagination, nurtured in the opening of life, though it be not developed in poetic excellence, will strengthen the manly virtue, give a noble cast to the thoughts, and a generous course to the sympathies. It will assist to crush self-love in its first risings, to mellow and soften the heart, and prepare it for its glorious destiny. Even if these consequences did not follow, surely the most exquisite feelings of young hope are not worthy of scorn. They may truely be worth years of toil, of riches, and of honour. Who would crush them at a venture—short and uncertain as life is—and cold and dreary as are often its most brilliant successes? What, indeed, can this world offer to compare with the earliest poetic dreams, which critics would think it sport or virtue to destroy?

> "Such views the youthful bard allure
> As, mindless of the following gloom,
> He deems their colours shall endure
> 'Till peace go with him to the tomb.
> And let him nurse his fond deceit,
> And what if he must die in sorrow;—
> Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
> Though care and grief should come to-morrow?"

But, supposing for a moment that it were really desirable to put down all authors who do not rise into excellence, at any expense of personal feeling, we must not forget the risk which such a process involves of crushing undeveloped genius. There are many causes which may prevent minds, gifted with the richest faculties, from exerting them at the first with success. The very number of images crowding on the mirror of the soul may for awhile darken its surface, and give the idea of inextricable confusion. The young poet's holiest thoughts must often appear to him too sacred to be fully developed to the world. His soul will half shrink at first from the disclosure of its solemn immunities and strange joys. He will thus become timid and irresolute—tell but a slight part of that which he feels—and this broken and disjointed communication will appear senseless or feeble. The more deep and original his thoughts are, the more glorious his visions, and the more beatific his glimpses into the inmost sanctuaries of nature,—the more difficult will be the task of embodying these in words, so as to make them palpable to ordinary conceptions. He will be constantly in danger, too, in the fervor of his own spirit, of mistaking things which in his mind are connected with strains of delicious musing, for objects, in themselves, stately or sacred. The

seeming common-place, which we despise, may be to him the index to pure thoughts and far-reaching desires. In that which to the careless eye may seem but a little humble spring—pure, perhaps, and sparkling, but scarce worthy of a glance—the more attentive observer may perceive a depth which he cannot fathom, and discover that the seeming fount is really the breaking forth of a noble river, winding its consecrated way beneath the soil, which, as it runs, will soon bare its bosom to the heavens, and glide in a cool and fertilizing majesty. And is there not some danger that souls, whose powers of expression are inadequate to make manifest their inward wealth, should be sealed for ever by the hasty sentences of criticism? The name of Lord Byron is rather unfortunately introduced by the celebrated Journal which we have quoted, into its general denunciation against youthful poets. Surely the critics must for the moment have forgotten, that at the outset of the career of that bard, to whose example they now refer, as most illustriously opposed to the mediocrity which they condemn, they themselves poured contempt on his endeavours! Do they now wish that he had taken their counsel? Are they willing to run the hazard, for the sake of putting down a thousand pretenders a few months before their time, of crushing another soul like his for ever? Their very excuse—that, at the time, his verses were all which they adjudged them—is the very proof of the impolicy and the probable evil of such censures. If the object of their scorn has, in this instance, risen above it, how do we know that more delicate minds have not sunk beneath it? Besides, although Lord Byron was not repelled, but rather excited by their judgement, he seems to have sustained from it scarcely less injury. If it stung him into energy, it left its poison in his soul. It first turned his gentleness into gall—taught him that spirit of scorn which debases the noblest faculties—and impelled him, in his rage, to attack those who had done him no wrong, to scoff at the sanctities of humanity, and to hate or deride his species!

And, even, if genius is too deep to be suppressed, or too celestial to be perverted, is it nothing that the soul of its possessor should be wrung with the keenest agony? For a while, criticism may throw back poets whom it cannot annihilate, and make them pause in their course of glory and of joy, "confounded though immortal." Who can estimate those pangs which on the "purest spirits" are thus made to prey

> "as on entrails, joint, and limb,
> With answerable pains but more intense?"

The heart of a young poet is the most sacred thing on earth. How nicely strung are its fibres—how keen its sensibilities—

now shrinking the timidity with which it puts forth its gentle conceptions! And shall such a heart receive rude usage from a world which it only desires to improve and to gladden? Shall its trembling nerves be stretched on the rack, or its nice apprehensions turned into the instruments of its torture? Shall its warm energies be met with icy scorn, and its tearful joys made sport for the idle and the unfeeling? All this, and more, has been done towards men of whom "this world was not worthy." Cowper, who, first of modern poets, restored to the general heart the feeling of healthful nature—whose soul was without one particle of malice or of guile—whose susceptible and timorous spirit shrunk tremblingly from the slightest touch of this rough world—was chilled, tortured, and almost maddened, by some nameless critic's scorn. Kirke White—the delicate beauties of whose mind were destined scarcely to unfold themselves on earth—in the beginning of his short career, was cut to the heart by the cold mockery of a stranger. A few sentences, penned, perhaps, in mere carelessness, almost nipped the young blossoms of his genius "like an untimely frost;" palsied for awhile all his faculties—embittered his little span of life—haunted him almost to the verge of his grave, and heightened his dying agonies! Would the annihilation of all the dullness in the world compensate for one moment's anguish inflicted on hearts like these?

We have been all this time considering not the possible abuses, but the necessary tendencies, of contemporary criticism. All the evils we have pointed out may arise, though no sinister design pervert the Reviewer's judgement—though no prejudice even unconsciously warp him—and even though he may decide fairly "from the evidence before him." But it is impossible that this favourable supposition should be often realized in an age like ours. Temper, politics, religion, the interests of rival bards, or rival publishers—a thousand influences, sometimes recognized, and sometimes only felt—decide the sentence on souls the most sensitive, and imaginations the most divine. The very trade of the critic himself—the necessity of his being witty, or brilliant, or sarcastic, for his own sake—is sufficient to disqualify him as a judge. Sad thought! that the most sensitive, and gentle, and profound of human beings, should be dependant on casual caprice, on the passions of a bookseller, or on the turn of a period!

4. It may be perceived, from what we have already written, that we do not greatly esteem criticism as a guide any more than as a censor. The general effect on the public mind is, we fear, to dissipate and weaken. It spoils the freshest charms even of the poetry which it praises. It destroys all reverence for great poets, by making the world think of them as a species

of culprits, who are to plead their genius as an excuse for their intrusion. Time has been when the poet himself—instead of submitting his works to the public as his master—called around him those whom he thought worthy to receive his precepts, and pointed out to them the divine lineaments and celestial touches, which he felt could never perish. They regarded him, with reverence and with wonder, as the holiest and most favored of mortals. They delighted to sit in the seat of the disciple, not in that of the scorner. How much deep enjoyment have the people lost by being exalted into judges! The ascent of literature has been rendered smooth and easy, but its rewards are proportionably lessened in value. With how holy a zeal did the aspirant once gird himself to tread the unworn path; how delectably was he refreshed by each plat of green; how intensely did he enjoy every prospect, from the lone and embowered resting places of his journey! Now, distinctions are levelled; the zest of intellectual pleasures is taken away; and no one hour, like that of Archimedes, ever repays a life of toil. The appetite, satiated with luxuries cheaply acquired, requires new stimulants—even criticism palls—and private slander must be mingled with it to give the necessary relish. Happily, these evils will, at last, work out their own remedy. Scorn, of all human emotions, leaves the frailest monuments behind it. That light which now seems to play around the weapons of periodical criticism, is only like the electrical flame which, to the amazement of the superstitious, wreathes the sword of the Italian soldier on the approach of a storm, vapourish and fleeting. Those mighty poets of our time—who are now overcoming the derision of the critics—will be immortal witnesses of their shame. These will lift their heads, "like mountains when the mists are rolled away," imperishable memorials of the true genius of our time, to the most distant ages.

Hieronymi Osorii, *Lusitani, de Gloria, Libri V. ad Joannem tertium Lusitaniæ Regem. Florentiæ*, 1552, *ap. Laurentium Torrentium*, 8*vo. p.* 295.

"Osorius of Lisbon," says a writer in *The Classical Journal*, "is said to have written a Latin Dissertation on Glory, in so pure a style, and in a manner so much after that of an ancient Roman, that some have not scrupled to assert that this very treatise is the lost work of Cicero."*

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* *Adversaria Literaria*, 39, 204.

Osorius was a celebrated Portuguese bishop, in the time of the renowned Sebastian.—He early cultivated a Latin style; and, from the purity to which he attained in his various compositions in that language, he gained the title of the Cicero of Portugal. The work by which he is best known, is his historical book, *de Regibus Lusitaniæ,* which is not uncommon, and has been more than once reprinted. Among other Latin productions, which procured him high reputation, were, his address to our Queen Elizabeth, "on the true faith," and his reply to Haddon, who answered it.—Bacon observed, that "his vein was weak and waterish;"—he probably saw deeper than his contemporaries, who, taken by the charms of a pure and copious Latin style, were content with inoffensive common-places, which do certainly roll on with a majestic flow of language, not unworthy of the great Roman orator himself.—"Decem annos consumpsi in legendo Cicerone," and Echo answered "one." Cardinal Pole, it seems, thought better of his brother churchman. This work on Glory so much delighted him, that he requested a noble relation in England to translate it into the vulgar tongue, which was accordingly done.—We are not aware who it is that has been so idle as to accuse the good bishop of suppressing the name of Cicero, and substituting his own; but we think we shall be affording an agreeable entertainment to such scholars as may be sufficiently curious to divert themselves by comparing the Latinity of the Roman and Portuguese moralist, if we make a selection of a few of the most interesting passages from this little volume.

It has no preface; but it opens thus:—

"Multa sunt, Rex invictissime, quæ magnam vim habent, ad hominum vitam vel recte constituendam, vel funditus evertendam: tum nihil est, quod in utramque partem tantum valeat, quantum ardens quoddam laudis et famæ desiderium. Primum enim a Deo late patet, ut nullus sit, neque tanta humanitate præditus, neque tam agrestis et inhumanus, neque tantis honoribus insignis, neque tam obscurus et ignotus, neque tot virtutis ornamentis excultus, neque tam multis flagitiis coopertus, qui non flagret infinita quadam gloriæ cupiditate. Deinde ita est id communibus sensibus infixum, ut neque vi rationis evelli, neque lege aut more ullo mutari, neque ullo metu coërceri et comprimi possit. Postremo tam vehemens est, ut animum nullo in loco consistere patiatur, sed semper incensum trahat et rapiat, ad majora in dies et altiora inflammato studio consectanda. Ex hoc autem animi motu clarissimæ virtutes; ex eodem teterrima vitia nascuntur. Acuit enim industriam, animosque ad res acriter et animose gerendas exsuscitat; ita tamen, ut alios ad jus humanæ societatis tuendum, patriamque beneficiis immortalibus obligandam; alios ad leges nefarie tollendas et remp. delendam solicitet. Ut enim antiquissima commemorem, illi primi urbium conditores qui homines, in silvis bestiarum more dissipa-

tos, unum in locum compulerunt, et in civilis vitæ societatem convocarunt, omnes, quod ex historiis constat, ardenti gloriæ cupiditate fuerunt in studium tam præclari muneris incitati. Quid, qui optimis legibus et institutis, civitates suas ad summam amplitudinem perduxere? Quid, qui pro patria caput suum in summum vitæ discrimen intulere? Quid, qui maximarum artium disciplinis cives suos excoluere? Num obscurum est, neminem sese sine magna spe laudis, vel ad homines inter se justitiæ munere conciliandos, vel ad remp. virtute et industria defendendam, aut ingenii opibus illustrandam contulisse? Contra vero qui patrias evertere, aut scelere et amentia convellere, omnes fuerunt ad tam tetrum et tam immane facinus gloriæ cupiditate compulsi. Utriusque autem rei civitatis unius varii casus infinita exempla suppeditant. Si enim investigare velimus, per quos fuerit olim Roma fundata, ejusque imperium latissime propagatum, ut a Romulo ordiamur, et seriem illam clarorum hominum usque ad extrema florentis imperii tempora perducamus, intelligemus omnes adeo appetentes laudis et gloriæ fuisse, ut illius parandæ causa, neque laborem ullum fugerint, neque vitæ periculum recusarint. Rursus si naturam spectemus eorum Romanorum, qui Romanum imperium per summum scelus everterunt, aut saltem, de illius pernicie et interitu cogitarunt, omnes reperiemus ad gloriæ cupiditatem incredibiliter exarsisse. Hoc autem, nec in unius tantum civitatis annalibus, nec in una tantum memoria hominum, sed apud omnes nationes, in omni ætate cernere licet, nullum esse scelus immane, nullum facinus impium, nullum sectam pestilentem, nullum reip. turbulentum motum, qui non ab appetitu gloriæ nascatur. Non igitur immerito viri sapientia præstantes, cum animadvertissent ab hoc insito laudis appetitu et bona quamplurima, et infinita mala proficisci, quasi ancipiti sententia in varias partes distracti, modo juventutem ad summæ gloriæ studium cohortandam, modo ab illa quasi a magna virtutis et constantiæ labe deterrendam existimabant. Quid hic sanctarum literarum monimenta commemorem? Explicari enim non potest, quam sæpe, et quanta orationis vi nos ad summum studium immortalis nominis inflamment. Rursus autem, nihil est in illis tam dira pœna sancitum, quam ne quis honores ambiat, ne principatum appetat, ne cupiditate laudis efferatur, usque adeo ut omne Christianæ pietatis fundamentum in contemptione gloriæ consistat. Quid igitur? ut sit vel in casibus humanis, vel in doctorum hominum scriptis tanta dissensio, num id etiam cœlesti disciplinæ tribuendum est, ut illius præceptis imbuti explicare nequeamus, sitne nobis gloria consectanda, an summa potius animi contentione repellenda? Sed nimirum nihil animis nostris impressum et inustum est, in quo non divinum beneficium agnoscere valeamus, nos tamen illis naturæ principiis, quæ nobis ad salutem tributa sunt, perverse utentes, nostra dementia in perniciem incurrimus. Nam ira, cupiditas, spes, metus, dolor, voluptas, et reliqua generis ejusdem, quibus animos vel incendi, vel restingui, vel incitari, vel remitti, vel efferri, vel contrahi, vel alio quovis pacto commoveri, et agitari sentimus, nobis donata sunt, ut noxia repellentes, et salutaria asciscentes, naturæ statum conservemus; nos vero ea plerumque omnia ad flagitium, atque vitæ pestem conferimus. Quo autem sunt illa majora, et ampliora quæ accepimus, eo ex illorum abusu gravioribus malis im-

plicamur. Largitus est enim Deus nobis rationem, qua maxime a belluis distemus, et ad divinam naturam propius accedamus: nos autem eandem sæpenumero rationem huc et illuc versantes, ea scelera concipimus, ut belluas etiam immanitate superemus. Habemus etiam a natura animos imbutos religione, qua incitati præcellentem illam naturam, divi namque vim hominum generi consulentem, ex operibus agnoscentes, eam castissimo pietatisque plenissimo cultu veneremur. At hominum amentia factum est, ut ab illo naturæ sensu duceretur omni scelere contaminata superstitio, quæ fusa per omnes nationes, multis seculis omnium fere animos opprimeret; mortalesque miseriis infinitis implicatos et constrictos teneret. Nihil denique, ne plura persequar, est nobis a natura insitum, quod non sit vel ad corporis tutelam, vel ad animi cultum aptissimum: sed nos plerumque divinis muneribus ad nostrum exitium, et deformitatem abutimur. E quo efficitur non studium laudis, cum sit nobis ingeneratum, esse ullo modo vituperandum, sed jactationem et levitatem hominum a vera virtute penitus aberrantium, et inanissimis opinionibus vitæ rationem pervertentium. Non enim temere summus ille Dominus eam cupiditatem omnium mentibus insevit, sed admirabili consilio et ratione, ut ea videlicet incitati, ad honestatem, unde laus omnis existit, ardentius aspiremus. At homines flagitiis infames, cum veræ dignitatis opibus orbati, dignitatem tamen appetant, illiusque viam penitus ignorent, eam e rebus inanissimis quærentes, magnum in se dedecus admittunt, et patriæ plerumque pestem atque perniciem machinantur. Hoc igitur gloriæ genus inane, funestum, atque mortiferum, omnium malorum seminarium in se continens, execrari præcipiunt sapientes homines: ab hujus pestilenti contagione Christi optimi max. voce deterremur: non ab illo, quod vulgi amentiam contemnens, stirpe veræ virtutis innititur. Quæ cum sæpe mecum animo agitarem, inire cœpi rationem, quemadmodum errorem multis insitum ex aliquorum animis evellerem; et homines nostros, in quibus est natura egregius amor laudis ingenitus, a levitate ad veræ gloriæ studium traducerem. Et, ut in libris de Nobilitate, quos scripsi ad Ludovicum fratrem tuum, principem omnibus virtutibus ornatissimum, facere sum conatus, ut fucatam atque fallacem nobilitatem a vera secernerem: sic in his libris contendo, ut inanem et fluxam a vera et stabili laude sejungam, et admoneam omnes, in quibus inest ardor quidam mentis ad gloriam, ut toto pectore in studium pietatis et religionis incumbant. Aliter enim nunquam quod expetunt, adipisci ullo modo poterunt. Ut autem id commodius efficerem, venit in mentem mihi complecti his libris ea, quæ quondam de gloria et dignitate in sermone quodam, a mecum hominibus amicissimis, habito, cum essem Bononiæ, versata sunt. In quo sermone multa sunt adducta, quæ totius vim atque rationem facilius aperient." P. 3—9.

"Aurum autem illud apud Poëtas nihil aliud significat, quam naturales opes virtutis atque sapientiæ. Quod ut melius intelligatis, utar illis Hesiodi carminibus, quæ a te, (me autem appellabat,) haud ita pridem conversa memoriæ mandavi. Sic enim inquit:—

Numine divino primum est gens aurea terris
Edita, Saturnus dum cœli sceptra tenebat.

Ut dii vivebant homines, neque tristibus ægri
Curis, nec pressi ærumnis, durove labore.
Omne malum cunctis aberat, tristisque senectus
Nondum tardabat vires; sed semper eodem
Robore firmati stabant, viridique juventa;
Ducebantque choros summa dulcedine læti.

Hinc apparet illos homines præsidiis sapientiæ circumseptos fuisse, nempe qui mentem haberent ab omni perturbatione liberam et solutam, et sese ab iis malis, quæ corporis valetudinem perturbant, et senectutem infirmam, et odiosam efficiunt, tutos conservarent. Nondum enim ambitio et avaritia rationis arcem occuparant, necdum corporibus infinitam morborum vim luxuria atque mollicies invexerant. Neque solum in vita virtutis fructum capiebant, sed etiam æquitate animi incredibili moriebantur, quod est consummatæ cujusdam sapientiæ. Sequitur enim:

Non tamen inviti linquebant lumina vitæ.
Sed mors ut grato, dulcique sapore quietos,
Jam longa victos ætate amplexa tenebat.

Cum enim vis omnis abfuisset, neque dum pestilentes ægritudines in humanum genus invasissent, nemo poterat vita excedere, præter fatum, præterque naturam, sed longa atqua beata senectute comsumptus. Additum deinde est:

Cuncta illis igitur felicia proveniebant:
Omnia nam tellus nullo poscente ferebat.

Hic non tam est terræ fecunditas, quam præstantia moderationis intelligenda. Erant enim divitiis naturæ contenti, quæ sunt parabiles atque terminatæ. Si enim fuissent ardentes cupiditate, nunquam opibus illis, quas tellus mediocri diligentia culta large fundit, atque munifice, eorum sitis potuisset extingui. Sed in pecunia terra et mari quærenda, omnibus sese periculis exposuissent. Ergo non immerito cum tantis honestatis et innocentiæ laudibus in vita floruissent, post mortem, antiquitatis opinione fuerunt in deorum numero repositi. Sic enim ait:—

Sed postquam fatum genus illud funere mersit,
Sancti terrarum genii sunt nomine dicti,
Humani generis custodes, et bona cunctis
Numina supplicibus, depulsoresque malorum.
Nunc terras lustrant: obscuroque aëre septi,
Vadunt justa oculis injustaque facta videntes,
Et ditant castos homines in vota vocati.
Hæc concessa illis regalia munera divis.

Est plane regium munus, et gentis aureæ majestati conveniens, munificentia sua miseros homines inopia et egestate levare, idque non tam opibus terræ venis effossis, quam iisdem sapientiæ muneribus,

quibus est assecuta divinitatem. Hoc enim arbitror Hesiodum significare voluisse, cum illos divitias cultoribus suis elargiri affirmat." P. 39—41.

" Nam cum aliquis aut turpitudinis illecebra delinitus, aut alia quavis animi perturbatione concitatus flagitium committit, ubi primum ille motus animi residet, qui rationis judicium impediebat, multis signis ostendit, quam acerbo animi cruciatu afficiatur ex illius maculæ conscientia. Hinc illa Phædra privigni amore insaniens, atque a mollissimo vitæ cultu ad venationis studium traducta ad Euripide lamentans inducitur. Cum enim amore furens nihil aliud quam tela, canes, et montes inclamaret, ubi se colligit, ita suum dedecus lamentatur:

Miseram me quod facinus feci?
Quo me traxit furor invitam?
Agit in præceps dira calamitas.
Heu! heu! infelix,
Iterum nutrix caput occulta
Nostrum, nam me pudor oppressit.
Tege, nam lacrymis oculi stillant,
Vultumque rubor nimius tinxit.
Rediens sensus cruciat animum,
Amens trudor in exitium. Sed
Præstaret tunc funere mergi,
Cum sensum furor eripit omnem.

Videtis in Phædra etiam scelere et amentia furente, non esse penitus extinctam indolem pudoris et honestatis? Sed quid Phædram admiramur, cum Medea mulier omnium scelestissima multiplicique parricidis contaminata apud eundem poëtam Corinthiis mulieribus persuadere nititur, sese nullos officii numeros præteriisse?" P. 137—9.

Osorius is not the only one who has been accused of appropriating the *Treatise of Glory*. The charge of destroying the original MS. that he might conceal his own plagiarisms, has been urged against Petrus Alcyonius, an Italian physician of the sixteenth century, and corrector for some time to the press of Aldus Manutius, at Venice; and with better foundation and more success than that against the Portuguese prelate. Cicero's Treatise, it is well known, was extant many years after the discovery of the art of printing. It was once in the possession of Petrarch; and he, in his letters, has given a full account of the mode in which it came into his hands, and was afterwards lost. Raimondo Soranzo, (Suranum,*) from his extensive collection of books, presented this treatise, among others, to Petrarch.

* This name is thus Latinized in the original of Petrarch; and not *Superantius*, as Tiraboschi and Dr. Middleton have it. These facts are detailed in Tiraboschi *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*, par. iii. lib. iii. p. 256; and Middleton's *Life of Cicero*, vol. iii. p. 72.

The precious volume Petrarch preserved with great care, and set an extreme value on it; when a man who had formerly been his preceptor, and treated him with great kindness, begged the loan of it, under the pretext of wanting it for a work which he was then composing. Petrarch could not refuse the request, and he never saw the book again. After making many excuses for retaining it, the man, being at last pressed, confessed that once, when in want of money, he had pawned it. Petrarch, anxious to recover the book at any rate, offered to pay the pledge-money; but his friend never could be brought to acknowledge the person in whose hands he had placed it. The borrower of the book, whose name is not mentioned, at last died in Tuscany while Petrarch was in France, and after his return he endeavoured in vain to hear any news of it, or regain its possession.*

Of the grounds of the charge against Alcyonius, a full and sufficient account is given in this letter from Jo. Burchard Mencken to John Robinson, Ambassador at the Court of Sweden, prefixed to our edition of the *Medices Legatus*, itself.

"Jam ut ad hunc ipsum, quem manibus tuis oblatum volui; vir excellentissime, libellum veniam, Venetiis is primum An. 1522. ex Aldi Manutii officina prodiit, et deinde non tantum cum Cardani libris de Sapientia, et Consolatione, Aureliop. 1624., verum et seorsim Basileæ 1546. recusus, curante Jo. Heroldo Hæchstetten, qui in erudita ad v. cl. Ludovicum Maigret adlocutione diserte scribit, in hoc Dialogorum de Exilio genere ap. Græcos nihil succulentius exstare, inter Latinos vero a Cicerone, cui in hoc argumento vetustas illi cariosa cladem intulerit, unicum, qui hoc tentarit. Alcyonium exstitisse, additque, eundem, quod auspicatus sit, tanta sermonis elegantia absolvisse, ut Ciceronis de Exilio commentarius ab iis, qui rerum, quam vetustatis, rationem

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* *Petrarca Epistoll. Senilium* xvi. *ep.* i. (edit. Veneta, ap. Torresani de Asula, 1501.)..... obtulerat casus mihi jam antea venerabilem senem, cujus nomen, ut reor, adhuc in curia notum est, Raymondum Suranum, ad quem ante hos quadraginta annos, scripta juvenilis mea quædam nunc etiam extat epistola; ille copiosissimus librorum fuit; et ut jurisconsultus, in qua facultate pollebat, alia quidem cuncta despiciens, præter unum Titum Livium, quo mirum in modum calcatabatur; sed historiæ insuetum, magnum licet, ingenium hærebat. In eo studio me sibi utilem, ut dicebat, expertur, tanto amore complexus est, ut patrem potius crederes quam amicum: ille mihi et commodando libros, et donando supra communem modum facilis fuit. Ab hoc habui et Varronis et Ciceronis aliqua. Cujus unum volumen de communibus fuit; sed inter ipsa communia libri de Oratore ac de Legibus imperfecti, ut fere semper inveniuntur; et præterea *singulares libri duo de Gloria;* quibus visis me ditissimum existimavi. Longum est exequi, &c.

potius habent, non magnopere desideretur. Cum vero-plerosque alios suæ ætatis eruditos dicacissima obtrectatione in se provocasset, non defuere, qui, ut gloriam pulcerrimo opere partam, qua licet, offuscarent, fœdissimi plagii eum accusarunt. In his princeps fuit Jovius, qui, ut in Elogiis suis plebeios et sordidos ejus mores alios perstringit, eumque impudens gulæ mancipium appellat, ita hoc quoque tradit, quod ex libro Ciceronis *de Gloria*, quem nefaria impietate abolerat, hunc velut centonem confecerit. Hunc Antonius Verderius in præf. ad Bibliothecam suam, Petr. Victorius in præf. ad Comment. in Aristot. Poët., Paulus Colomesius in Opusculis, Abercombius in Fure Academico, et complures alii sequuntur. Neque adeo id ab ingenio Alcyonii alienum videtur, si vera narrat Valerianus noster, qui, ubi de Petri Martelli infelicitate agit, addit quatuor ejus libros exactissimæ interpretationis in Mathematicas Disciplinas, cum in Alcyonii manus incidissent, ita suppressos esse, ut nusquam amplius comparuerint. Prolixius vero rem enarrat Paulus Manutius, qui testatur libros duos, quos *de Gloria* Cicero scripsit, usque ad patrum suorum ætatem pervenisse. Nam Bernardus Justinianus, inquit, in Indice Librorum suorum nominat *Ciceronem de Gloria*. Is liber postea, cum universam Bibliothecam Monasterio legasset, magna conquisitus cura, neutiquam est inventus. Nemini dubium fuit, quin Petr. Alcyonius, cui Monachæ Medico suo ejus tractandæ Bibliothecæ potestatem fecerant, homo improbus, furto averterit. Et sane in ejus opusculo de Exilio adspersa nonnulla deprehenduntur, quæ non olere Alcyonium auctorem, sed aliquanto præstantiorem artificem videntur. Hactenus Manutius: enimvero facile est inventis aliquid addere. Ego autem nequissimi Elogii scriptorem, Jovium, quem præcipuum opinor, et primum hujus fabulæ auctorem extitisse, multo, quam Alcyonium, turpiorem censeo, quod non modo nulla ab eo contumelia lacessitus, verum et in hoc ipso opere, quod Medices Legatus, seu de Exilio, inscriptum est, quæsita de industria laudandi occasione, longe maximo ac splendidissimo præconio ornatus est. Sed una tanti odii causa fuit, quod fama acceperat, Alcyonium quoque ad historias scribendas animum convertisse, quam gloriam sibi soli servatam cupiebat homo sui, si quisquam alius, amantissimus. Memini autem, me abhinc octennio, cum illustri et doctissimo cive tuo, Ricardo Bentleio, quem cum Caveiis, Covelis, Hudsoniis, Newtoniis, Woodwardiis, aliisque summis Britanniæ tuæ luminibus, impense veneror, hac de re aliquando sermonem habuisse. Is igitur nihil se deprehendere in eo libro fatebatur, quod Alcyonium dolosi plagii convinceret; quæ enim ex libro illo Ciceronis proferantur ab Alcyonio, haberi eadem in fragmentis, quæ hodie supersunt. Neque sane mihi dubium est, calumniæ loco habendum esse, quicquid de plagio Alcyonii, et suppresso, seu potius combusto unico, qui supererat, Ciceronis *de Gloria* codice tradunt scriptores."—*Jo. Burchard. Mencken. (præf. Petr. Alcyoni Medices Legati s. de Exilio,) ad Jo. Robinson, Magnæ Britanniæ Reginæ ad Regem Sueciæ Legatum Extraordinarium et Plenipotentiarium.*

Though Mencken here appears to be decidedly of opinion that the accusation had its foundation in malice,—his arguments are by no means conclusive. The force of the authority

of Manutius, as expressed in the passage from his commentaries here given, is the most difficult to resist. But it will be observed, that there is much vagueness in the evidence which Manutius gives, as having carried conviction to his mind. One Bernard Justin, it seems, leaves his library to a Nunnery; —in the catalogue, is found the title of the treatise of Cicero, *de Gloria;* but, upon a search being afterwards set on foot, the book is no where to be found. Now, Alcyonius being physician to the Nuns, and having had free access to the library, and being *homo improbus*, a man of bad character, (in the opinion of Manutius,) he doubtless stole it and appropriated it to his own use. This, we think, it will readily be granted, is but an inconclusive piece of reasoning. It is supported by Manutius's critical opinion of the book itself. He avers, that in his opinion, there are passages in Alcyonius's treatise *de Exilio*, which Alcyonius himself could not write. Manutius, it must be allowed, was an excellent judge of the peculiarities of style, and of the difference between that which was Cicero's and that which is Ciceronian. He was likewise, of course, well acquainted with the talents of the man who had long been the corrector of his press. On the other hand, it is a very difficult thing to say what an individual can or cannot do, upon an acquaintance however intimate. And in the case of Alcyonius, it is proved by the fact, that two orations which he afterwards published after the taking of Rome, against Charles V. and the barbarities of his army, materially increased his reputation, and manifestly proved him to be possessed of talents for which he would not previously have been given credit. Moreover, it does not seem very clear how Alcyonius could make much advantageous use, in a treatise on *Exile*, of passages filched from a treatise on *Glory*. He must, indeed, have been a very ingenious botcher, who could so curiously introduce the purple rag into his coarse foundation-work, as to deceive the sagacity of such a man as Bentley.— Bentley, however, it seems from the letter of Mencken, saw nothing in the treatise of Alcyonius which looked like plagiarism. Though to this averment is added an exception, which considerably deteriorates the value of this testimony: for Mencken adds, as from the mouth of Bentley, that what is quoted in Alcyonius from *Cicero on Glory*, the same form part of the fragments of that work which still remain. Now we have carefully examined the little work of Petrus Alcyonius, and with confidence can assert that it does *not* contain any of the fragments of Cicero's treatise *de Gloria:* and, therefore, are justified in saying either that Dr. Bentley, in the moment of conversation, hazarded an assertion, which on a proper examination of the book he would have found unsupported by fact, or else that J.

Burchard Mencken had misrepresented what fell from the lips of Dr. Bentley. However this may be, the question of the dishonesty of Peter Alcyon must still remain a moot point—his memory must still be darkened with a shade of suspicion; though we, in charity, recommend to our readers the noble maxim of the English law, to hold the accused as innocent until he has been proved guilty. And this, probably, will not take place till the discovery of some still existing copy of Cicero's lost work.

This, we fear, is an improbable event; but the exploits of Signor Maio, in the libraries under his care, forbid us to despond. We understand that it was the opinion of the intelligent Lord Hutchinson, that the MS. had been traced to Constantinople, and that he had some reason for supposing it to be buried in the library of that city. During his lordship's residence in Egypt, he used every possible means to obtain the liberty of inspecting that literary sepulchre, but in vain. His lordship is said to have declared, that he would have gladly sacrificed all his military honors to the glory of having rescued, from the hands of barbarians, Cicero's *Treatise on Glory*.

"Cedant arma togæ; concedat laurea linguæ."

We fear, however, that all the hopes which have been entertained of recovering the lost decades of Livy and other classical MSS. from Constantinople, either has or will prove an old, though not unpleasing illusion, which the inferences to be drawn from the accounts of Dr. Clarke and Dr. Carlyle, in Mr. Walpole's *Memoirs of Greece*, are well calculated to dispel. The forgotten and vamped up apartments of the Constantinopolitan seraglio—the Arabic translations of the Escurial—the yet to be discovered remains of ancient Persian literature—have all been successively pointed out to the eager scholar, as the secret depository of the treasures which his soul thirsts after. We fear, that his researches, in these quarters, will only appear feasible in the enthusiastic ardour with which we are apt to fume and swell in the retirement of our own closets; and that a nearer approach to the site of the spots, where our imaginations have built massive cases in dusty and neglected recesses, with countless shelves arranged in regimental order, and groaning beneath the weight of ponderous volumes, will cause to vanish the fairy vision: reminding us of the stories of our youth, where the silent ghost appears at the bed-side, and beckons the affrighted dreamer to follow its steps to some damp and choked apartment, where, being arrived, the awful guide points out to the delighted beholder the rusty ring, which, being raised, will disclose the buried treasure. The dreamer pulls and exerts himself, and with the exertion he awakes, and the stoney apartment vanishes

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from his aching sight. We would not wish, however, to discourage the literary pilgrim who is disposed to wander in search of these gems, which the unfathomable caves of Byzantium, Persia, or Spain, may bear; but on the contrary, in despite of the anticipations in which we have for a moment indulged, would be glad to join in the hunt, and raise the view-holla with as delighted a cry as any classical enthusiast in the country.

ART. XII.—*Chester Mysteries,* MS. in the Harleian Collection, British Museum.*

Coventry Plays, MS. in the Cottonian Library, British Museum.

Hawkins's *Origin of the English Drama*, 3 *vols.* 8*vo.* *Oxford*, 1773.

Dodsley's *Select Collection of old Plays*, 12 *vols.* 12*mo.* 1744.

As it is one of the objects of this work to trace the history of literature, and particularly the literature of our own country, it is our design, in pursuance of that plan, to present our readers with a series of articles on the English Drama; more especially of that part of it which is most ancient and little known, except to antiquaries and professed scholars. Before, however, we can enter upon this task, with any pleasure either to our readers or ourselves, it will be necessary to take a review of the earliest specimens of the dramatic art in this kingdom, if we may be allowed to apply the term of art to compositions as inartificial, as crude and jejune, as can be well imagined. It will, at all events, prepare the way for more interesting disquisitions and more agreeable extracts than those with which we shall

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* *The Fall of Lucifer* was represented by the Tanners. *The Creation*, by the Drapers. *The Deluge*, by the Dyers. *Abraham, Melchisedech, and Lot*, by the Barbers. *Moses, Balak, and Balaam*, by the Cappers. *The Salutation and Nativity*, by the Wrights. *The Shepherds feeding their flocks by night*, by the Painters and Glaziers. *The three Kings*, by the Vintners. *The Oblation of the three Kings*, by the Mercers. *The killing of the Innocents*, by the Goldsmiths. *The Purification*, by the Blacksmiths. *The Temptation*, by the Butchers. *The Last Supper*, by the Bakers. *The Blind Men and Lazarus*, by the Glovers. *Jesus and the Lepers*, by the Corvesarys. *Christ's Passion*, by the Bowyers, Fletchers, and Ironmongers. *Descent into Hell*, by the Cooks and Innkeepers. *The Resurrection*, by the Skinners. *The Ascension*, by the Taylors. *The election of S. Matthias, Sending of the Holy Ghost*, &c. by the Fishmongers. *Antichrist*, by the Clothiers. *Day of Judgment*, by the Websters.

commence the present series. Let not our readers, however, be startled at the ominous words *Mysteries* and *Moralities*, for we fairly give them notice, that it is not our intention to enter into a recondite detail of their origin, or even to give any very minute account of them. All we mean to do, is to make a few desultory observations on this kind of composition, and on the interest which they excited in our unlettered ancestors; and to give such specimens of them as will enable the reader to form some opinion of the nature of the first rude attempts of our dramatic muse. Religion, which has in all countries first excited dramatic representation, was the subject of the Mysteries or Miracle-plays, as they were sometimes denominated. These productions were either founded on different parts of the Old and New Testament, or on the legends of the Saints; but the former description were chiefly prevalent in England. They sometimes consisted of detached historical events, as in the old Mystery of *Candlemas Day, or the killing of the children of Israel;* and, at other times, of a succession of such events, even from the creation of the world to the day of judgment; or it might be to a less remote period, as in Bale's Mystery of *The Promises of God from the fall of Adam to the incarnation of our Saviour;* but these were, in fact, rather a collection of distinct mysteries than a continued drama. The latter class of these sacred exhibitions, it must be confessed, comprise a sufficient space of time, and could not, with a greater degree of ingenuity than fell to the lot of their composers, be rendered much more comprehensive. The very early writers of these productions, however, appear to be altogether guiltless of any knowledge of the rules by which the drama is governed in more critical times, and therefore ought not to be adjudged criminal for any infraction of them. Notwithstanding this total disregard of one of the most important unities, which a short time ago would have been sufficient to rouse the ire and contempt of the most placid critic, and the absence of the still more essential qualities of the drama, we conceive it will not be either useless or unprofitable to dwell, for a short time, on what constituted the chief intellectual entertainment of our forefathers. At what time such exhibitions were first introduced into this kingdom, is not accurately ascertained; but it appears from Fitzstephen, who wrote about the year 1174, that religious plays were even then by no means uncommon. The oldest Mysteries now extant, and in all probability the first which appeared in the English language, are the *Chester Mysteries*, written by Ralph Higden, the Chronicler, and exhibited at Chester in the year 1327, at the expense of the different trading companies of that city. Mysteries were acted on solemn festivals in the churches, or at some place near to them in the open air, by the monks, and

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subsequently by the students at the universities or public schools. The learned fraternity of parish clerks of London also cut no inconsiderable figure in these theatrical representations; for, in the years 1390 and 1409, they exhibited a play at Clerkenwell for eight days successively, at which most of the nobility and gentry were present. One cannot help admiring the unsuspecting innocence of our ancestors on this subject.—The gravest personages are introduced speaking in the most ludicrous manner:—the Almighty Creator of the universe almost always fills a conspicuous part among the *Dramatis Personæ* of these sacred plays; and, if we are to take his character, as there delineated, for their conception of it, what a strange earthly notion must they have had of the divine Intelligence and his attributes! If such a character were drawn of him in our days, it would be considered absolute blasphemy: but our progenitors, in the simplicity of their hearts, and in the absence of the divine record itself, considered it as gospel—as authentic "as proof of holy writ." The Devil, too, was not unfrequently introduced: John Heywood says, in the *Four P's*,

> "For oft, in the play of Corpus Christi,
> He hath play'd the Devil at Coventrie."

A Mystery was, in fact, neither more nor less than a few chapters of the Bible stripped of all their simplicity—of all their solemnity, and of all their poetry, and converted into English verse. From the Miracle-plays, founded on the more mysterious part of the New Testament, into which it was frequently necessary to introduce allegorical characters, arose a species of drama called Moralities, which entirely consisted of such personifications. In the Moralities, some progress was certainly made in the drama.—"They indicate," as Warton observes, "dawnings of the dramatic art: they contain some rudiments of a plot, and even attempt to delineate characters and paint manners." If they do attempt to delineate character, we must confess we think it a lamentable failure; but they most assuredly afford us a picture of the manners of the times, and as such are highly valuable. As to plot, too, they have but small pretensions; and we cannot but consider Bishop Percy's proposition, that in the Morality of *Every Man* "the fable is constructed upon the strictest model of the Greek Tragedy;" and that, "except in the circumstance of Every-Man's expiring on the stage, the *Sampson Agonistes* of Milton is hardly formed on a severer plan," as not a little extravagant. The plot is, in few words, the summoning of EVERY-MAN, who represents the human race, out of the world by death. EVERY-MAN, in this extremity, applies to FELLOWSHIP, KINDRED, and RICHES, for relief, but they successively forsake him; he then has recourse

to GOOD-DEDES, by whom he is introduced to KNOWLEDGE, and by her to CONFESSION, who gives him "a precious jewell" called PENANCE. After receiving this jewel, he is deserted by STRENGTH, BEAUTY, DISCRETION, and FIVE-WITS, and expires, accompanied only by GOOD-DEDES. This plot, such as it is, is perhaps more perfect than that of any other of the Moralities; but still it does not more deserve the name of a plot than some of our ancient ballads. The Mysteries, it is proper to notice, did not altogether cease with the introduction of Moralities, but continued to be acted for some time afterwards. The *Chester Mysteries* were represented so late as the year 1600. At the commencement of the Reformation, Moralities were found convenient for the purposes of religious controversy, and we have, accordingly, Moralities both for and against the Reformation. This was so much abused, that by Stat. 34 and 35, of Henry the VIIIth, all religious plays, interludes, except plays for the rebuking and reproaching of vices, and the setting forth of virtue, were abolished; and it is probable, that after this time Mysteries were, in a great measure, superseded by Moralities, which appear to have been exempted from the above prohibition, and continued to be occasionally represented even after the appearance of more regular dramas. It may seem strange to us, that exhibitions of this kind, without plot, passion, or character, and with no scenical illusion, should have attracted such attention, and excited such interest, amongst all ranks of society. That such was the fact is evident, and, as one proof of the assertion, we need only refer to the circumstance of the play before mentioned to have been acted at Clerkenwell, being attended by most of the nobility and gentry for eight days. There is a curious account of the representation of a Morality, and the effect it produced upon the author, who was then very young, in a book, entitled *Mount Tabor, or private Exercises of a Penitential Sinner*, by R. W. published in 1639, when the author was seventy-five years of age, which we shall extract.

"Upon a stage-play which I saw when I was a child.

"In the city of Gloucester the manner is, (as I think it is in other like corporations) that when players of enterludes come to towne, they just attend the mayor, to enforme him what nobleman's servants they are, and so to get licence for their publike playing; and if the mayor like the actors, or would shew respect to their lord and master, he appoints them to play their first play before himself, and the aldermen and common counsell of the city; and that is called the mayor's play: where every one that will, comes in without money, the mayor giving the players a reward as he thinks fit to shew respect unto them. At such a play, my father tooke me with him, and made me stand between his leggs, as he sate upon one of the benches, where we saw and heard

very well. The play was called *The Cradle of Security*, wherein was personated a king or some great prince, with his courtiers of several kinds, among which three ladies were in special grace with him; and they keeping him in delights and pleasures, drew him from his graver counsellors, hearing of sermons, and listening to good counsell and admonitions, that in the end they got him to lye down in a cradle upon the stage, where these three ladies, joyning in a sweet song, rocked him asleepe, that he snorted again; and, in the mean time, closely conveyed under the cloaths, wherewithall he was covered, a vizard, like a swine's snout, upon his face, with three wire chains fastened thereunto, the other end whereof being holden severally by those three ladies; who fall to singing againe, and then discovered his face, that the spectators might see how they had transformed him, going on with their singing. Whilst all this was acting, there came forth of another doore at the farthest end of the stage, two old men; the one in blew, with a serjeant at armes, his mace on his shoulder; the other in red, with a drawn sword in his hand, and leaning with the other hand upon the other's shoulder; and so they went along, with a soft pace, round about by the skirt of the stage, till, at last, they came to the cradle, when all the court was in the greatest jollity; and then the foremost old man, with his mace, stroke a fearfull blow upon the cradle; wherewith all the courtiers, with the three ladies, and the vizard, all vanished; and the desolate prince, starting up bare-faced, and finding himself thus sent for to judgement, made a lamentable complaint of his miserable case, and so was carried away by wicked spirits. This prince did personate in the morall, the wicked of the world: the three ladies, Pride, Covetousness, and Luxury; the two old men, the end of the world, and the last judgement. This sight took such impression on me, that when I came towards man's estate, it was as fresh in my memory, as if I had seen it newly acted."*

The people could not forget their old predilections for the sacred plays—they still cherished the recollection of them, and hung over their expiring glories with fond partiality. At length, the faint rivalry with which they had contended with the regular drama altogether subsided, and they sunk into the mass of things forgotten.

The fondness of our ancestors for Mysteries and Moralities may be, perhaps, in some degree, ascribed to the circumstance of there being, at that time, no other species of dramatic entertainment. But a still more powerful cause of this partiality was in the subjects of the sacred dramas. Few being able to read the Scriptures, and those that could being shut out from their perusal by the want of a translation,† it is not surprising that,

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* *Historical Account of the English Stage*, prefixed to the *Plays of Shakespear*, vol. iii. p. 29.

† Tyndale's translation of the Bible, which was printed at Paris,

considering the Scriptures as the oracles of God, they should seize, with avidity, the only means open to them of obtaining a knowledge of holy writ, and treasure up even the poor and feeble exhibition of it contained in the Mysteries, in the holy tabernacle of their memory. They thirsted for the living springs of immortality, and, not being able to obtain access to the sacred fountains themselves, they drank in with delight the vapid waters, which were brought thence by those who had been more fortunate.

In this point of view, the devotion of the people to sacred plays is not surprising. The capacious soul of man is not

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in 1536, was abolished by Stat. 34 and 35 Hen. VIII. c. 1.; and, although a corrected English Bible was allowed to the higher classes of society under certain restrictions, it was forbidden to be read or expounded in churches, and the common people were prohibited from reading it, either publicly or privately, under the penalty of one month's imprisonment. It was not until the reign of Edward the Sixth, that a translation of the Bible was admitted into the churches; when this statute with others of the same oppressive character was repealed by stat. 1. Ed. VI. c. 12. the preamble to which is worthy of the statute itself. It is written with great wisdom and solemnity. Our Statute Book presents few specimens of such composition.

"Nothing being more godly, more sure, more to be wished, and be desired betwixt a prince, the supreme head and ruler, and the subjects whose governor and head he is, than on the prince's part great clemency and indulgency, and rather too much forgiveness and remission of his royal power and just punishment, than exact severity and justice to be shewed; and on the subjects' behalf that they should obey rather for love, and for the necessity and love of a king and prince, than for fear of his strait and severe laws; yet such times at sometime cometh in the commonwealth, that it is necessary and expedient for the repressing of the insolency and unruliness of men, and for the foreseeing and providing of remedies against rebellion, insurrection, or such mischiefs as God sometime with us displeased, for our punishment doth inflict and lay upon us, &c. and the which thing (it goes on to recite), caused the prince of most famous memory, King Henry the Eighth, to enact certain laws and statutes, which might seem and appear to men of exterior realms and many of the king's majesty's subjects very strait, sore, extream, and terrible, although they were then, when they were made, not without great consideration and policy moved and established, and for the time, to the avoidance of further inconvenience, very expedient and necessary. But as in tempest or winter, one case or garment is convenient, in calm or warm weather a more liberal case or lighter garment, both may and ought to be followed and used; so we have seen divers strait and sore laws made in one parliament (the time so requiring,) in a more calm and quiet reign of another prince, by the like authority and parliament taken away."

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satisfied with the things of this world—it cannot be divested of a natural "longing after immortality"—it feels an alliance with something beyond and above the earth. The effect even of the insipid Mysteries on the general mind must have been great, considering the tremendous impulse which was communicated to it when the word of God itself was laid open to the public in all its simplicity and solemnity. The Mysteries indeed were sufficiently accurate as to facts. As an exemplification of this, we shall make a short extract from one among the very old MS. collection of Mysteries before mentioned. It is called the *Draper's Play,* and the subject of it is the Creation.

"Then God doth make the woman of the ribb of Adam, then Adam wakinge speaketh unto God as followeth:

Adam. O Lorde, where have I longe bene,
For, since I slepte, moch have I seene;
Wonnder that withouten weene
Hereafter shal be wiste.

Deus. Rise up, Adam, and awake,
Here have I formed thee a make,
Her to thee thou shalt take,
And name her as thy [liste.]

Adam risinge up, saithe:

Adam. I see well, Lorde, through thy grace,
Bone of my bone thou her mase,
And fleshe of my fleshe she hase,
And my shape through thy lawe,
Wherefore she shal be called I wysse
Virago, nothinge amisse,
For out of man taken she is,
And to man she shall drawe.
Of earth thou madest first me,
Bouth bone and fleshe now I see,
Thou hast her given thorough thy postye
Of that life I in me had.
Therefore, man kindely shall forsake
Father and mother, and to wife betake;
Too in one flesh, as thou tane make
Eyther other for to gladd.

Then Adam and Eve shall stande naked, and shall not be ashamed; then the Serpent shall come up out of a hole, and the Devill walking shall saye," &c. &c.

"Then Adam and Eve shall cover themselves with leaves, hydinge themselves under the trees—then God shall speake to Adam, sayinge —*(mynstrells playinge.)*

Deus. Adam, Adam, where art thou?
Adam. O Lord, I harde thy voice nowe,
For I ame naked and make a vowe,
Therefore nowe I hyde me.
Deus. Who told thee, Adam, thou naked was?
Save only thine owne trespass,
That of the tree thou eaten hast
That I forbade thee.
Adam. Lord, this woman that is heare,
That thou gave to my fere,
Gave me parte at her prayer,
And of yt I did eate."—&c. &c.

"*Adam. (Mynstrells playinge.)*
Highe God and highest Kinge
That of naught made all thynge,
Beaste, foule, and grasse growinge,
And me of earth made.
Thou gave me grace to do thy willinge,
For after greate sorrowe and sighinge,
Thou hast me lent greate lykinge,
Two sonnes my harte to gladd."—&c. &c.

The above stage-directions certainly contain a singular display of primitive simplicity—it appears from this extract, that the representation itself was accompanied with music.

The Mystery of *Candlemas Day, or the killing of the children of Israel*, was written by Jhan Pafre in 1512; and is printed, in Mr. Hawkins's book, from an old MS. This Mystery does not, by any means, literally pursue the account given in the New Testament, like some of the Mysteries on the Old Testament. The prologue is spoken by the poet (poeta) as the worthy Jhan Pafre styles himself—the facts represented are the flight of Joseph and Mary into Egypt; during which, Herod's knights are directed to walk about the stage—the slaughter of the Innocents and the death of Herod—the return of the Virgin and Son, and the presentation in the temple.

The *Nunc dimittis* is twice sung in the temple; and the play concludes with music and a dance. The author has attempted, and not unsuccessfully, to communicate a degree of elevation to the speech of Herod, with which the piece opens.

"*Herodes.* Above all kynges under the clowdys cristall,
Royally I reigne in welthe without woo,
Of plesaunt prosperytie I lakke non at all;
Fortune I fynde, that she is not my foo,
I am kyng Herowd, I will it be knowen so,

Most strong and myghty in feld for to fyght,
And to venquyshe my enemyes that ageynst me do;
I am most be dred with my bronde bryght.
My grett goddes I gloryfye with gladnesse,
And to honoure them I knele upon my knee;
For thei have sett me in solas for all sadnesse,
That no conqueroure nor knyght is compared to me;
All the that rebelle ageyns me ther bane I will be,
Or grudge ageyns my godds on hyll or hethe;
All suche rebellers I shall make for to flee,
And with hard punyshements putt them to dethe."

It is worthy of remark, that a sort of fool or buffoon is introduced, under the name of Watkyn, the King's Messenger.

The following is a specimen of the speeches put into the mouth of this personage.—He has obtained Herod's permission to accompany the knights appointed to slay the children.

"*Watkyn.* Nay, nay, my lord, we wyll let for no man,
Though ther come a thousand on a rought;
For your knyghts and I, will kylle them all, if we can:
But for the wyves that is all my dought,
And if I see ony walkyng a bought,
I will take good hede tyll the be goon,
And assone as I aspye that she is out,
By my feith, into the hous I will go anon.
And this I promyse you, that I shall never slepe,
But evermore wayte to fynde the children alone;
And if the moder come in, under the bench I will crepe,
And lye stille ther tyll she be goon,
Than manly I shall come out and hir children sloon,
And whan I have don I shall renne fast away:
If she founde hir child dede, and toke me ther alone,
Be my feith, I am sure we shuld make a fray."

There is more discrimination of character in these two persons than in most of the Mysteries, as will be observed from the contrast between the foregoing extracts.

The Tragydye or Enterlude manyfesting the chefe promyses of God unto man by all ages in the old lawe, from the fall of Adam to the encarnacyon of the Lord Jesus Chreste, by Bishop Bale, was a later production than the foregoing, being printed in 1538. The interlocutors are, Pater cœlestis, justus Noah, Moses sanctus, Esaias propheta, Adam primus homo, Abraham fidelis, David rex pius, and Joannes baptista; and Baleus is the prolocutor. It is divided into seven acts or distinct

Mysteries, each of which is opened by Pater cœlestis, and consists of a dialogue between him and one of the other personages. There are only two speakers in each act, and this famous tragedy might, with more propriety, be termed a series of dialogues.

From this brief account it will be seen, that it has far less pretensions to the title of drama, or, as prolocutor Baleus would say, to tragydye, than the very curious old Mystery of *Candlemas-Day*.

We shall, however, trespass on the reader's attention for a few minutes, by quoting one passage from it. Pater cœlestis threatens destruction to Sodom and Gomor. Abraham fidelis beseeches him not to cast away the good with the ungodly, and suggests, that there might be fifty righteous persons within these cities, whom he could not be so rigorous as to destroy. The dialogue then proceeds as follows:

" *Pater cœlestis.* At Sodom, if I may fynde just persones fiftye,
The place wyll I spare for their sakes verelye.
Abraham fidelis. I take upon me, to speake here in thy presence,
More then become me, Lorde pardon my neglygence,
I am but ashes, and were lothe the to offende.
Pater cœlestis. Saye fourth, good Abraham, for yll dost thu non intende.
Abraham fidelis. Happlye there maye be fyve lesse in the same nombre;
For their sakes I trust thu wylt not the rest accombre.
Pater cœlestis. If I amonge them myght fynde but fyve and fortye,
Them wolde I not lose for that just cumpanye.
Abraham fidelis. What if the cytie maye fortye ryghteouse make?
Pater cœlestis. Then wyll I pardone it for those same fortye's sake.
Abraham fidelis. Be not angrye, Lorde, though I speake undyscretely.
Pater cœlestis. Utter thy whole mynde, and spare me not hardelye.
Abraham fidelis. Parauventure there maye be thirty founde amonge them.
Pater cœlestis. Maye I fynde thirty, I wyll nothynge do unto them.
Abraham fidelis. I take upon me to moche, Lorde, in thy syght.
Pater cœlestis. No, no, good Abraham, for I knowe thy faythe is ryght.
Abraham fidelis. No lesse, I suppose, than twenty can it have.
Pater cœlestis. Coulde I fynde twenty, that cytie wolde I save.
Abraham fidelis. Ones yet wyll I speake my mynde, and then no more.
Pater cœlestis. Spare not to utter so moche as thu hast in store.
Abraham fidelis. And what if there myght be ten good creatures founde?
Pater cœlestis. The rest for their sakes myght so be safe and sounde,
And not destroyed for their abhomynacyon."

So much for Bishop Bale's tragedy. We now proceed to a few specimens from the Moralities. The very old piece of this class called *Hycke-Scorner*, was written in the reign of Henry the Eighth. The object of it is, to rescue two dissolute characters, distinguished by the names of Freewyll and Imagynacyon, from a vicious course of life. Hycke-Scorner, who gives the title to the Morality, and who has just returned from his travels, takes a much less considerable part in it than his two companions Freewyll and Imagynacyon. A quarrel having arisen between the two latter, Pytie attempts to make peace between them; an interference which they take so ill, that they put him in the stocks. Perseverance and Contemplation soon release him, and they go in search of Freewyll and Imagynacyon, whom they succeed in converting to a virtuous life, but what becomes of Hycke-Scorner does not appear. This Morality has no inconsiderable pretensions to liveliness and humour, for although the personages are devoid of any distinctive character, they afford us a very lively picture of the manners of the dissolute youth of the age.

Hycke-Scorner gives the following curious list of a fleet, which he describes as having been lost in the Irish Channel.

"Herken, and I wyll shewe you theyr names eche one:
Fyrst was the Regent, with the Myghell of Brykylse,
The George, with the Grabryell, and the Anne of Foye,
The starre of Salte-Ashe with the Ihesus of Plumoth,
Also the Hermytage, with the Barbara of Dartmouth,
The Nycolas, and the Mary Bellouse of Brystowe,
With the Elyn of London and James also."

Freewyll's account of his escape from prison, is humorous.

"*Freewyll.* Make you rome for a gentylman, syrs, and pease;
Duegarde, seygnours, tout le preasse,
And of your jangelynge yf ye wyll sease,
I wyll tell you where I have bene:
Syrres, I was at the taverne, and dronke wyne,
Methought, I sawe a pece that was lyke myne,
And, syr, all my fyngers were arayed with lyme,
So I convayed a cuppe manerly:
And yet ywys, I played all the fole,
For there was a scoler of myne owne scole;
And, syr, the horesone aspyed me.
Than was I rested, and brought in pryson;
For woo than I wyste not what to have done,
And all bycause I lacked monaye,

But a frende in courte is worthe a peny in purs:
For Imagynacyon, myne owne felowe, I wys,
He dyde helpe me out full craftely.
Syrres, he walked thrughe Holborne,
Thre houres after the sonne was downe,
And walked up towarde saynte Gyles in the felde:
He hoved styll, and there behelde,
But there he coude not spede of his praye,
And straight to Ludgate he toke the way;
Ye wote well, that potycaryes walke very late,
He came to a dore, and pryvely spake
To a prentes for a peny worth of uforbyum,
And also for a half peny worth of alom plomme;
This good servaunte served hym shortely,
And sayd, is there ought elles that you wolde bye?
Then he asked for a mouthfull of quycke brymstone;
And downe in to the seller whan the servant was gone,
Asyde as he kest his eye,
A grete bagge of monaye dyde he spye,
Therin was an hondred pounde:
He trussed hym to his fete, and yede his waye rounde,
He was lodged at Newgate at the swanne,
And every man toke hym for a gentyll man;
So on the morrowe he delyvered me
Out of Newgate by this polyce:
And now wyll I daunce an make ryall chere."

Pytie describes the vices of the times in a very peculiar sort of measure, which is not without harmony.

" Loo, vertue is vanyshed for ever daye,
Worse was hyt never.
We have plente of grete othes,
And clothe ynoughe in our clothes,
But charyte many men lothes,
Worse was hyt never.
Alas, now is lechery called love indede,
And murder named manhode in every nede,
Extorsyon is called lawe, so God we spede;
Worse was hyt never.
Youth walketh by nyght with swerdes and knyves,
And ever amonge true men leseth theyr lyves,
Lyke heretykes we occupy other menne's wyves,
Now a dayes in Englonde:"

The *dramatis personæ*, in this Morality, are designated by portraits, or figures.

Every-Man,* of which we have before given a short account, was written in the early part of the reign of Henry the Eighth, in favour of popery. That our readers may see what was said by the advocates of that side of the question, and in favour of the reformation, we shall give an extract from this, and another from the Morality or interlude of *Lusty Juventus*, which was written in the reign of Edward the Sixth, by R. Wever, in favor of the reformation, and has for its object to reclaim a young man from Abominable Living, who is represented as a female, by the assistance of Good Counsel and God's merciful promises.

Our first quotation is from the former, and is an eulogy on the priesthood in no very moderate strain.

> "For preesthode excedeth all other thynge;
> To us holy scrypture they do teche,
> And converteth man fro synne heven to reche;
> God hath to them more power gyven
> Than to ony aungell that is in heven:
> With five wordes he may consecrate
> Godde's body in flesshe and blode to make,
> And handeleth his maker bytwene his handes,
> The preest byndeth and unbyndeth all bandes
> Bothe in erthe and in heven,—
> Thou mynystres all the sacramentes seven,
> Though we kysse thy fete thou were worthy,
> Thou art surgyon that cureth synne deedly,
> No remedy we fynde under God,
> But all onely preesthode.
> Every-man, God gave preest that dygnyte,
> And setteth them in his stede amonge us to be;
> Thus be they above aungelles in degree."

What follows is a satire on the catholic superstitions, from *Lusty Juventus*.

The Devil complains, that in consequence of the progress made by the reformation, he is utterly undone—Hypocrisye, his offspring, denies it, and vindicates her own services in the cause.

> "I set up great ydolatry
> With al kynd of filthy sodometry,
> To geve mankynd a fall:

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* There is one line, and perhaps only one, which possesses a poetical turn of expression in this play. "I weep for very sweetness of love."

And I brought up suche supersticion,
Under the name of holynes and religyon,
That disceyved almoste all.
As,—holy cardinals, holy popes,
Holy vestiments, holy copes,
Holy armettes, and friers,
Holy priestes, holy bishopes,
Holy monkes, holy abbottes,
Yea, and al obstinate lyers:
Holy pardons, holy beades,
Holy saints, holy images,
With holy, holy bloud,
Holy stocks, holy stones,
Holy cloughtes, holy bones;
Yea, and holy holy wood.
Holy skinnes, holy bulles,
Holy rochettes, and coules,
Holy crouches, and staves,
Holy hoodes, holy cappes,
Holy miters, holy hattes;
A good holy holy knaves.
Holy dayes, holy fastinges,
Holy twitching, holy tastynges,
Holy visions and sightes,
Holy waxe, holy leade,
Holy water, holy breade,
To drive away sprites.
Holy fyre, holy palme,
Holy oyle, holy creame,
And holy ashes also;
Holy brouches, holy rynges,
Holy knelinge, holy sensynges,
And a hundred trim trams mo.
Holy crosses, holy belles,
Holy reliques, holy jouels,
Of mine owne invencion;
Holy candels, holy tapers,
Holy parchmentes, holy papers:
Had not you a holy sonne?"

There are two songs in *Lusty Juventus*, which are more poetical than any thing we have met with in compositions of this kind—one of them, which is rather elegant, we shall quote.

"Why should not youth fulfyl his owne mynde,
As the course of nature doth him bynde?

Is not every thyng ordayned to do his kind?
Report me to you, reporte me to you.

Do not the flouers sprynge freshe and gaye,
Plesaunt and swete in the month of Maye?
And when their time cometh, they fayde awaye.
Report me to you, reporte me to you.

Be not the trees in wynter bare?
Like unto their kynde, such they are;
And when they springe, their fruites declare.
Report me to you, reporte me to you.

What should youth do with the fruites of age,
But live in pleasure in hys passage?
For when age commeth, his lustes wyll swage.
Report me to you, reporte me to you.

Why should not youth fulfyl his owne mynde,
As the course of nature doth hym bynde?"

The above song we felt as some sort of reward for our labour, in travelling through such heavy stuff as is contained in the compositions we have been noticing. In an account of the ancient Moralities, we should not omit to mention those of Sir David Lindsay, represented in 1552; although they do not come exactly within the plan of the present article. Lindsay's play, which is very long, consists of eight interludes;* they differ considerably from the English compositions of the same class, mingling allegorical personages with real characters. It appears, that the play was acted in the open air, and began at seven o'clock in the morning, and that the place of representation was only separated from the spectators by a ditch. As it is written in a very superior style, although deformed with obscenity, we shall make two or three short extracts from it.

The following descriptions of Sensualitie are poetical:

"I wait nocht, Schyr, be sweit sant Mary:
I haif bene in ane fery fary,
Or ellis intill ane transs.
Schyr, I haif sene, I yow asseur,

* The titles are, *The Auld Man and his Wife—Humanitie and Sensualitie—The Puir Man and the Pardonar—The Sermon of Folly—Flattery, Deceit, and Falsehood mislead King Humanitie—The Three Vices overcome Truth and Chastity—The Parliament of Correction—The Punishment of Vices.*

The farest erdly createure,
That evir weis formit be nateur
And moist till advance.
To luik on hir is grit delyte,
With lippis reid, and checkis quhyte.
I wald gif all this warld quyte
To stand in hir grace.
Sche is wontone, and sche is wyiss;
And cled upoun the new gyiss.
It wald gar all your flesche arryiss
To luik on hir face.
* * * * * *
O Lovaris walk, behald the fyrie speir!
Behald the natural dochter of Venus;
Behald, Luvaris, this lusty lady cleir,
The fresche fontane of knichtis amorous.
Quhat thay desyre in laitis delitius,
Or quha wald mak to Venus observance,
In my mirthfull chalmer mellodiouss
Thir sall they find all pastyme and plesance.
Behald my heid, behald my gay intyre;
Behald my hals luffsum, and lilly quhyte;
Behald my visage, flammand as the fyre;
Behald my palpis of portratour perfyte,
To luck on me Luvaris hes gret dellyte:
* * * * * *
Schir, sche is mekill till advance,
For sche can baith sing and dance,
That patrone of plesance,
The perle of pulchritude.
Soft as silk is hir lyre;
Hir hair lyk the gold wyre.
My hairt birnys in ane fyre,
Schir, be the rude."

In Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays,* is a more recent Morality, under the title of *A New Enterlude, no less witty than pleasant, entitled New Custom, devised of late and for divers causes now set forthe,* originally printed in 1573. It was written for the express purpose of promoting the reformation, and displays considerable improvement in the structure of the language and versification, and is divided into acts and scenes. Perverse Doctrine and Ignorance, two popish priests, represent the catholick, and New-Custom, a minister, the reformed church, and the conclusion of the piece is, the conversion of Perverse Doctrine to the new faith. It appears from this and the older

Morality of *Lusty Juventus*, that the new gospellers or adherents to the reformation were chiefly young men. The following is a specimen from this Morality, and contains some curious particulars.

" Do you not see howe these newe fangled pratling elfes
Prinke up so pertly of late in every place?
And go about us auncients flatly to deface?
As who shoulde say in shorte time, as well learned as wee,
As wise to the world, as good they mighte accoumptid bee.
Naye, naye, if many yeers and graie heares do knowe no more,
But that every pevishe boye hath even as muche witte in store:
By the masse then have I lyved to longe, and I would I were dead,
If I have not more knowledge then a thousande of them in my head.
For how should they have learning that were born but even now?
As fit a sighte it were to see a goose shodde, or a sadled cowe,
As to hear the pratlinge of any soche Jack Strawe.
For when hee hath all done I compte him but a very dawe.
As in London not longe since, you wot well where,
They rang to a sermon, and we chaunced to be there.
Up start the preacher I thinke not past twenty yeeres old,
With a sounding voyce, and audacitie bolde,
And beganne to revile at the holie sacrament, and transubstanciation.
I never hearde one knave or other make such a declaration.
But, but if I had had the boye in a convenient place,
With a good rodde or twain not past one howre's space,
I woulde so have scourged my marchant, that his breeche should ake,
So longe as it is since that he those woordes spake.
What, younge men to be medlers in Divinitie? it is a godly sight!
Yet therein now almost is every boye's delight,
No booke nowe in their handes, but all scripture, scripture.
Eyther the whole bible, or the new testament, you may be sure.
The new testament for them? and then to for cowle my dogge.
This is the olde proverbe, to cast perles to a hogge.
Geve them that whiche is meete for them, a racket and a ball,
Or some other trifle to busie their heades with all.
Playinge at coytes or nine hooles, or shooting at buttes,
There let them be a goddes name, til their hartes ake and their guttes.
Let us alone with divinitie, which are of ryper age.
Youth is rashe, they say, but olde men hath the knowledge.
* * * * * * * * * *
They have brought in one, a younge upstart ladde as it appeares,
I am sure he hath not ben in the realme very many yeares,
With a gathered frocke, a powdle head, and a broade hatte,
An unshaved bearde, a pale face, and hee teacheth that
All our doinges are naught, and hath ben many a day."

We have now passed the period when the first regular Tragedy and Comedy appeared; but, as we have before remarked, the antient Mysteries and Moralities did not cease to be written and represented, notwithstanding the introduction of this more artificial form of composition. But in order to render the present article complete in itself, we shall still continue the subject of the sacred plays, although in our succeeding numbers it will be necessary to retrace our steps as far back as the first appearance of the regular drama. To one piece only, however, which belongs to the class of Mysteries, will the remainder of the space allowed for this article be devoted; and we must confess that we approach it with feelings of pleasure and delight. The production to which we refer, is *The Love of King David and fair Bethsabe,* with *The tragedy of Absalon,* written in 1579 by George Peele, the City Poet, and Master of the Pageants. It differs nothing in its plan from the antient Mysteries, being founded on scripture story, and relating the events represented in chronological order, without any plot or pretensions to dramatic effect. The incidents which it contains are, the discovery by David of Bethsabe bathing, and the passion he conceives for her; the siege and capture of Rabath; the rape of Thamar; the death of Ammon; and the rebellion and death of Absolon. But it is in the plan alone that this composition corresponds with the old sacred dramas; in every other particular,—in all that is excellent in poetry, in beauty, in passion, in pathos, in numerous or polished language, it differs from them as much as Olympus from the atom that floats in the sun's beams, or as the sun itself from a midnight vapour. In the facts related, Peele is nearly as accurate as the mystery-writers themselves; but, instead of confining himself to a mere sketch or outline of the characters, he has filled them up with bold and masterly touches, and with beautiful and true colouring; he has preserved their dignity and added to their spirit; he has breathed a soul into them and imbued them with a living energy; he has done that which is the end of all dramatic composition, he has excited our interest, and awakened our kindliest sympathies. He wanted but a better model for the construction of his fable, to have formed, out of the materials of this play, a drama which would have ranked with our best tragedies. It may in some degree illustrate the difference between Peele and the old writers of mysteries, to mention the mode in which he has treated the capture of Rabath; Joab apprizes Hannon of what would be the fate of his people. One of the old mystery-writers would not have been content with any thing less than an actual exhibition of their being placed under saws, and under harrows of iron, and made to pass through the brick-kiln.

It is with great satisfaction that we now proceed to extract a

few passages from this production, in vindication of the eulogy we have pronounced on its author. David sends for Bethsabe, and as she approaches, exclaims:

> " *David.* Now comes my lover, tripping like the roe,
> And brings my longings tangled in her hair:
> To joy her love I'll build a kingly bower,
> Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,
> That, for their homage to her sovereign joys,
> Shall, as the serpents fold into their nests
> In oblique turnings, wind the nimble waves
> About the circles of her curious walks;
> And with their murmur summon easeful sleep,
> To lay his golden sceptre on her brows."

On the violation of Thamar, Jonadab, by whose advice it had been accomplished, soliloquizes as follows:

> " *Jonadab.* Poor Thamar, little did thy lovely hands
> Foretel an action of such violence,
> As to contend with Ammon's lusty arms,
> Sinew'd with vigour of his kindless love:
> Fair Thamar, now dishonour hunts thy foot,
> And follows thee through ev'ry covert shade,
> Discovering thy shame and nakedness,
> Even from the valleys of Jehosaphat
> Up to the lofty mounts of Lebanon;
> Where cedars, stir'd with anger of the winds,
> Sounding in storms the tale of thy disgrace,
> Tremble with fury, and with murmur shake
> Earth with their feet, and with their heads the heavens,
> Beating the clouds into their swiftest rack,
> To bear this wonder round about the world."

Thamar is thrust out of the house by Ammon.

> " *Thamar.* Whither, alas! ah, whither shall I fly
> With folded arms, and all-amazed soul,
> Cast as was Eva from that glorious soil,
> (Where all delights sat bating, wing'd with thoughts,
> Ready to nestle in her naked breasts)
> To bare and barren vales with floods made waste,
> To desert woods, and hills with light'ning scorch'd,
> With death, with shame, with hell, with horrour sit;
> There will I wander from my father's face,
> There Absalon, my brother Absalon,
> Sweet Absalon shall hear his sister mourn,

There will I live with my windy sighs,
Night ravens and owls to rend my bloody side,
Which with a rusty weapon I will wound,
And make them passage to my panting heart."

Absalon's denunciation against the ravisher.

" *Absalon.* Traitor to heav'n, traitor to David's throne,
Traitor to Absalon and Israel.
This fact hath Jacob's ruler seen from heaven,
And through a cloud of smoke, and tower of fire,
(As he rides vaunting him upon the greens)
Shall tear his chariot wheels with violent winds,
And throw his body in the bloody sea;
At him the thunder shall discharge his bolt;
And his fair spouse, with bright and fiery wings,
Sit ever burning on his hateful bones:
Myself, as swift as thunder, or his spouse,
Will hunt occasion with a secret hate,
To work false Ammon an ungracious end."

The following is his personification of sin—

David. Sin with his sev'nfold crown, and purple robe,
Begins his triumphs in my guilty throne;
There sits he watching, with his hundred eyes,
Our idle minutes, and our wanton thoughts;
And with his baits, made of our frail desires,
Gives us the hook that hales our souls to hell."

And of sadness.

" And in the gates and entrance of thy feast,
Sadness, with wreathed arms, hangs her complaint."

The chorus alluding to David has this fine piece of imagery, written in the most harmonious numbers.

" O proud revolt of a presumptuous man,
Laying his bridle in the neck of sin,
Ready to bear him past his grave to hell.
Like as the fatal raven, that in his voice
Carries the dreadful summons of our deaths,
Flies by the fair Arabian spiceries,
Her pleasant gardens, and delightsome parks,
Seeming to curse them with his hoarse exclaims,
And yet doth stoop with hungry violence
Upon a piece of hateful carrion;

So wretched man, displeas'd with those delights
Would yield a quick'ning savour to his soul,
Pursues with eager and unstaunched thirst
The greedy longings of his loathsome flesh."

Although there is a very beautiful simplicity in the narrative of Nathan's rebuke to David, we do not think our readers will be displeased to see the parallel passage in Peele. The concluding lines remind one very strongly of the style which modern Reviewers have agreed to term "lakish."

"*Nathan.* Thus, Nathan saith unto his lord the king:
There were two men both dwellers in one town,
The one was mighty, and exceeding rich
In oxen, sheep, and cattle of the field;
The other poor, having nor ox, nor calf,
Nor other cattle, save one little lamb,
Which he had bought and nourish'd by the hand;
And it grew up, and fed with him and his,
And eat and drank, as he and his were wont,
And in his bosom slept, and was to live
As was his daughter or his dearest child.
There came a stranger to this wealthy man;
And he refus'd, and spar'd to take his own,
Or of his store to dress or make him meat,
But took the poor man's sheep, partly, poor man's store,
And dress'd it for this stranger in his house."

There is considerable grandeur in the succeeding lines.

"*Joab.* Beauteous and bright is he among the tribes;
As when the sun attir'd in glist'ring robe,
Comes dancing from his oriental gate,
And bridegroom-like hurls through the gloomy air
His radiant beams, such doth king David show."

The injunction of David to Joab, on his departure with the forces sent against his rebellious son, presents the fondness of parental partiality in its loveliest aspect.

David. For my sake spare the young man Absalon.—
Joab, thyself didst once use friendly words
To reconcile my heart incens'd to him;
If then thy love be to thy kinsman sound,
And thou wilt prove a perfect Israelite,
Friend him with deeds, and touch no hair of him,
Not that fair hair with which the wanton winds

Delight to play, and love to make it curl,
Wherein the nightingales would build their nests,
And make sweet bow'rs in ev'ry golden tress,
To sing their lover every night asleep.
O, spoil not, Joab, Jove's fair ornaments,
Which he hath sent to solace David's soul."—*

The following scene is so excellent, is in such a dignified and sublime strain of poetry, that we cannot refrain from giving the whole of it.

David, Bethsabe, Solomon, Nathan, Adonia, Chileab, *with their train.*

" *Bethsabe.* What means my lord, the lamp of Israel,
From whose bright eyes all eyes receive their light,
To dim the glory of his sweet aspects,
And paint his countenance with his heart's distress?
Why should his thoughts retain a sad conceit,
When every pleasure kneels before his throne,
And sues for sweet acceptance with his grace?
Take but your lute, and make the mountains dance,
Retrieve the sun's sphere, and restrain the clouds,
Give ears to trees, make savage lions tame,
Impose still silence to the loudest winds,
And fill the fairest day with foulest storms;
Then why should passions of much meaner power,
Bear head against the heart of Israel?

David. Fair Bethsabe, thou mightst increase the strength
Of these thy arguments, drawn from my skill,
By urging thy sweet sight to my conceits,
Whose virtue ever serv'd for sacred balm
To cheer my pinings past all earthly joys:
But, Bethsabe, the daughter of the highest,
Whose beauty builds the towers of Israel,
She, that in chains of pearl and unicorn,
Leads at her train the ancient golden world,
The world that Adam held in paradise,
Whose breath refineth all infectious airs,
And makes the meadows smile at her repair;

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* But in all Israel there was none to be so much praised as Absolom, for his beauty: from the sole of his foot even to the crown of his head, there was no blemish in him.—And when he polled his head (for it was at every year's end that he polled it: because his hair was heavy on him, therefore he polled it), he weighed the hair of his head at two hundred shekels after the king's weight.—2 *Sam.* c. 14.

She, she, my dearest Bethsabe,
Fair Peace, the goddess of our graces here,
Is fled the streets of fair Jerusalem,
The fields of Israel, and the heart of David,
Leading my comforts in her golden chains,
Link'd to the life, and soul of Absalon.

Bethsabe. Then is the pleasure of my sov'reign's heart
So wrap'd within the bosom of that son,
That Salomon, whom Israel's God affects,
And gave the name unto him for his love,
Should be no salve to comfort David's soul?

David. Salomon, my love, is David's lord?
Our God hath nam'd him lord of Israel:
In him (for that, and since he is thy son),
Must David needs be pleased at the heart;
And he shall surely sit upon my throne:
But Absalon, the beauty of my bones,
Fair Absalon, the counterfeit of love,
Sweet Absalon, the image of content,
Must claim a portion in his father's care,
And be in life and death king David's son.

Nathan. Yet as my lord hath said, let Salomon reign,
Whom God in naming hath anointed king.
Now is he apt to learn th' eternal laws,
Whose knowledge being rooted in his youth
Will beautify his age with glorious fruits;
While Absalon, incens'd with graceless pride,
Usurps and stains the kingdom with his sin:
Let Salomon be made thy staff of age,
Fair Israel's rest, and honour of thy race.

David. Tell me, my Salomon, wilt thou embrace
Thy father's precepts graved in thy heart,
And satisfy my zeal to thy renown,
With practise of such sacred principles
As shall concern the state of Israel?

Salomon. My royal father, if the heav'nly zeal,
Which for my welfare feeds upon your soul,
Were not sustain'd with virtue of mine own,
If the sweet accents of your cheerful voice
Should not each hour beat upon mine ears
As sweetly as the breath of heaven to him
That gaspeth scorched with the summer's sun;
I should be guilty of unpardon'd sin,
Fearing the plague of heav'n, and shame of earth:
But since I vow myself to learn the skill

And holy secrets of his mighty hand
Whose cunning tunes the musick of my soul,
It would content me, father, first to learn
How the Eternal fram'd the firmament;
Which bodies lead their influence by fire;
And which are fill'd with hoary winter's use:
What sign is rainy; and what star is fair;
Why by the rules of true proportion
The year is still divided into months,
The months to days, the days to certain hours;
What fruitful race shall fill the future world;
Or for what time shall this round building stand;
What magistrates, what kings shall keep in awe
Men's minds with bridles of th' eternal law.

David. Wade not too far, my boy, in waves too deep:
The feeble eyes of our aspiring thoughts
Behold things present, and record things past;
But things to come exceed our human reach,
And are not painted yet in angels' eyes:
For those, submit thy sense, and say—Thou power,
That now art framing of the future world,
Know'st all to come, not by the course of heaven,
By frail conjectures of inferiour signs,
By monstrous floods, by flights and flocks of birds,
By bowels of a sacrificed beast,
Or by the figures of some hidden art;
But by a true and natural presage,
Laying the ground and perfect architect
Of all our actions now before thine eyes,
From Adam to the end of Adam's seed.—
O heav'n, protect my weakness with thy strength;
So look on me that I may view thy face,
And see these secrets written in thy brows.—
O sun, come dart thy rays upon my moon,
That now mine eyes, eclipsed to the earth,
May brightly be refin'd and shine to heaven:
Transform me from this flesh, that I may live
Before my death, regenerate with thee.—
O thou great God, ravish my earthly sprite,
That for the time a more than human skill
May feed the organons of all my sense;
That, when I think, thy thoughts may be my guide,
And, when I speak, I may be made by choice
The perfect echo of thy heav'nly voice.
Thus say, my son, and thou shalt learn them all.

Salomon. A secret fury ravisheth my soul,
Lifting my mind above her human bounds;
And, as the eagle, roused from her stand
With violent hunger, tow'ring in the air,
Seizeth her feather'd prey, and thinks to feed,
But seeing then a cloud beneath her feet,
Lets fall the fowl, and is emboldened
With eyes intentive to bedare the sun,
And flyeth close unto his stately sphere;
So Salomon mounted on the burning wings
Of zeal divine, lets fall his mortal food,
And cheers his senses with celestial air,
Treads in the golden starry labyrinth,
And holds his eyes fix'd on Jehova's brows.
Good father, teach me further what to do."

And again—David is informed of the death of his son Absalon.

"*David.* Hath Absalon sustain'd the stroke of death?
Die, David, for the death of Absalon,
And make these cursed news the bloody darts,
That through his bowels rip thy wretched breast.
Hence, David, walk the solitary woods,
And in some cedar's shade, the thunder slew,
And fire from heav'n hath made his branches black,
Sit mourning the decease of Absalon;
Against the body of that blasted plant
In thousand shivers break thy ivory lute,
Hanging thy stringless harp upon his boughs,
And through the hollow sapless sounding trunk
Bellow the torments that perplex thy soul.
There let the winds sit sighing till they burst;
Let tempest, muffled with a cloud of pitch,
Threaten the forests with her hellish face,
And, mounted fiercely on her iron wings,
Rend up the wretched engine by the roots
That held my dearest Absalon to death.
Then let them toss my broken lute to heaven,
Even to his hands that beats me with the strings,
To show how sadly his poor shepherd sings."

The subject of this sacred drama seems to have elevated the genius of Peele, and to have embued him with an oriental exuberance of imagery. The beauty of the diction, and the stateliness and harmony of the versification, form a delightful

contrast to the extracts with which we have thought it necessary to occupy the former part of this article. The dawn of the Mysteries indeed was misty and obscure, their meridian was little less so, but in the eventide of their existence the mists and clouds cleared off, and they set in a glorious flood of golden light, which illuminated the sky long after their departure.

The Moralities, as well as those compositions which partially or not at all partook of their nature, were occasionally denominated Interludes. It was originally our intention to have comprised in this article the plays or interludes of John Heywood, published so early as 1533; but, considering that they do not in fact belong either to the class of Mysteries or Moralities, although there is as little pretence to class them with the regular drama, we have thought it best to postpone our notice of them to the succeeding number—more especially, as he was amongst the first who left the old beaten track of the Mysteries and Moralities, and attempted to delineate real characters and living manners. In our next article on this subject, we shall, after a few preliminary remarks and extracts, enter upon the pleasant discussion of the first specimens of our regular dramatic literature.

END OF VOL. I.

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